AN

ART-STUDENT IN MUNICH.

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CHAPTER I.

A PICTURE IN LENT.—FEET-WASHING ON GREEN THURSDAY.

In the garden of one of the churches here, there is a *Kreuzgang* or *Via Dolorosa*, a number of small shrines or "*Stations*" erected to commemorate the various sufferings of Christ on his way to the Cross. During Lent, prayers are read and chanted every Friday by the priests before these shrines to a considerable assembly of devotees.

I visited this *Kreuzgang* the other Friday, but did not observe anything very remarkable in the ceremony.

A few priests in robes of sky-blue and white, attended by a number of choristers, and with a veiled crucifix borne before them, were slowly progressing from station to station, praying and singing, whilst a crowd composed of all ranks, and principally of women, followed them, also singing and praying.

I observed a number of heads looking down into the church-garden from the windows of the neighbouring houses. A knot of maid-servants at one of these windows seemed especially edified by observing the actions and

bearing of one of the officiating priests. I wondered within myself whether he were the priest of whom I had once heard a strange and affecting history from Fräulein Sänchen.

He was an extraordinary man, at all events--whether this sad history attached to him or not. He was singularly handsome, and knew it well enough. He marched along with the step of a soldier rather than with the step of a priest: with his keen eagle's face gazing upon his missal, the expression of which was full of a certain scorn; the crisp locks of his black hair escaping from beneath his priest's cap fell upon his priest's robes in unusual luxuriance. He was no meek follower of Christ. The carnal, not the spiritual sword belonged to that hand, the epaulette to that shoulder, not purple and fine linen. The lines of the strong passionate face told of a proud nature hardened into bitterness through a mistaken vocation; it was a countenance about which to weave strange imaginary histories.

I have just witnessed the ceremony of the Feet-washing, which has been announced for this month past as one of the great sights of the season. My good friend at the *Kriegs ministerium* kept his word faithfully, and procured tickets for us. Accordingly, Myra Amsel and I have seen the whole ceremony. At nine o'clock Myra was with me, and, early as it was, Madame Thekla advised us to set forth to the Palace, as people were always wild about places, and if we came late, spite of our tickets, we should see nothing. The good old soul also accompanied us, on the plea that, as she was big and strong, she could push a way for us through the crowd, and keep our places by main force. She stood guard over us—the good creature!—for two mortal hours, and when the door at length was opened by a grand lacquey, had the satisfaction of seeing us step through the very first. But before this happy moment arrived, we had to wait, as I said, two hours; and leaving, therefore, the patient old lady as

our representative before the little door which led into the gallery of the Hercules-Hall, whither our tickets admitted us, and before which door no one had yet appeared, Myra and I ranged along the white washed galleries of the old portion of the Palace in which we were. Cannot you see these vistas of whitewashed wall, with grim old portraits of powdered ladies and gentlemen, in hoops, ruffles, gold lace, and ermine, and framed in black frames, interspersed amid heavy wreaths and arabesques of stucco?—dazzlingly white walls, dazzlingly white arched ceilings, diminishing in long perspective! Now we came upon a strange sort of little kitchen in the thick wall, where a copper kettle, standing on the cold hearth, told of coffee made for some Royal servant some hours previously; now we were before the door of some *Kammerjungfer;* now in a gallery with the whitewash, but without the portraits, where opposite to every door stood a large white cupboard—of cupboards there was a goodly row!

And now below stairs, on passing through a doorway, you stood upon a low terrace; above your head a ceiling rich with ponderous wreaths of fruit and flowers, and other stucco ornaments which probably, once upon a time, had been gilt; faded frescos representing gods, goddesses, and Cupids, mingling with the other ornaments. From the wall protruded a grotesque excrescence, a grotto-work summer-house, a perfect incrustation of pebbles and spars, and with an ugly Triton on either side the entrance bearing a brown marble shell before him.

By a few steps you could descend into a quiet little garden, shaded by the tall palace walls on the other three sides; here grass grew rank and brightly green around green bronze statues, and around the basin of a fountain. Old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen scattered over the grass in Watteau-like groups, would have been greatly in character

with the garden. The ladies with lap-dogs and with fans. A stately *minuet* ought properly to have been danced upon the terrace by a stately lady in a hooped petticoat of white and rose colour, and by a stately gentleman in blue, adorned with many knots of ribbon, and who was graced with very long legs, whilst the musician leaning against the pedestal of a Triton, played his flute with a soft and languid air.

This old part of the Royal Palace of Munich is quite a little town. We discovered also a tiny chapel, now quite forgotten in the glory of Hess's frescos and the beauty of the new *Hofkapelle*. To-day this old chapel was open, hung with black cloth, and illuminated with numberless waxen tapers, and the altar verdant with shrubs and plants placed upon the altar steps. There was, however, a remarkably mouldy, cold smell in the place; yet I suppose the royal procession visited this old chapel as well as the new one, on its way to the Hercules-Hall. This *cortége*, with the king and his brother walking beneath a splendid canopy, and attended by priests and courtiers, went, I believe, wandering about a considerable time, to the edification of the populace; but of all this, excepting from hearsay, I cannot speak, having considered it as the wiser thing to return to Madame Thekla and our door, rather than await the procession.

The Hercules-Hall is rather small, and certainly more ugly than beautiful, with numbers of old-fashioned chandeliers hanging from the ceiling; a gallery at each end, supported by marble pillars, with a row of tall windows on either side; a dark, inlaid floor of some brown wood; but with no sign whatever of Hercules to be seen. Suffice it to say, that having noticed all this at a glance, we observed, in the centre of the hall, a small altar covered with white linen, and bearing upon it golden candlesticks, a missal bound in crimson velvet, a veiled crucifix, and a golden ewer standing in a golden dish. On one side of the altar rose a tall reading-

desk, draped with a sulphur-coloured cloth, upon which lay a large open book : a row of low, crimson stools stood along the hall, opposite the altar ; on the other side, across the windows, ran a white and very long ottoman, raised upon a high step covered with crimson cloth. Chairs of state were arranged at either end of the hall beneath the galleries. The arrival of people below was gradual, although our gallery and the gallery opposite had been crowded for hours. We at length had the pleasure of seeing something commence.

The door at the further end opened, and in streamed a crowd. Then tottered in ancient representatives of the twelve "Apostles," clothed in long violet robes, bound round the waist with white bands striped with red, and with violet caps on their heads : on they tottered, supported on either side by some poor relative, an old peasant woman, a stalwart man in a black velvet jacket and bright black boots reaching to the knee, or by a young, buxom girl in her holiday costume of bright apron and gay bodice. On they came, feeble, wrinkled, with white locks falling on their violet apparel, with palsied hands resting on the strong arms that supported them—the oldest being a hundred-and-one, the youngest eighty-seven years old ! My eyes swam with sudden tears. There was much difficulty in mounting them upon their long snowy throne ; that crimson step was a great mountain for their feeble feet and stiff knees to climb. At length they were all seated, their poor friends standing behind them. A man in black marshalled them like little school-children ; he saw that all sat properly, and then began pulling off a shoe and stocking from the right foot of each. There, with drooped heads and folded withered hands, they sat meekly expectant. A group of twelve little girls, in lilac print frocks and silver swallow-tailed caps, headed by an old woman in similar lilac and

silver costume, took its place to the right of the old men in a little knot; they were twelve orphans who are clothed and educated by the Queen, and who receive a present on this day.

The hall at the further end was by this time filled with bright uniforms—blue, scarlet, white, and green. In front were seen King Max and his brothers, also in their uniforms; numbers of ladies and children; and choristers in white robes, who flitted, cloud-like, into a small raised seat, set apart for them in a dark corner behind the uniforms. A group of priests in gold, violet, blue, and black robes, with burning tapers and swinging censers, enter; prostrate themselves before the King of Bavaria,—perhaps in relation to the symbolical character his majesty bore at the moment, —and before the King of Hosts, as typified to them on the altar; they chant, murmur, and prostrate themselves again and again. Incense fills the hall with its warm, odorous breath. They present open books to the king and princes. Now the king, ungirding his sword, which is received by an attendant gentleman, approaches the oldest "apostle;" he receives the golden ewer, as it is handed from one brother to another; he bends himself over the old foot; he drops a few drops of water upon it; he receives a snowy napkin from the princes, and lays it daintily over the honoured foot; he again bows over the second, and so on, through the whole twelve; a priest, with a cloth bound round his loins, finishing the drying of the feet. A different scene must that have been in Jerusalem, some eighteen hundred years ago!

The king, with a gracious smile, hangs round the patient neck of each old man a blue and white purse, containing a small sum of money. The priests retire; the altar and reading-desk are removed. Six tables, covered with snowy cloths, upon each two napkins, two small metal

drinking-cups, and two sets of knives, forks, and spoons, are carried in, and joined into one long table, placed before the crimson step. In the meantime the man in black has put on the twelve stockings and the twelve shoes, and, with much ado, has helped down the twelve "apostles," who now sit upon the step as a seat. Enter twelve footmen, in blue and white liveries, each bearing a tray, covered with a white cloth, upon which smoke six different meats, in white wooden bowls; a green soup—remember it is *green Thursday;* two baked fish; two brown somethings; a delicious-looking pudding; bright green spinach, upon which repose a couple of tempting eggs, and a heap of stewed prunes. Each footman, with his tray, is followed by a fellow-footman, carrying a large bottle of golden-hued wine, and a huge, dark, rich-looking roll on silver waiters. The twelve footmen, with the trays, suddenly veer round, and stand in a long line opposite to the table, and each opposite to an "apostle;" the twelve trays held before them, with their seventy-two bowls, all forming a kind of pattern—soup, fishes, spinach; soup, fishes, spinach; puddings, prunes, brown meats; puddings, prunes, brown meats,—all down the room. Behind stand the other footmen, with their twelve bottles of wine and their twelve rolls. I can assure you that, seen from the gallery above, the effect was considerably comic.

A priest, attended by two court-pages, who carry tall, burning tapers, steps forth in front of the trays and footmen, and chants a blessing. The king and his brothers again approach the "apostles;" the choristers burst forth into a glorious chant, till the whole hall is filled with melody, and the king receives the dishes from his brothers, and places them before the old men. Again I felt a thrill rush through me; it is so graceful—though it be but a mere form, a mere shadow of the true sentiment of love—

any gentle act of kindness from the strong to the weak, from the powerful to the very poor. As the king bowed himself before the feeble old man of a hundred, it was impossible not to recognise a poetical idea.

It was long before the seventy-and-two meats were all placed upon the table, and then it was very long before the palsied old hands could convey the soup to the old lips. Some were too feeble, and were fed by the man in black. It was curious to notice the different ways in which the old men received the food from the king; some slightly bowed their heads; others sat stolidly; others seemed sunk in stupor.

The Court soon retired, and twelve new baskets were brought by servants, into which the six bowls of untasted food were placed; these, together with the napkin, knife, fork, spoon and mug, bottle of wine and bread, are carried away by the old men; or, more properly speaking, are carried away for them by their attendant relatives. Many of the "apostles"—I see by a printed paper which was distributed about, and which contains a list of their names and ages—come from great distances; they are chosen as being the oldest poor men in Bavaria. Only one of them is an inhabitant of Munich, and he is ninety-three.

We went down into the hall to have a nearer view of the "apostles;" but, so very decrepit did the greater number appear, on a close inspection,—their faces so sad and vacant; there was such a trembling eagerness after the food in the baskets, now hidden from their sight; such a shouting into their deaf ears; such a guiding of feeble steps and blinded, blear eyes,—that I wished we had avoided this painful part of the spectacle.

Evening of Green Thursday.—Madame Thekla this afternoon, on her way, as she expressed it, "to pray a

little," told me that there would be beautiful music in the Hofkapelle about four o'clock. And thither I went.

Glorious music pealing through the lovely chapel; now bursts of wild chanting, which hoarsely died away among the golden arches; now a voice, as of an angel gently pleading in soft, silvery tones; tapers burning before the altar, on a large dark triangle of wood; streams of warm sunshine falling down from the unseen windows, high up above the golden balconies, and resting, ere they fell to the marble floor, upon the fair curls of some little kneeling child, crowning its innocent head with celestial glory; a blessed feeling of all the beauty without the walls of the chapel and of the city, of the resurrection of nature and hope throughout the world, in the bursting of buds, in the up-springing of weeds and flowers, and in the carolling of birds—such are my memories of the "Vesper" in the Hofkapelle on Green Thursday.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOLY WEEK.—EASTER EVE.

I HAVE to-day lived in the churches from morning till evening. At nine o'clock this lovely, bright morning—having crossed the picturesque Schrannenplatz, where, spite of its being Good Friday, the corn-market was held as usual—I found myself in the old St. Peter's Church. Although in walking through the streets you saw no sign of a holiday, the shops being open as usual, and people going about in their ordinary clothes, yet within the church you recognised that it was a day of holy significance. It was crowded to excess. Such a restless crowd was passing in and out, that I soon had my veil torn from my bonnet, and felt truly thankful that no greater misfortune befel me. All that was to be seen for a long time was a crimson canopy, which rose conspicuous above the crowd of heads, and was placed below the altar steps. A large painting of "Christ's Agony in the Garden" appeared instead of the usual altar-piece.

Soon the most plaintive music pealed through the church—a long, mournful wail, as of the lamenting disciples. Involuntarily I found myself filled with a strange sadness. I had come to the church with no feeling of sympathy for the ceremony which I was about to witness—a representation of Christ borne to the sepulchre. To the strains of this solemn dirge a long procession wound its way round the church, descending from the altar, and passing beneath the canopy. First went the choristers in

their white robes—tender children and grey-headed men, blending their voices in this wild chant; then priests, and priests, and priests, two and two, in black and white robes. In their centre, borne upon a bier, and covered with a white veil, lay an effigy of our Saviour Ever and anon, instead of the bell calling the crowd to bow before the Host which was borne aloft, you heard the dead, abrupt wooden sound of clappers which certain priests carried in their hands. After the priests came a stream of citizens, men bearing burning tapers. Then—headed by the most wan, emaciated priest, who walked with folded hands and downcast eyes,—came on a long, long train of women, women of all ages and various degrees of station, from the small tradesman's wife to the lady in her lace bonnet and elegant gloves: all were in black; all carried in one hand an open book, from which they read, and a rosary; and in the other a burning taper.

I could not but admire the progress of refinement, when I noticed the tapers carried by the women. To prevent the wax falling upon their black dresses, these tapers burned in long white sockets, which, unless minutely inspected, appeared to be wax. Every woman bore such a taper. And thus slowly proceeding round the church, the figure was laid in a sepulchre erected in a little chapel. To visit these sepulchres of the various churches is the great business of Munich on Good Friday.

The arrangement of the sepulchres is pretty much the same in all the churches, especially in the old ones. The body reposes generally amongst flowers in a small cave beneath the altar; sometimes the recess in the altar uncomfortably reminded me of an English fire-place left in an unfinished house before the stove has been set. Generally, however, artificial rocks surrounded the opening of the cave. A small lamp was often suspended over the

corpse, and a row of tiny lamps burned upon the ground in front, not unlike foot-lights ; only each burned behind a small globe filled with coloured liquid—crimson, green, blue, and yellow—considerably reminding you of the ornamental bottles in chemists' windows in England. The altar itself was transformed into a very mountain of plants and flowers—arums, roses, crown-imperials, myrtles, geraniums, and a dozen other plants, all blooming in pots, which were generally concealed with art or artificially decorated.

Lights were disposed everywhere on the altar. At the mountain summit, the golden rays surrounding the host glittered and sparkled in the light of these many tapers. Often lower down on the mountain you would see two angels praying, their robes, very fluttering, of pale pink and white drapery, their hair very yellow, and their cheeks very pink ; often ivy and creeping plants were made to festoon and gracefully shadow the opening of the cave. The steps, too, approaching the altar and sepulchre, were a mass of flowers ; sometimes a steep wall of flowers and greenness rose abruptly up, and permitted you but a narrow glimpse of the interior of the cave. Tall orange-trees, laurels and cypresses, in tubs, stood in groups on either hand. To complete the general idea, you must imagine the rest of the church darkened, with daylight struggling through blinded windows, and through the doorways, as the heavy doors swung ever to and fro to admit the entrance and the departure of the restless crowd. Imagine, also, a dense multitude circulating through all these churches, and only stationary before the sepulchre. Above, the shuffle of feet and the murmur of prayers or adoration, fitful, plaintive strains of music, moaned through the gloom, and the sonorous voices of the priests chanted their solemn dirge.

Such, with slight variations, was the scene in the Munich

churches throughout this Good Friday. In the Basilica, the sacred tomb was somewhat more tastefully represented. There a very spacious sepulchre was erected beneath the organ-loft, between two of those beautiful marble columns which are so great an ornament to this exquisite church. This, it must be remembered, was the first celebration of Good Friday in the new, beautiful Basilica. Towering shrubs rose against the marble columns, laurels, orange-trees, and myrtles; ferns, and moss, and palms shadowed the entrance of the cavern, drooping naturally from the artificial rock. There was no altar, no praying angels, only heaps and heaps of the most lovely fresh flowers; and far in the gloom of the cave reposed a figure of Christ. Here was no attempt to deceive you into the idea of its being a real corpse by aid of colour. It was a pure statue. How much more did it affect the imagination, by merely suggesting the poetical idea of death! This church, unlike all the others, was flooded with sunshine, which glowed on the gold and frescos, and warmed the marble floor and columns.

Above the lofty, verdant cavern swelled the tones of the organ, mingling with the laments of the choir, fitfully and mournfully. The circle of Benedictine monks afar off at the opposite end of the church, seated behind the stripped altar, repeated the lament, as though heaven mourned and earth responded. I sat for a long time in the warm sunshine before my favourite altar-piece—that beautiful Martyrdom of the white, meek St. Stephen—where all was quiet, and one did not see the sepulchre nor yet the crowd, but only heard the music, and felt the impression of the church and the day.

With the Basilica we terminated our afternoon visit of the churches. One little picturesque bit must not be omitted. Madame Thekla, knowing all the by-paths in and out of all

the churches, in leaving one old church led me past the open door of the sacristy. I of course looked in. It was a very large and lofty room; the walls wainscoted half-way up with very dark wood, rich in panel and carving; above the wainscot, on the whitewashed wall, hung a row of old portraits of cardinals; a sort of *dresser* or low press of black carved wood ran round the wainscot of the room, and upon this lay priests' robes—violet, gold, sky-blue, and white; and here and there were seen groups of tall candlesticks and censers, or a large brush for the sprinkling of holy water. Light fell into the solemn room from four lofty windows, high up in the walls. Here and there was seen a black and white priest passing in and out; in the foreground two little choristers adjusting the sit of their white sleeves and blue petticoats.

After tea I set forth again. Soon we were at the entrance of St. Michael's Church. Crowds and crowds streamed into it. A royal carriage waited before the principal entrance—royal carriages have been seen driving about from church to church all the afternoon. In the forenoon there had been a royal ceremonial of some kind in the *Hofkapelle;* but, of course, as it was impossible to be in two places at once, I did not witness it. Neither did I see King Ludwig, this Good Friday night, praying among the crowd in St. Michael's Church as earnestly and as unostentatiously as the meanest beggar there,—perhaps side by side with one, as he often does. No! this year King Ludwig is celebrating the holiest night of the Holy Week in Rome itself.

A very ocean of human beings filled the vast church; dark, undulating waves of life filled the nave; heads crowded the galleries and every possible standing-place. Above the human mass, high up, suspended in the air, beneath the boldly swelling arches of the richly ornamented roof, and casting a warm, golden light upon the nearest

stone wreaths and angels, and glimmering in a warm dark haze at the farthest end of the church, burned and blazed a mighty cross of fire. The effect was thrillingly beautiful; the gradual softening of the warm light upon arch and column, till it was lost in the night of the remoter portions of the church, was the most beautiful effect, in its way, conceivable—the contrast so strong, the forms so sharp, yet the whole an imperceptible gradation from the strongest light to the intensest gloom.

Suddenly music—wilder, sadder than any before heard that day—burst like a whirlwind through the church, moaning, lamenting, pleading—the waves, the forests, the winds, heaven, and all nature seemed to mourn, as in the old Scandinavian mythology over the slain Balder. The voices vibrated beneath the dim arched roof, floated over the human ocean, and died away in long sighs. Again they rose, sadder and sadder, ceased suddenly—and the multitude streamed forth into the streets.

I felt myself strangely affected by the whole scene; moved to the inmost soul with a vast pity and grief by that sad lament—and no wonder, for was it not *The Miserere?*

Dear old Fräulein Sänchen! As we walked slowly back she opened her poor old heart to me, and told me many of her sorrows. I fancied long ago that I had discovered the bitterness of her life, and now I see that I was right. I did all I could to comfort and cheer her, but it was only the balm of sympathy which I could drop into her wounds, and I fear those wounds will only smart the more when she has no one to sympathise with her, no one to whom she can moan a little. Ah! it is a selfish world; and the more gentle and patient is the heart, the more it is crushed! I could only comfort her with the comfort especially belonging to Good Friday.

Crossing the Dultplatz and various streets, we saw

the confectioners' shops brilliant and crowded. Children were celebrating Good Friday by buying sugar lambs, which held little crimson and gold banners between their fore-legs, as they lay innocently reposing upon green sugar banks. Many, also, were the sugar hares—Easter hares—those fabulous creatures so dear to German children, which were also bought, though properly Easter had not yet arrived. But the hares and their gay crimson eggs had arrived days and days before. Would that our English children could see some of these wonderful hares! one grand one, especially, life-size, which stands upon its hind legs, rejoicing over a large nest of crimson eggs; eggs which it of course is supposed to have laid. There are chocolate hares, biscuit hares, and hares of common bread. You hear the words "hares" and "eggs" upon the lips of every child you meet. "Kreuzers to buy hares" seem strangely to be conjured out of your purse. You everywhere behold crimson egg-shells. In all the booksellers' shops are displayed books relative to this remarkable animal, for the edification of the youthful naturalist.

Easter eggs are not alone eaten by the children, but by people of maturer growth. On Easter Sunday, Fräulein Sänchen will take a basket of eggs to be blessed by the priest in one of the near churches. Whole baskets of eggs are carried on that day to the sacristies, to be consecrated. A consecrated egg is promised me; I am anxious about its flavour. On the Saturday between Good Friday and Easter Sunday I hear it is the custom to carry small faggots of wood to be blessed. This consecrated wood is, I am told useful in various ways. Besides eggs on Easter Sunday, meat and butter, and various kinds of food, are blessed.

The first church on Easter Eve that Madame Thekla and I visited was the Ludwig's Church. As we entered beneath the lofty portal which stood open to receive the throngs of

devotees and curious, a very firmament of stars glittered towards us through the darkened church. A curtain of dead gold brocade fell from the vaulted ceiling, hiding from view Cornelius's Last Judgment, above the high altar. From the ceiling to within but a short space of the altar gleamed a galaxy of tapers, burning in groups of six together, and so arranged as to form starry crowns.

These starry crowns appeared suspended in the air above a square enclosure of lovely shrubs and flowers, hedged in by tall burning tapers. This little garden bloomed upon the broad platform before the altar. A pale effigy of Christ reposed upon an odorous fresh couch among these roses, tulips, stocks, myrtles, geraniums, arums, ivy.

The mournful dirge which I had heard in the old St. Peter's Church resounded also here—now dying away, now taken up by a group of priests who chanted at a side altar before tapers burning upon a triangle of wood.

The whole scene recalled what one has read of dirges chanted over the dead Adonis, sleeping his last sleep upon a couch of rose and myrtle.

We were bound for the St. Michael's Church, which is situated in old Munich. On our way thither, Fräulein Sänchen led me up the steps of a crumbling old building. "You must," said she, "see the chapel of the Herzog Max; sentinels watch it night and day!" This honour, doubtless, was owing to the chapel being a royal one; a less tasteful sepulchre could not well have been imprisoned in a huge cage of twisted, rusty ironwork, guarded by two solemn guards with halberts.

"What is this strange old mass of building, Fräulein Sänchen?" I asked, as we descended the steps, and I glanced up at its gloomy windows and discoloured walls. "I hear everybody call it Herzog Max, as though it were a man and a duke, instead of an old tumble-down building!"

"It was the palace of the Electors," returned my good companion; "no one lives there now. It used to be the palace of the Dowager Queens. Old Queen Caroline died there; since then no one has lived in the Herzog Max. Queen Theresa will live when a widow in her little villa beyond the Siegesthor."

It was a relief to recall that cheerful, sunny little villa, standing as we did in the twilight within the courts of this decaying palace. What a mournful dwelling was this for widowed and dethroned queens! Its tall square towers, its gloomy gateways, its long, long rows of dark lifeless windows, its grey discoloured walls telling of former gold and fresco, its windows on the ground floors covered in with heavy iron gratings, its heavy mouldering doors—all breathed a mournful spirit of a stern hard time, and of departed splendour. Its walls looked as if fraught with drear memories; it is a mansion whose age impresses one with a sense of evil decay. Those desolate suites of rooms have assuredly no bright memories of a beautiful, sunny youth. Gibbering sad ghosts flit through them of a certainty; strange faces, terrible and mournful, look forth through those window-bars—footsteps of the spiritually forlorn must creak upon those dreary stairs!

The Resurrection was celebrated in all the churches. I, however, witnessed the ceremonial only in the Ludwigs Kirche. Towards six o'clock the Ludwigsstrasse was black with swarms of people hastening from the Church of the Theatines towards the Ludwigskirche. The church was already so full when I entered it that it was impossible to approach the altar. All still remained as it was on Good Friday: the starry crowns of fire suspended over the figure of Christ reposing amid the flowers and tapers. Priests first knelt, praying, before the garden. As far as I could judge, at the distance where I stood, this, for some time, was all the

ceremony. Then a canopy was seen to approach the altar; there was much chanting and gesticulating. The organ and the choir burst forth into a joyous anthem. Trumpets from the near altar took up the rejoicing with their wild harmony, and a voice sang forth, amid a sudden hush, "Christ is arisen!"

Above the crowd, you saw a figure of Christ, clothed in white and purple garments, and bearing in his hand a small banner. A procession of choristers and priests, with the Host borne aloft beneath the canopy, with swinging censers, to the sound of trumpets, kettledrums, and little bells, which the choristers rung, passed down the centre of the church, out beneath the beautiful portico, and through the white arches of the colonnade, into the garden behind the church.

Although the canopy and the procession passed forth into this garden, I preferred remaining in the church; approaching nearer the altar, I perceived that the figure among the flowers was now concealed by a cloth, and that above it rose the other figure with its banner. A troop of youths and young girls from the Blind Asylum also drew near, as if to *see*. They were all connected together, two and two, by a long cord, which passed between them, so as to form a sort of human team. You always behold them walking along in this manner. It was strangely affecting to observe their sightless eyeballs and their white uncouth faces turned towards the figure of Christ, their hands clasped, and their lips moving.

Another thing was noticeable before the procession returned from the garden; this was the excessive delight of the children over the figure; troops and troops of children were in the church, and now that there was more open space, you saw them distinctly. Children of ten and twelve, children even of seven and eight, held up a fat little brother

or sister to see the gloriously beautiful figure. There were lots of *Strassenbuben* (street lads), and little gentlemen in their smart cloaks with their pretty hoods, and smart little ladies, also all eagerness, brought by their attendants. Several little girls, who had no attendants, amused me vastly by making the lowest, lowest of courtesies before the beautiful figure, so very, very low, and with such an air of respect, as if they said, "Oh, thou beautiful, glorious figure, in thy purple robe, how I love thee! how I will courtesy to thee!" and then down they went in the very centre of the marble pavement, with the air of little princesses. Such a troop of children rushed in before the procession, as, with its crimson banners fluttering against the cool grey sky, it entered the glowing church! You heard the tramp and rush of little footsteps up the long church before you heard the music and the bells.

Then the people bowed reverently as the Host was borne aloft, with music and chanting. Mass was performed, and Easter had arrived!

I passed Easter Sunday in the country.

How tender and beautiful was the whole scene! Yet the very intensity of the fresh beauty called forth a mournfulness in the soul! Who does not know this strange mournfulness! when the luxuriance of the grass and flowers, the soft air, the perfume of unfolding buds and blossoms, the gentle hum of insects, the unearthly loveliness of awakening life, seem to swell the soul with unutterable longings—longing after what? Perhaps God's voice alone could give the answer. It is this longing which is so wonderfully embodied in a cast, after the antique, which stands in Kaulbach's studio—the head of Castor, the brother who was mortal. Never have I seen this spiritual yearning and this mournfulness so fully expressed as in that beautiful countenance.

I had walked towards my favourite old church with the

pea-green tower. All was silent as a dream. I sat for a long time amidst the fresh grass. Now the clock tolled the four quarters, and then the hour—two. Through the silence the sound vibrated again and again—ever gentler and gentler—with a strange low music. The air was filled with the warm perfume of incense lingering around the little old church, and with the delicious breath of spring, which told of near beds of violets and primroses. The trees were flushed with life; some ruddy, others amber, others already faintly green. I saw them rise in thick distant masses above the low, crumbling, whitewashed wall of the churchyard. As I looked upon the fresh, burnished arum, hemlock, ficary, daisy-leaves and grass springing up around me, I felt the peculiar beauty and aptness of Keats's expression when he speaks of the year "growing *lush* in juicy stalks."

Now a meek child wandered alone into the churchyard, with large, pale oxlips wreathed into the plaits of her hair. Soon people streamed into the church for vespers. Whilst the bell tolled from the tower a group of young peasant-girls came with their bright, old-fashioned costumes, beautifully modelled arms, rosy faces, and clear eyes. They wandered arm-in-arm around the church, sprinkling certain graves with holy water from the vessels hung to the crosses.

The young girls entered the church. Sitting where I did, the voice of the priest praying came to me, sweetly and distinctly. It was much more beautiful listening to the service thus, than being pent within the church among the people! I heard the little organ peal forth, and the singing of the choir. There was one fresh young voice that sang like a very angel. This voice celebrated the Resurrection. My eyes overflowed with warm tears, and my soul responded, though I sat, a heretic and an alien, outside the walls of the little church.

The peasants streamed again forth; holy, solemn sllence once more over the scene.

The whole was a lovely idyl, more holy and pure than any ever written, than any picture ever painted, of peasant-life. There was such a tenderness and simplicity, mingled with a certain sadness, that one could only imagine its spirit to be conveyed from the spot by a peasant musician, who should suddenly improvise a melody which should become a *Volkslied.*

I shall long remember that Easter Sunday as one of the loveliest bits of poetry that I have enjoyed in Munich.

Returning towards the city, I heard music in all the public gardens; all the world was out among the green, budding trees. Spring is indeed, come; the trees are almost in full leaf; you seem almost to see the grass and the flowers springing; birds carol from every bough. Nature proclaims—Christ, the New Life, is risen! Music swells in loud strains through the fresh leaves of the English-Garden, the Spring-Garden, the Garden of Paradise. The Prater, and twenty or thirty other gardens, are crowded with happy, merry people sitting beneath the trees, drinking coffee and beer, and listening to music.

It is quite extraordinary how much time Munich people spend in gardens, and quite as extraordinary what quantities of beer are drunk. Alas, *that* beer!—it is one of the unpoetical features of Munich life; it gives that heavy, sleepy, stupid look to the lower classes, I fear, also, to the citizen class, all which is so at variance with the spirituality and the intellectuality of this Munich art!

CHAPTER III.

SCHWANTHALER'S CASTLE OF SCHWANECK.

BEFORE me lie a quantity of wild flowers drooping their poor weary heads over a quaint terra-cotta vase. Both the flowers and myself are come from a long delicious ramble. An hour ago I was nearly as drooping and weary as the flowers, but a cup of tea has refreshed me as much as I hope the water in the vase will refresh the flowers—even now I seem to see their heads visibly pricking themselves up.

I have been to Schwaneck, the Castle of Schwanthaler.

At nine o'clock on the other side of the Sendlinger Gate, I met, by appointment, Baron von H——, merry little Marie, and Signore L——. Having passed the old Munich Cemetery, with its rows and rows of crosses rising above the low walls, the new Cemetery enclosed by its imposing walls of dark red brick, built in a singularly beautiful manner, and its solemn round arched gateway surmounted by two simple, earnest statues, we were out upon the plain within sight of the Alps. It was a lovely morning. The larks were carolling over our heads; we all felt gay at heart, yet still our conversation turned upon horrors, perhaps from the charm of contrast. Baron von H—— told of an "interesting murder;" how the daughter of a

French gentleman living in Munich, who was very handsome and just married, had been murdered by the soldier-servant of her husband, because she would not give the wretch money to redeem his master's uniform, which he had pawned: how he cut off her head, then quietly took the money, went and paid various debts which he had contracted in the city, and decamped! The poor old father and her husband were nearly broken-hearted when they discovered the horrible deed. Other equally lively histories did we relate, till our conversation resembled a series of short chapters out of the "Neue Pitaval;" I narrating, as my share, the history of Kaspar Hauser, which Signore L—— and Marie had never heard, embellishing it also with explanations out of a certain prohibited book which I had read on the subject. In the midst of a horrible history we found ourselves upon one of the steep banks of the Isar; below us rose a picturesque, large whitewashed house, its walls stained with innumerable fading frescos.

It was a public-house, and its garden, filled with benches and tables, was already sprinkled over with groups of townspeople come forth this lovely summer morning. Peasants streamed below us along the road which skirted the river and wound round the inn-garden, bearing in their hands little brooms of willow catkins, and mistletoe, and holly. They were bringing them from some church, where they had been blessed, as it was Palm Sunday, and these catkins were, as by the children in England, called *palms;* but why holly and mistletoe should be bound up with the palms I cannot tell: at Christmas here these plants have no significance.

Having sat down on the warm dry grass of the very steep bank, admired the distant view of Munich, and listened to the rush of the river and the singing of the larks, we

pursued our way. Now we were in a birch-wood; heath was in crimson bloom in the open parts of the wood; soft elastic moss beneath the trees; here and there a group of birches gleaming out like trees of silver. Sprinkled over a steep, mossy bank shining out among those red fallen birch-leaves, what can be those myriads of azure stars! blue hepaticas! our dear old English garden hepaticas! In myriads they rose from the mossy ground, staring up through the grey, leafless branches of the birch-trees, with wide open blue eyes, into a heaven as deeply blue. How lovely they are, and the whole woods are now brilliant with them! I shall love my blue hepaticas as Wordsworth loved his host of "Golden Daffodils."

The Baron and Signore L—— were deep in a discussion about "high pressure," and about "what the Englishman had said on the subject;" when I held up in triumph my handful of flowers, I fancy they thought me gone rather out of my mind.

Though we were in the midst of the wood, and close upon the steep bank of the river, we came upon a large house, or rather a group of buildings; one resembled a quaint chapel. This was another *Wirthshaus*, with scores of benches and tables placed beneath the trees, with a pavilion for dancing, with rows of old-fashioned summer-houses, or rather booths, along the edge of the river-bank for the distance of some hundred yards. The ground was undulating and very sylvan. Baron H—— said that last May he witnessed a village fête here, which produced a capital effect among the trees; all was dancing, music, beer-drinking, shooting, that day; now all was silent as death, or rather sleep,—a most peaceful sleep. The sun showered down beams as warm as in an English June. We were soon seated at a little table placed on the very edge of the steep Isar-bank, the river murmuring as it rolled lazily over its sandy

bottom, amidst long, gravelly shoals. In front of us was the Alpine chain rising as though abruptly from the wild precipitous river-bank opposite, and mingling its jagged peaks with the silvery mountain-like clouds which crowded the heavens.

We hungry pedestrians saw a vision remarkably attractive upon the table before the bench on which we sat. Ham, bread, butter, delicious butter, and wine, capital Rhine wine, for my companions; and for me, of course, *eternal coffee!* Thus, most pleasantly refreshing ourselves in sight of the Alps, the conversation naturally turned upon Italy, seeing that one of the gentlemen was an Italian, and Baron von H—— had spent many years in that land. First Mariotti's new book was discussed; Signore L—— defending Silvio Pellico warmly for the sake of all he had suffered in his youth. He spoke altogether earnestly and eloquently about his unhappy, beautiful land, with a cloud of grief ever and anon passing across his face.

Pleasant and interesting as it was, sitting on this river's bank, listening to descriptions of laurel and orange groves, and of noble suffering patriots, still it was necessary to proceed to Schwaneck. We bade adieu, therefore, to this hamlet or inn, whichever it be, of Heselohe, and once more lost ourselves in the birch-wood. But first I might mention, that being decidedly of an exploring turn, I had dived into those booth-like summer-houses, and found to my astonishment a number of old English caricatures of the time of George IV., pasted upon the walls; several of the summer-houses were papered with prints, mostly from illustrated papers. There was also a number of most absurd French caricatures of the English, as intolerant in their spirit against us as the English were against the French and the Italians!

Now to return to the pleasant *green* wood, I was going

to say; but *green*, except under foot, it certainly was not, seeing the month was only April. My fancy clothed the woods with leaves and transformed the month into May or June. I was recalling the painter's description of the Artists' festival; I heard with my mind's ear the music sounding through the wood, and saw with my mind's eye the procession with gay banners winding along through mossy, odorous paths; when we came suddenly upon the little castle I was prepared to see the knight on its walls as on that memorable occasion referred to the painter.

The castle, to my surprise, is a modern castle. It is a tiny castle built by the sculptor himself; but he was not destined to rejoice long in the fulfilment of one of his youthful dreams. His illness of many years dated almost from its completion. It is a rude, simple little castle, consisting of scarcely more than one lofty tower; the situation, however, is capitally chosen. It stands upon a sort of small headland where the Isar winds in a bold sweep between its precipitous banks; and hence its name *Schwaneck*, or *Swan-point*, as it may be translated.

On one side the birch-wood extends as far as the little moat; on the other side is the plain, and in front the river, sunk between its wild, picturesque banks.

Having presented our card of admission, and waited until a barking, deep-mouthed hound was secured, we found ourselves within the small court-yard. The first thing that struck us, let into the castle wall, was the effigy of a knight; it looked as if brought from some quaint village church; it was rudely painted, or rather stained, with red and blue: upon his shield and helm he bore a swan; it is the monument of the knight Schwanthaler, erected by his cousin and fellow-sculptor, Xavier Schwanthaler. In another part of

the castle wall is inserted a tablet bearing in black-letters the following verse:—

"So stehe denn hier in Gotteshand
Der Thurm am felsigen Uferrand
Gebauet nicht um eitle Ehr;
Zu Trutz nicht oder Waffenwehr;
Nur früher Jugend shöner Traum,
Soll steigen empor im trauten Raum,
Der Blick in die Berge, die Luft so klar,
Vom Flusse das Rauschen wunderbar.
Der Freunde, Wort, und Sag und Sang
Erfrische das Herz im Lebensdrang."

Upon a door we saw nailed an astonishingly large tawny and black owl, its extended wings measuring considerably more than a yard across: its talons, which were full two inches long, looked as if made of the sharpest and most highly-tempered steel. This owl, we were informed by the woman who showed us over the place, had been caught in a trap on the tower only fifteen days previously. "And most truly glad am I," said she, "that the wretch is gone, for every night this winter did the big thing come moaning round the tower with its doleful cry." For my part a strange pity filled my heart for the fate of this magnificent creature, the life and voice of which must have been so much in harmony with the solitary tower, with the wild winds of winter, and the moaning of the deep river below.

The interior of the little castle is as rude and unpretending as its exterior. With the exception of the figures of two grim, armoured knights, placed one on either side, above a little balcony which overhangs the river, there are no traces here of Schwanthaler as the sculptor; but every stone speaks of Schwanthaler as the lover of the quaint and the mediæval.

Schwaneck is a development of the *sanctum sanctorum* in Schwanthaler's house in Munich, with its grotesque drinking cups and armour. There are only four rooms in this little castle, and they are small in size, and furnished in the most primitive manner; there are no carpets, no easy-chairs, and but one sofa, which looks as if it were covered with tapestry, though it is not; it is in style coarse, heavy, and archaic. A few rudely-carved chairs, a few massive and rough tables, tall porcelain stoves of olive-green—bearing upon them the heraldic swan—armour, and chivalric trophies, and strange-looking sacred pictures of the very early German school, and with the rafters of the ceilings painted in vivid contrast of the brightest colours;—such are the furniture and adornments of Schwaneck.

The sleeping-room, or rather cell, of the great sculptor contains a simple, oaken bedstead, covered with a red and black quilt. Above the bed a large and perfectly plain gilt cross is let into the wall; a couple of rude, wooden chairs, and a curious looking-glass, suspended over a much odder table. This table is supported by a pedestal formed of the crooked stem of some tree, that once probably grew in the neighbouring wood, its rough bark and moss still remaining upon it.

The banqueting-hall is at the top of the castle, in order to command the view. It is the largest, and, by far, the most important room in the castle. A long, heavy oaken table, running across the hall, supports a row of goblets, fantastic enough for an enchanted palace; the walls of the room are papered, up to a certain height, with a dull crimson paper stamped with the same heraldic swan. This paper suggests the idea of tapestry hangings; above the paper, and upon the whitewashed walls are arranged coats of mail, shields, swords, and escutcheons; the rafters of the roof are gay with heraldic colours and shields, producing a fine barbaric

effect. On one side of the hall—revealed by half-drawn curtains of crimson and gold-coloured stuffs—there stands in a recess, a large, old, gilded shrine. The other sides of the room are rich in windows commanding a variety of views.

"How beautiful!" we all exclaimed, on stepping towards one particular window. Far below us rolled the river, its murmur pleasantly ascending to us; right opposite gleamed forth the snowy Alps, a vast plain, extending from the precipitous Isar bank to their very feet; a plain, as I have so often said, of some fifty or sixty miles. And, far as the eye could reach towards the right, wound, in bold curves, the wild banks of the river, rocky and woody; here crowned with a castle; there, in the far distance, a patch of pine-forest. The effect of the whole scene was heightened for us by an approaching thunder-storm, which cast dark shadows over the horizon.

Of course we ascended to the top of the little watch-tower, which runs up one side of the castle; but, though more extensive, I question whether the view, on the whole, is so striking and effective as seen through the windows of the banqueting-room, or from the balcony overlooking the ruins.

Our survey of Schwaneck was soon at an end, but not so soon our delight. I cannot describe, in words, the peculiar charm of the place, which consists in its perfect unpretendingness, and rude, savage completeness. You forget that it is not a genuine bit of the middle ages, in your satisfaction in it as the tower of the Knight Schwanthaler.

We somewhat varied our walk home, by returning part of the way through a wood, which is close upon the margin of the Isar, below the precipitous bank. At one spot, the wood widened out considerably, and the trees of splendid growth reared their tall, smooth, grey boles

and branches solemnly into the air, measuring their height with the steep bank behind them. How quiet, dreamlike it was! the ground carpeted with fallen leaves, among which again bloomed the lovely hepaticas, with mezereon in great luxuriance, a kind of fumitory, both snow-white and dull crimson, a small yellow aconite, and a tiny, lovely yellow squill. Imagine my joy in finding these flowers! In such abundance too. I gathered a bouquet worthy of an English garden. In a little brooklet running through the wood gleamed out, like sunshine, large, golden king-cups, amid their rich green leaves. They seemed a vision from English meadows.

Coming forth upon the uninteresting road, Signore L—— chanced to say something regarding a pedestrian tour which he had once made in Elba, whereupon I said, "Tell us all you can about Elba,—what you saw, and what you did; describe all. There is a great charm in verbal description of strange lands and new scenes; people thus describing often give vivid and graphic touches which books never give." He described, graphically, his visit to Napoleon's country-house, with its lovely gardens, with its saloon adorned with Egyptian views, painted in fresco upon the walls, and with a refreshing fountain playing in the centre of the black-and-white marble floor. He described such old, old fig-trees and vines, such orange groves and hedges of aloes, such solitary convents, such a primitive peasantry, such hot noontides, such views of Corsica, such stretches of sea and sky; he called up so vividly before our imaginations the little island of Monte Christo, and the rock out in the sea visited by Napoleon daily, and where, standing solitarily, he gazed towards France, that I felt at once transported into Elba, and forgot we were wending our way towards Munich! Suddenly, however, Signore L—— interrupted his narrative by exclaiming, "Ah, no! not even in my

own beautiful Italian have I ever been able to express what I feel most strongly—no, I cannot describe this wild, wondrous sea as it breaks over the rocks!" And with this exclamation his beautiful descriptions ceased, for, looking round us, we perceived that Baron von H—— had long before escaped out of Elba, and was posting away far ahead, and that a black thunder-cloud was rapidly coming up behind us. Baron von H—— and Marie had hastened on to order coffee at a way-side *Wirthshaus*, which we reached only just in time to escape the storm.

Whilst the rain descended, we amused ourselves with watching a group of regular German *Handwerksburschen* playing at nine-pins under a shed. Every now and then a long-haired student, clad in his velvet coat, with a great length of pipe in his hand, came to the door to inspect the state of the weather, the game of nine-pins, or the visitors. I had not beheld such a genuine set of students since we left Heidelberg. Here in Munich the students seem lost among the other inhabitants.

Fortunately the storm soon cleared off, and at length I reached home, but very tired and very muddy from the wet roads. Before parting, we all agreed, that having enjoyed our April excursion so much, we would certainly, when May arrived, celebrate her advent by another excursion,—perhaps go to Starnberg for a day, and make a trip with the little steamer upon the lake—the new little steamer which everybody talked about, and which would be launched in May.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MODEL PRISON OF BAVARIA, AND THE MODEL WORKS OF SIGNORE S——.

April 28th.—I have just returned from a visit to the *Zuchthaus* in the Au, the Model Prison of Bavaria. As yet I feel my curiosity anything but satisfied. I must obtain some official Reports regarding this wonderful prison, in order that I may more fully understand the working of the system.

The prison is a large building, situated in the Au Suburb, not far from the lovely Au Church. It has, outwardly, no appearance of being a prison; has windows of various picturesque forms, gazing in great abundance out of its yellow and whitewashed walls. It is a cheerful-looking place, in fact, and if it stood among trees would look very like a *château.* On entering the vaulted and whitewashed hall, with long vistas of whitewashed passages leading from it, with a soldier standing at the door, and here and there other soldiers appearing in the distance, something of a prison-feeling sank upon me.

We were politely received in his little bureau by the Director of the Prison. He is an extraordinary man, from all accounts, and famed throughout Europe for his management of this prison, and for various works which he has written on prison discipline. We were conducted through the

establishment by a grave, intelligent man, the *Hausmeister*. All the people we met in the passages, whether prisoners or not, had an intense gravity impressed on their countenances.

The first room we entered was filled with men employed in spinning. This is the employment given to the prisoners on their entrance. When their capability for learning has been ascertained during this spinning-period, it is decided to what trade they shall be henceforth devoted. A long row of men of all ages, attired in coarse grey jackets and trousers, some with chains round their waists, which were attached to their ankles, were seated in the middle of the room, busily spinning from tall distaffs. Along the bare walls were rows of wholesome-looking beds, with coarse but white sheets neatly turned over their quilts; rows of tin cans hung in one corner of the room against boards nailed to the walls. A large crucifix was placed conspicuously upon another wall; the windows were large and cheerful; the room was cheerful. But that row of distorted, uncouth, malformed, and but partially-developed heads; those white, sallow countenances; those eyes glancing furtively towards you, or sunk in a stupor upon the unceasing slender threads drawn from the distaffs by *manly* fingers; those heavy chains, and the perfect silence, save of the wheel and the little treadle, were not cheerful. It was the first time I had ever been in a prison, or looked upon any great criminals; at least, knowing them to be such. The first sensation, therefore, was very strange: here were men guilty of enormous crimes, men who had murdered in diabolical ways, at liberty as it seemed. There was no unlocking and locking of doors; you saw there men moving about as though they were ordinary workmen. The unusual occupation of spinning for men *did* strike you, it is true; the ill-formed faces struck you, and the chains, when you caught

sight of them ; but you had to remind yourself that on each of these souls lay the weight of some fearful crime.

One man passed out of the room wearing his grey jacket, and with the chain round his waist. "He," said our conductor, as we walked down the gallery, "is one of the men who murdered a priest two years ago ; he is confined here for life."

"But how," asked I, "can you trust that man to go about unattended?—how is it that these doors are all unlocked and unbarred?—what is to prevent their escaping? The walls are not high in the courtyard—all seems open ; excepting for a few soldiers there appears no obstacle to their escape. Do none make their escape?"

"Now and then," replied he, "but very rarely. This is a prison ; and, of course, where is the man who would not escape if he could? But they are always overtaken ; we have bloodhounds trained for the purpose. Such cases are very rare."

We saw room after room filled with prisoners : now they were making shoes ; now they were tailoring ; now weaving table-linen ; now cloth :—now we went into a dye-house ; now into a carpenter's shop. All were silently, busily at work ; all had the same grave look ; all, with but two, or at the most three exceptions, had countenances of the most coarse description. There were youths, and old men, and middle-aged men, all working apparently at perfect freedom, often with wide-open doors, often in the open courtyard.

It was a startling thing to see murderers wielding hammers, and sawing with saws, and cutting with sharp-edged tools, when you remembered that they *were* murderers, and how some tyrant passion had once aroused the fiend within them, though now again he seemed laid to rest by years of quiet toil.

Our guide informed us, that very rarely did any disobedience or burst of passion show itself among the prisoners after the first few months, or the first year of their imprisonment. The constant employment from early morning to evening; the silence imposed most strictly during their hours of toil; the routine, the gradual dying out of all external interests and anxieties, appeared to sink them into a passive calm, until industry became their only characteristic. Each prisoner had his daily task of work assigned him, which must be completed. For extra work he receives payment,—half of which he may immediately consume, the other half being reserved for him, by government, until the expiration of his sentence. This is equally the case with such as are condemned to life-long imprisonment, there being always the possibility of a reprieve existing for them. On Sundays, they are allowed to read books out of the prison library, and to play at dominoes, and enjoy various kinds of simple recreation. There is a school for the younger criminals, and a hospital for the sick, of course. The only punishment for disobedience to prison rules is a longer or shorter period of solitary confinement in a small room, which was shown to us, containing a hard wooden bed, very like a low table, on which the prisoner can both lie and sit, a stove, and a closely-grated window, which is darkened while the prisoner is in his cell: he has his allowance of food shortened, and is left there to his own reflections.

We saw a prisoner in his chains putting the loaves of prison bread into a large oven to bake; prisoners in white caps and aprons were preparing the prison supper in the large clean kitchen: one group was sitting and silently picking the leaves of vegetables to flavour the soup, which was boiling in large caldrons, and was stirred by other prisoners with huge ladles; all moved gravely about,

apparently without being overlooked. In each room, however, was a kind of prisoner-monitor, whose office was to report upon the conduct of his companions. This species of mutual watchfulness, kept up by the prisoners themselves, seemed, according to the report of our informant, to answer remarkably well.

In some rooms you beheld prisoners turning huge wheels which worked the cloth-weaving machines below, whilst the machines themselves were fed and tended by other prisoners. The whole place was a great manufactory and series of workshops, where, from five in the morning in summer, six in the winter till seven at night, no sound was heard but that of the machinery! After work-hours they were permitted to talk.

I regret not having asked at the time whether there is any visible sign of moral amendment in these poor unhappy wretches, — whether friendships spring up among those condemned to spend their whole lives together in this prison—whether traits of kindness were shown among them—what was the average result of this mode of punishment—and various other questions, which now suggest themselves to me.

I was curious to know whether the prisoners were quick in acquiring a knowledge of the different trades carried on in the prison; as a rule, our guide said, very much so. There were criminals, it is true, who did not seem to have the power of learning anything; but these were the exceptions. Generally it was surprising in how short a time a trade was learned, whilst with an ordinary apprentice it is a matter of years. Here it was the *one* object; it became the only interest, and was unceasingly worked at day after day.

The prisoner who has been longest in this prison has been there thirty years; many are in for life; many for

twenty years. There are between five and six hundred at present in the prison. The number of female prisoners is very small in comparison with the men. We found the women busy washing in their wards,—a long row of very tidy-looking women, in the whitest of borderless caps, with white handkerchiefs pinned over their grey dresses. Their countenances, as a whole, were much more cheerful than those of the men : we actually saw smiles !

Here and there, however, was a heavy, uncouth countenance. At one particular washing-tub stood four women. Our conductor spoke to one of them, this being a sign to us to notice them. Two looked up, and fairly beamed with smiles ; one, a tall and very handsome young girl, continued to wash away with downcast eyes. I felt a sort of delicacy in gazing at her, she appeared so conscious and modest. A fourth, a fat ill-looking old woman, also never looked at the visitors. The two who smiled had remarkably agreeable faces ; one, with good features, and a very mild expression ; the other, a small woman, and though with bloom on her cheeks, a certain sad anxiety about her eyes and mouth. Of which of these four women were we to hear a fearful history related? The only one who looked evil was the fat old woman.

As soon as we were in the court, our conductor said, "Now, what do you say about those women?"

"Three out of the four," we remarked, "are the only agreeable faces we have seen in the prison ; and, judging from this momentary glance at their countenances, we should say could not be guilty of much crime ; perhaps the fat old woman may be so ; that tall young girl, however, is not only handsome, but gentle-looking."

"That tall young girl," replied our guide, "was the one who, a year or two ago, murdered her fellow-servant, and cutting up the body, buried it in the garden; the little

woman next to her, some two years since, murdered her husband; and the handsome, kind, motherly-looking woman who stood next, destroyed her child of seven years old. The fat old woman is in only for a slight offence. So much for judgment by physiognomy!"

I cannot express the painful impression produced on me by the remembrance of this group. As I returned home, all the faces I met in the streets seemed to me, as it were, masks. I saw faces in expression a thousand times more evil than the countenances of those three unhappy women. How was it? Was it alone that some unusually painful and frightful circumstances had aroused passions in them which only slept in the breasts of hundreds of other human beings who wander about free and honourably in the world; or was *expression*, after all, a deception? In these three women, at the moment we saw them, at all events, the expression was really good and amiable. I cannot give an idea of the strange sort of distrust which seized me. I looked at the ladies who accompanied me, and said to myself—*your* countenances are not nearly so good in expression and feature as theirs. I have been looking at my own face, and it seems to me that it, too, might just as well conceal some frightful remembrance of crime.

I was glad when a friend proposed that we should go and see a model of Milan Cathedral, made by an old Italian here. I was thankful for anything to banish the remembrance of the three women, and of those round, beautiful hands and arms of the young girl, which had once been stained with blood.

We entered a very handsome house, and soon were in the room of Signore S——. The room was small, but bright and cheerful! Flowers were in the bright window, the glass cabinets were filled with all imaginable nick-nacks of glass, china, and various small models;

bronze and gilded candelabra filled with tapers stood about upon *consoles;* pictures hung on the cheerful self-coloured green walls. In one corner stood a pretty bed, covered with a pea-green silk quilt, and with a snowy pillow trimmed with lace. The room was, if not "parlour, and kitchen, and all," parlour and bed-room : but one gets quite used to such arrangements abroad.

There was the Signore himself, all smiles, and speaking in his beautiful Italian, and so honoured by the ladies' visit. There was the most ingenious model of the far-famed Milan Cathedral, standing on its raised stand of satin-wood on a table in the centre of the room. It was a beautiful model, of cream-coloured card-board, and with the tracery of the windows, the bas-relievos, the capitals of the columns, the Gothic work of the pinnacles, the many thousand statues, all moulded in bread ! You saw the painted glass in the windows, and as the trembling hand of the clever old Signore removed various portions of the model, you looked into the interior, and beheld altars, pictures, gilding, tesselated pavements. Tiny people were walking about in the church ; everything was there, even to a statue of San Carlo Borromeo himself, concealed behind the high altar. And see ! the delighted Signor pulls out a drawer in the satin-wood base ; and there is the crypt, the Chapel of San Carlo, the tesselated pavement, the winding staircases descending into the chapels, the altars—everything.

Well, it *was* wonderful ! "Yes, it was vastly admired," said the little Signore ; architects had come to see it from far and wide ; and all pronounced it admirable ! "

And now we began to look at other models which stood in the glass cases ; many were wondrous buildings of his own creation, and if they proved that he had no accurate architectural knowledge, as he himself declared, they

proved, at all events, that he had a great deal of fancy, and was decidedly an undeveloped architect.

"Now you must admire my china and curiosities," he said: "they are all my own making—all of paper!"

And so they were. The gold tea-spoons, the blue and gold cream jug, full of cream, the plate covered with the heap of biscuits, the dish of oranges; those elegant vases, that pipe and hammer, lying in singular juxtaposition with those elegancies and dainties, all were of paper; but so capitally made, that you felt deceived even after you had taken them into your hand and felt how light they were. "And I hope you admire my pair of new boots!" said he, laughing: "they are of paper; and my blue and white vases up there, they are of paper also! and my candelabra, they are of paper!"

Yes; those massive bronze, and black, and gold candelabra were of paper, and the tapers also of paper—even those that were half-burnt! I began to have suspicions about everything; I expected the little Signore to say next, "Well, I hope you admire me, for I am of paper!"

Among the various models was a small one of a grave, with its garlanded cross. "That," said the old gentleman, "is the model of my wife's grave: she died two years ago; she was a Milanese; she died in that very corner where the bed stands. I've had my bed placed on the spot where she died; that is her miniature hanging above the bed beside the crucifix."

I observed that above the bed also hung a print of Paul finding the corpse of Virginia upon the sea-shore. No doubt there was a sentiment of true poetry in the old man's heart when he hung up that picture. I was glad to recall his hearty laughter but a few minutes before, and to think how sometimes, by his ingenious amusement, his beloved hobby, he could banish the sad and tender regrets which, no doubt, haunted his little room.

I have heard, since our visit, that the old Signore is an entirely self-educated man; that he realized a comfortable little competence before he reached the age of thirty, and that later in life, finding the time hang heavily on his hands, he began to make these paper models, which, in their way, are works of genius as well as ingenuity.

CHAPTER V.

THE MAY FESTIVAL AT STARNBERG.

May 12th.—The May Festival at Starnberg has been this year especially attractive to the inhabitants of Munich, from the circumstance of a small steamer having been launched upon the Starnberg Lake the day of the Festival, and making then its first trip. Fully to appreciate the excitement of this event, you must bear in mind that steamboats, in Bavaria proper, are by no means as common as upon the Rhine, the Danube, and the Elbe.

Instead of the Festival being held upon May-day, as was originally intended, it was deferred until Sunday the 11th, people fervently hoping that the day would be fine. A gloriously beautiful day it proved,—a day of golden sunshine, from early dawn till the soft evening, when the waxing moon rose into the clear warm sky, and the night seemed even more lovely than the day.

I had heard astounding accounts of the crowds who would throng to Starnberg, rendering it next to impossible to find a conveyance either thither or back again, and next to impossible, if ever you did arrive at Starnberg, to procure food. For were not King Max and the young Queen, and their court, to be there to sail in the steamer; to witness illuminations and then hold a court ball; and were not the artists going to hold their annual festival? and were not all the gentle-folks, and all the common-folks, of Munich to be at Starnberg upon this eventful day? And were not all the

peasants in the neighbourhood sure to be there, to wonder at the steamboat,—and would not there be music on all hands, and a regatta, and a citizens' ball as well as a court-ball? And had not people, for weeks before, hired all the fiacres and carriages that were to be hired in Munich,—and had not all the places in omnibuses been taken days beforehand? Such, at least, were the tidings I heard as soon as I began thinking seriously myself of going to the Festival.

I applied, therefore, to my indefatigable friend, Baron H——, claiming his promise, given in April, of accompanying Marie and myself to Starnberg.

The morning of the Fête saw us departing in a stell-wagen from a certain little inn called the *Stackhusgarten.*

Pleasant was the morning, pleasant the road, through its poplar avenues and across the plain, and through the long, monotonous, dreamy pine-woods, which, in fact, are the Royal Park,—and where, said Baron H——, you may come upon a herd of fierce wild boars; and pleasant was the view of the Alpine chain, which appeared ever slowly to approach us, though of course it was we who slowly approached it: and pleasant were my reminiscences of Clare's and my expedition to Ober-Ammergau, of which Starnberg had been the first stage: and pleasant was the lively discourse of Baron H——, and the smiling rejoinders of the pretty Marie. But pleasantest of all was our glimpse of the Starnberg Lake, gleaming out in the morning sunshine as we descended a gentle hill towards it!

There below us lay the lake, encircled with softly sloping banks, clothed in the tender May verdure of young beech-woods and of luxuriant grass. The white buildings of little Starnberg, its church, its handsome hotel of semi-Tyrolean architecture, its town-hall, greatly resembling a convent, and commandingly-situated upon a low hill, its pleasant villas

embosomed in woods and gardens, and its sprinkling of grey Tyrolese cottages, shone out invitingly, illumined by the clear beams of the brilliant morning. Round the verdant shores of the lake, at remote distances, gleamed forth other villas and hamlets and church towers. The background of our picture was the Alpine chain, its snowy peaks piercing the clouds, and its feet, apparently bathed by the waters of the lake, which stretched away as far as the eye could reach in one direction, a broad, calm, gleaming mirror. The illusion is perfect, although many miles lie between Starnberg Lake and the first range of the mountains,—there is the shadowy line of distant shore, and then abruptly rises the mountain chain.

All houses in Starnberg were decorated with flags, and wreaths, and draperies. Close by the shore of the lake lay the little steamer, which had been launched already, and a crowd of wondering people swarmed around it, some in boats, others on the new pier, others on the shore. Stellwagen, private carriages and vehicles, many of a singular description, had we seen upon the road, and numbers we now noticed arriving in the small town, or drawn up before the hotel: however, they were not in the swarms which I had been led to expect. But then it was quite early,—not yet half-past nine.

We walked down to the lake to inspect the new steamer. Men were busily decorating it with garlands—some of the garlands lay upon the shore, half-hidden in the deep rich grass and flowers. We had looked at the steamer—at the crowd, which was composed entirely of peasants, gay in their holiday best—at the new pier, and at the spruce little steam-packet office just erected upon the shore—and then perceived Signore L—— pacing up and down the meadow. He looked very handsome and summer-like in his broad-brimmed, low-crowned, straw hat

and grey linen coat. I rather surmise that Marie expected this vision at Starnberg of our old acquaintance, although she expressed such pretty surprise.

Soon we were all four being rowed in a boat across the lake to the hamlet of Lione. We considered that our best plan was to enjoy the lake until we could ascertain precisely what the programme of the festival would present us with. There was the spectacle of the embarkation of royalty, we knew, promised as one enjoyment, but we did not feel inclined to await this pleasure a couple of hours. Before reaching Lione we began most seriously to anticipate breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or whatever you may choose to designate a meal at such an hour and under such circumstances. By eleven o'clock we had grown so unromantically hungry that, without waiting to breakfast at Lione, as had been our intention, we besought our boatman to put us on shore at the very first place where food might be procured. We disembarked at a hamlet bearing a less romantic name than Lione, but where our boatman assured us an equally good meal might be made.

The gentlemen went into the kitchen to investigate the state of the larder, and Marie and I strolled up into the pleasant garden, or rather wilderness, which surrounds the little inn. Steep, gravelly, winding paths, led among deep grass and flowers up the hill-side, and were shaded by beech-trees just clothed in the exquisite tender verdure of their young leaves. At every lovely spot commanding a view of the sunny lake, a bench had been placed. A table generally stood before the bench.

Marie and I determined to select the most beautiful view and the shadiest and pleasantest spot in the whole garden as our breakfast-parlour. Behold the most beautiful and convenient had already been selected by a group of students, who were drinking beer and smoking in the loveliest of

lovely rustic arbours, with a glorious view of the lake and mountains lying below them! It really was too bad being defrauded of the most beautiful spot in the garden by young fellows who were smoking and beer-drinking; but as they formed a picturesque group with their scarlet caps and white shirt-sleeves, for they had flung off their coats the day being hot, I gradually forgave them. The second best seat in the garden we discovered was as much infested with ants as the other had been "infested with youth"—to use the expression of an Englishman of our acquaintance; therefore we were forced to content ourselves with the third best breakfast-parlour. Marie seated herself under the shadowy beech-trees, whilst I, to beguile my impatience for breakfast, began gathering a nosegay. First I plucked cowslips and grasses; but, behold! there were flowers here to be gathered, to my English eyes, far more precious than cowslips; there were tufts of the small Alpine gentian, with its peacock blue so gorgeous in the sunlight; there was the trolius with its ball of gold; there were oxlips and a little plant creeping over the dry turf with a cistus leaf and pea-shaped orange and cream-coloured blossom—an entirely new flower to me—and another plant yet more beautiful, and equally un-English, its blossom resembling a blue verbenum, but its leaves soft and of tender green and oval-shaped, growing close to the earth. It had a faint, delicate perfume, like that of our green-house primula. I noticed during the course of the day this lovely lilac flower growing in the greatest profusion in the rich grass around the lake. Marie, I fancy, thought me scarcely less childish in my joy over my odorous bouquet of wild flowers than her good old uncle and Signor L—— had done when I discovered the host of blue hepaticas in the beech-woods near Schwanthaler's castle. Marie, it seemed, did not trouble her memory with the names of flowers, which was an unlucky thing for me.

It was well for us all that our spirits were unusually gay this morning, else they might have been somewhat depressed by the uncomfortable *dejeuner à la fourchette* which was in due course spread for us beneath the tender beech-leaves. It consisted of indifferent coffee, sour wine, boiled beef like India-rubber, flabby veal, and miserable potato-salad. Nobody, however, was put at all out of humour by the unsatisfactory viands, and the little inn appeared to be particularly attractive to hungry souls—or rather bodies. The garden became quite animated; first one group after another arrived and dispersed themselves about, and waiters and waitresses ran madly hither and thither.

A much pleasanter object than the breakfast was the expanse of water which lay beneath and before us; boats with their blue and white pennons were seen traversing it in every direction, and the white sails of a small yacht belonging to an Englishman resident at Munich were discerned across the lake like the wings of some large bird. Real white wings of birds, the wings of gulls, dipped ever and anon into the sunny waters, and then soared joyously into the sunny sky. But, cannon booming across the lake, we hastened down to the shore, intending to await the approach of the little steamer. Upon nearer inspection we found that she still lay a moveless black mass in the distance; and King Max not bearing as punctual a character as our Queen Victoria, we pursued our little voyage.

The programme of the Fête, which we had procured at the inn, informed us that there would be "Music at Possenhofen;" to Possenhofen consequently we would go, calling at Lione by the way. Possenhofen is on the opposite side of the lake to Lione.

But our boatman had disappeared! No great loss, however, for he was a surly fellow. Whilst the gentlemen were hunting about for another boat, one came towards the

landing-place filled with students and rowed by a woman! "That's a curious sight to English eyes!" thought I to myself. As the boat put to shore for the students to land we perceived that this boat-woman was very handsome. "Let us sail with her!" we all exclaimed: and soon we were seated in her little boat on our way towards Lione.

Signore L—— wanted to row; but the girl laughed saucily at him, and seizing the heavy oars with stalwart arms and vigorous strokes, she pulled away.

"*You* know how to row!" she exclaimed, in her broad dialect: and her lovely grey eyes laughed merrily beneath her black headgear, and her rosy lips showed the whitest set of teeth. How handsome she was! Large of frame, with round, well-developed arms and hands, which were seen to advantage as she plied the oars; the arms and hands were burnt a ruddy brown by the sun, but in form they were perfect. Beneath the black handkerchief which she had arranged hood-wise over her head, and which threw her face half into shadow, and the orange and crimson-striped handkerchief which was crossed over her bosom and tucked into her black bodice, you saw a round snowy throat. Her countenance was of a graceful oval contour, the features delicately chiselled and full of strength, animation, and character, peculiarly charming. How pleasantly she laughed and nodded to her old father when he passed us rowing another boat! he wore a brilliant scarlet waistcoat, which contrasted vividly against his white shirt-sleeves and the blue sky beyond him. She formed a very beautiful picture, our boat-woman, seated there towards the prow of the boat, with the sunshine showering down upon her, and bringing out in marvellous brilliancy her figure picturesquely attired in its peasant costume of blue woollen petticoat, bright blue stockings, and heavy shoes, black bodice, pink sleeves tucked up above the elbow, and showing a piece of scarlet

lining, orange handkerchief and black head-dress. Behind her the azure and silver Alps rose into an azure and silver heaven, her vigorously-plied oars dipping meanwhile with a pleasant monotony into the clear sunny green waters. Thus our little bark, propelled by our beautiful boat-woman, glided past the greenest of beech-woods and the grassiest of meadows starred with myriads of delicate, brilliant flowers: sounds of distant music floated sweetly to us upon the gentle breeze, whilst ever and anon some gay festal party, with a white and blue pennon at the little boat's prow, and a wreath of flowers drooping gracefully from it into the water, would pass us, or was seen in the distance slowly progressing along the lake like some large water-beetle.

We paused at Lione only long enough to imagine how pleasantly a whole summer's day might be spent among its woods and meadows, or even a whole summer, your abode being in a quaint little Tyrolese cottage. At Possenhofen,—where is a small *château* belonging to some Duchess, with pleasant gardens coming down to the water's edge,—we found a group of peasants crowding the pier, of course on the look-out for the steamer. Stepping on shore I beheld a lovely bit of Munich-artist life. Upon a tiny promontory which jutted into the lake, amid deep lush grass and lovely flowers, reclined two young painters. Painters at the first glance I knew them to be, from an unmistakable air about them. One wore a blouse of dark green, the other a blouse of dark brown. They leaned upon their elbows in the cool herbage, the warm sunshine falling upon them, and the soft breeze blowing through their long hair; their felt hats and a large botanical case lay beside them on the ground. Behind them were the twisted and gnarled trees of an old orchard bursting into the tender beauty of pear and apple-blossom, and through the checkered shadows of the orchard wandered a gaily-attired old peasant woman in

her fur cap, leading by the hand a child dressed as gaily as the old dame herself, only that instead of a fur cap the child wore a little kerchief tied over her round head. On one side of the young painters rose a screen of tall dry reeds, through the grey stems of which gleamed the sparkling lake, a lovely mirror reflecting the blue of heaven; and above the reeds towered the distant mountains, of a fainter and more ethereal azure, with snowy peaks scarcely to be distinguished in the glare of noontide from the silver of floating clouds.

On we rambled, past old orchards, and through grassy meadows as brimful of flowers as the meadows through which Angelico da Fiesole's rejoicing angels lead the blessed spirits of redeemed mortals. People were seen everywhere, streaming along in happy groups, looking almost as full of joy as though indeed these were the fields of heaven, instead of earth, along which they passed. Truly, this day at least we were all redeemed from earth's cares and sadness, and were led along by God's angels—Spring, and Beauty, and Peace—through the fields of Paradise. Would to Heaven that we English as a nation yielded ourselves up more universally with simple worshipping hearts to the guidance of these angels!

All ranks, all ages—old and young, rich and poor, parents, children, friends, acquaintance, lovers, citizens, painters, poets, philosophers—all streamed along, celebrating by their rejoicing hearts God's glorious gifts of May and Nature.

On our way up into the woods we passed a chapel, standing close to the road. It was so small a chapel that it appeared scarcely more than a wayside shrine. It had a tiny belfry, was whitewashed, and there was painting of pale sea-green about the belfry's lattice-work windows. A large pear-tree grew close to the chapel, and this pleasant May Sunday the pear-tree was like a tree of odorous snow,

so covered was it with blossom. Bees hummed about the pear-tree, the sun showered down its warm beams upon tree, chapel, and murmuring bees, and from the open door came a low monotonous chant. I looked in through the open door; the chapel was full of peasants, about twelve women on one side kneeling, about twelve men kneeling on the other side: the men chanted in their deep bass, the women took up the chant with their shriller voices; and when they paused you heard the bees hum, and over all, within and without, was the breath of May and the blessing of God.

Higher up in the woods, too, how pleasant it was! People arrived ever faster and faster. There were parties in carriages, with servants and grandeur; there were parties on foot—the gentlemen with wreaths of ivy or stag's-horn moss twisted round their straw or felt hats, with gentians, cowslips, and those lovely primula flowers stuck into their button-holes—the ladies and children grasping great bouquets in their hands. Here were whole families, and little knots of friends; there were parties of University students, of Academy students, of lads from the Gymnasium. Now I recognized one well-known Munich painter and his family, now another; and friends greeted friends, and fresh tables and seats were brought out from the near rustic inn, and groups sat upon benches on the grass, talking, laughing, eating, drinking, and being right merry. Some, like ourselves, having greeted their acquaintance, and seen what was going on, returned to the lake.

We found our boat and its handsome mistress awaiting us, and soon were landing upon a certain little island which had temptingly invited us all the morning, its trees and bushes seeming to rise out of the very water. But "distance" in this instance had "lent enchantment to the view." The island was in a very chaotic state. King Max had also thought the island attractive, and preparations were being made

for the building of a small royal villa, and for the laying-out of gardens. The only thing we discovered worthy of remark was a cowardly bull-dog, who, with much violent manifestation of anger and loud barkings, opposed our landing, but who, perceiving our bold determination and undaunted firmness, put his tail with a craven air between his legs, and fairly ran away! Never, certainly, was such a *bully* of a bull-dog seen before!

We returned to Possenhofen just in time to witness the reception of the steamer there, as she gaily passed with flying streamers, garlands, and royalty on board. Very brilliant indeed she looked, with a bevy of elegantly-dressed ladies walking about the deck beneath an awning, and with the young King and Queen, and Prince Adalbert, graciously replying to the shouts and wavings of caps, hats, and handkerchiefs from the shore. The King's voice was heard to say something about "*Lebe Hoch Starnberg!*" and on the little steamer passed. And now we in our boat, steered by our beautiful pilotess, followed in the wake of royalty towards Starnberg and—dinner.

It would be a weariful history where I to describe all our first futile attempts to procure refreshment at the great inn with the semi-Tyrolean architecture. Suffice it to say, that finding we might wait there till Doomsday apparently—though capital dinners were being devoured on all hands—in despair and hunger we decamped to a smaller inn. Truly now I began to be satisfied as to the crowds which would flock to the Starnberg Festival; and more than satisfied! In this little inn, fearing lest if we sat in the garden far away from the kitchen we might be forgotten, we took up our station in a room which was decorated for the evening's ball. There we waited and waited, devoured with hunger and impatience, amid clouds of tobacco-smoke and bushels of beer-tankards, and emptied coffee-cups, enduring martyr-

dom for the sake of procuring dinner—sometime. People would accuse me of exaggeration were I to say how long we waited ; therefore I will content myself with saying "ages." The only pleasant sight upon which my eyes rested this weariful time, was a group of Academy students, who entered the smoky room, carrying long ivy-trails in their hands, and with ivy wreathed picturesquely round their broad-brimmed hats and Raphaelesque caps. What a group of happy life and nature-enjoying youths they looked ! — their young, earnest faces burnt and ruddied by the hot sun, and their keen painter-eyes sparkling with joy which worship of nature, such as the painter alone knows, had sent welling up from their hearts.

As I sat looking at this group, my soul sang a hymn of thanksgiving for the glory which Art may and does so frequently cast over life. In holiest colours the whole joy of the painter's life, and especially of the Art-Student's life, rose up before me,—that life of aspiration yet of humility, the more blessed through this humility ! that life of eager endeavour, of hope, and of onward progress—that life where the duty is to yield up the soul to the love, worship, and understanding of the beauty created by the Divine Artist ; and, when clothed in the neophyte's robe of purity, the glories of the holy temple of nature are gradually unfolded before the astounded, worshipping eyes ! It often seems to me that the life of one of these young German painters might be a life as nearly approaching perfect beauty and bliss as any human life is permitted to be ; at all events there are many elements of beauty in it. These painters live much less fettered by conventionality than the same class with us ; they live in a country where the symbolism of art everywhere surrounds them ; where the sordid cares of life usually press less heavily upon them, and where a spirit of peculiarly noble aspiration and grandeur in art floats through the land.

As a woman, therefore, only seeing this art-life in the Germans from a peculiar point of view, and by not mingling in it except at certain beautiful, poetical moments, I may draw a picture in my imagination only of its brightest, noblest phase; but that phases of intense loveliness do adorn it, is as true as that divine poetry fills the world.

I return to a commoner, though at the moment a very engrossing interest. Dish after dish did we see borne past us to other guests, who, doubtless, were also famishing; but our dishes never arrived, though they were each time promised "immediately." One old gentleman especially excited my envy, as I saw a capital roast fowl carried up to him.

"Don't envy *him*, Fräulein!" observed an acquaintance of Baron H., who had joined us whilst we had been waiting in this detestable apartment; "don't envy him, poor soul! he has been waiting ever since two o'clock for that fowl, and it is now five. I have waited for coffee ever since three. Be thankful if your dinner arrive before the ball commences!" And verily I believe we might have waited until the ball-supper itself, had not this benevolent acquaintance volunteered to rush into the kitchen and lay violent hands upon the first dish he encountered. Soon after his return,—enter, amid looks of triumph on the part of our "friend-in-need," fowl, coffee, and salad. I do not, however, believe it was through physical force that we had obtained our dinner, but through the influence with the Kellnerins of his remarkably handsome face.

During all this waiting we had lost the Regatta: but the sequel of the Regatta we did not lose. Musicians ascended into the orchestra, which at first we supposed was the forerunner of the ball. This was simply that as the name of each successful candidate in the boat-race received his prize, the musicians might trumpet forth his triumph. A

man with a white cockade on his coat read aloud the names of the successful boatmen, and from a crowd of weather-beaten men standing at the opposite end of the room, one by one, with bashful mien and delighted faces, they approached and received the prizes and decorations. Of course much of the company from the garden crowded into the room to witness this spectacle.

Thankful indeed was I when Marie and I, leaving the gentlemen to enjoy their cigars, emerged from the room, stifling with its mingled fumes of tobacco and dinner, into the fresh evening air. Without all was animation: people were arriving for the ball; people were laughing, chatting and drinking—of course that eternal beer and coffee.

Evening was sinking calmly over the lovely landscape, and Baron H—— and his two friends joining us, we strolled down towards the lake. All looked so exquisitely beautiful in the sunset light, that again we said, "Suppose we take a boat?" The mountain peaks glowed with tints of rose and lilac, the pearly sky was flecked with crimson and brilliant orange. On one hand rose the moon, whilst on the other the sun sank behind the sloping shore, which was now turned to a dull olive green in the approaching twilight. Moon and sunset-clouds were reflected in the peaceful waters; now one star came forth in the translucent heavens, now another, just above the darkening mountains, and seeming to rest upon a jagged peak. Silence sank dreamily over all things. The delicious hush alone was broken by the gentle plash of the oars, and the singing of my companions. They sang several of Mendelssohn's Volkslieder.

A fire suddenly bursting forth on the shore, its ruddy flame reflected in the lake's mirror, reminded us of the illumination, and we hastened our return. Doubtless from

the lake itself would have been the most effective spot from which to have viewed the bonfires and fireworks, but we thought of damp, of fogs, and of consumptions, and prudently returned to *terra firma*, where, as we set foot, we were greeted by a loud chorus of frogs, which far outcroaked the sounds of merriment proceeding from the little town. Lights shone forth from the hotel windows, telling of the merry doings within. Crowds filled the streets, crowds filled the garden of the inn where we had dined. The pavilion in the garden, which contained the ball-room, was like a huge lantern. We looked in. The ball had not commenced, but the supper had. Ladies, not in ball-room costume, but without their bonnets, and some wearing flowers in their hair, and gentlemen who doubtless had smartened themselves up a little after the fatigues and dust of the day, were seated at long tables, in a kind of gallery, in front of the ball-room. I had been curious to know the class of people who remained for the dancing, and to see what a rural ball of this description was like. And now, although the dancing had not commenced, I was quite satisfied, and could picture the waltzes, polkas, and cotillons danced in the still empty ball-room, of which we caught a glimpse through the open door, all gay with its blue scarlet, and white festoons of drapery, supported by gilt anchors.

Report of cannon told that the fireworks were about to commence, and people hastened out into the meadows towards the lake. Uprose a rocket, like a long fiery serpent, and fell into a shower of lilac stars over the water. Another and another rose! Then suddenly the monastic-looking Town-hall, standing upon its hill, gleamed out magically through the soft gloom of the May night, illumined with a warm rose colour, now with a pale yellow green, as though it were built of tinted light. And the little church across

the lake, crowning the hill above Lione, gleamed forth a pale spectral sea-green, as if replying to the Starnberg signal. Villas, churches, and villages exchanged their spectral greetings across the lake, whose placid mirror ever reflected them. From the shores shot up in rapid succession long, red tongues of flame, like wild sacrificial fires burning upon pagan altars; the flames rising steadily on the unruffled waters, whilst smoke curled in white volumes ruddily illumined by the fires. Above all, shone the quiet broad moon, smiling down through the May night, and reflecting her calm face in a rivulet which murmured through the meadows. The moonlight gleamed like frosted silver upon the ripple of the streamlet, and upon the long grass which in places grew in the stream, and was carried along by it, just covered with the waters. All else was a transparent, murmuring gloom; whilst with the most marvellous delicacy sharp black shadows were cast across the frosted silver from the sprays of foliage and long grasses growing upon the bank. This little bit of Nature's illumination was the most magical and beautiful of all the illuminations of this lovely May Festival.

In the midst of these illuminations, divine and human, the steamer, hung with lamps and garlands, was once more to sail forth upon the lake. This we did not stay to witness, for now we mounted into our omnibus, very happy but very weary, and jolted back to Munich; the moon shining down among the old pine-trees in the Royal Park, and showing us, not only the trees and the long procession of royal carriages, with six horses each, and postillions and fiery lamps rushing past us, but groups also of deer feeding quietly by the roadside. At one spot I beheld a milk-white doe—the ghost of a doe it might have been—and as she heard the noise of wheels she fled like a spirit into the dark glades of the wood. About two in the morning we found ourselves returning to

our homes through the deserted moonlit streets of Munich, the houses in the Dultplatz looking as if built out of a gigantic box of Dutch toys, with their closed, sleeping windows, and their stiff rows of clipped acacia-trees rising up before them.

CHAPTER VI.

FUNERAL OF THE DUCHESS OF LEUCHTENBERG.—THE SENDLING BATTLE AND OLD MUNICH.

May 18th.—The aged Duchess, who looked so magnificent at the *Landwehr* Ball in her satin and jewels, with her hat sparkling with diamonds and her cheeks brilliant with *rouge*, and whom this spring I have constantly seen driving out of her handsome palace in her handsome coach, is dead! She died after a very short illness. Every one is repeating beautiful things about her. She was King Ludwig's sister, and widow of Eugene Beauharnais, and was related to a number of crowned heads and grandees; and was the possessor of the celebrated Leuchtenberg collection of paintings.

To-day the corpse, as it lay in state, has been visited by all Munich—by all the *bourgeoisie* at least. I observed a crowd before the gates of the Leuchtenberg Palace, and paused to see what was going on. Presently the huge gates opened, the crowd made a rush, and half of the people were received within the gateway. I found myself in the foremost rank of the remaining half of the crowd, and closely pressed up against the re-closed gates. There we waited a full hour, and the crowd was a detestable crowd. Neither awe nor reverence for the spectacle they were about to witness was felt by these people. I stood squeezed up against the bronze gates, fearfully expecting to be precipitated head-foremost by the crowd behind, whenever

the gates should open; or to be crushed, whilst waiting, against the embossed ornaments upon the gates. Luckily, however, no such accident occurred.

If the populace had behaved in an irreverent manner outside the house of death, within they behaved even worse; rushing up-stairs, laughing, and making a terrible hubbub. I was well pleased that gendarmes, and solemn servants, at the head of the staircase, stood ready to rebuke them. Passing through one or two rooms where furniture stood about in desolate disorder, the crowd crushed into a small room hung with black cloth and escutcheons, and lighted brilliantly with numerous waxen tapers. In the centre of the room, upon a high couch draped with black, decorated with blooming flowers, and surrounded with tapers burning in tall golden candlesticks, reclined the corpse; it was arrayed in black velvet. The pale brow was crowned with a tiara, from which fell, half-concealing the figure, a long veil of white lace. There was rouge no longer upon the white cheeks. You were more than ever struck with the commanding profile, and peculiarly arched eye-brows. There was something very solemn and affecting in the face.

Round the room knelt her court-ladies, shrouded in long black veils, and several gentlemen in brilliant uniforms. On one side of the room rose a small altar, where, at certain hours, mass was celebrated. To-morrow is to be the funeral.

The Duchess is said to have been singularly beautiful in her youth. It was related to me by Fräulein Sänchen, that when in Italy the peasants fell down and prayed before her, believing her to be the "Madonna." This seems to be a popular legend here.

May 19th.—At four o'clock this afternoon the grand funeral took place. I went to a house in the Theatinerstrasse to witness the procession. Already at two o'clock,

whilst I was at the studio, I heard the tolling of the Church bells. Funeral bells toll here in a much less mournful manner than the English *Passing-bell.* As I crossed the Odeon Platz, at one corner of which the Leuchtenberg Palace is situated, I noticed a number of soldiers in their blue and white uniforms drawn up before the palace. Close to the doors of the Church of the Theatines stood a knot of priests, with a tall crimson banner leaning against the wall. Soldiers were drawn up on either side of the Theatinerstrasse.

The house from which I viewed the spectacle is opposite to the abode of the Russian Ambassador. The Theatinerstrasse is one of the old streets, and full of picturesque detail, which considerably enhanced the effect of the procession as it approached. Of course the street was thronged with people standing in thick rows behind the soldiers who lined the causeways. Of course, too, all the windows were crowded. Opposite to us at a window in the principal *étage* of the Ambassador's house ladies in black were seated. At a window close by was to be seen the picturesque head of a priest of the Greek Church.

A long train of servants belonging to the royal houses and to the nobility headed the funeral procession. They bore burning torches. Their liveries were of all descriptions and colours. One man was especially remarkable from wearing a gorgeous Hungarian costume of scarlet and light blue trimmed with silver lace; he wore a high cap which had much scarlet about it, and a tall stiff feather. He was an unusually tall man, and this cap made him look gigantic. These were the servants of King Max and of the other royal and ducal households. The dead Duchess's servants all wore crape upon their arms and in streamers from their cocked hats. The smoke rising from their torches hung in the air above the procession like a funereal veil.

Next came the different Brotherhoods attached to the churches, who always give great picturesqueness to the processions here: the old men bare-headed, and monotonously chanting as they followed the banners and crucifixes, which were borne by men and boys wearing white linen. The colours of their crucifix-canopy and banners, scarlet, blue, amber, violet, green, and russet, made the street most brilliant in colouring. All was gay to the eye, but mournful to the ear from the monotonous murmur of the old men's voices. Next followed, in equal number, trains of priests in black and white, many of them singing, and some preceded by a crucifix. There was the small band of Franciscan Friars, wearing linen robes above their brown frocks, the picturesque cowls hanging over the white linen. There were the priests of the Hofkapelle, with broad violet ribbons suspending a small golden cross around the neck. And there were priests in violet and scarlet preceding the Archbishop, who advanced slowly along, a mass of gold embroidery,—his golden robes supported on either hand by golden-robed priests: he bore a rich silver crozier in his hand, and upon his head a rich white mitre.

And now came on the hearse, surrounded by the court-pages in blue and white. The coffin lay upon a throne covered with a black velvet pall, emblazoned with the Leuchtenberg arms. A black canopy shaded the coffin; decorations and diamond stars glittered at the foot of the coffin. Lions veiled with crape appeared at the foot of the throne, as if guarding the royal dead.

The funeral-car was driven by the deceased Duchess's old coachman, and drawn by six of her beautiful horses caparisoned in trappings of black and gold.

The hearse was followed by the Royal Princes and the principal Bavarian nobility, all walking; by the members of the various royal households here, by ambassadors from

foreign courts, by the chief officers of the Bavarian army, by the Professors of the University wearing their rich-coloured robes, and by the Magistracy. The Militia terminated the procession. Trumpets brayed forth, and the dull sound of muffled drums was heard as the train passed along: the soldiers presenting arms as the hearse rolled by. And thus the body of the widow of Eugene Beauharnais was conveyed to the church of St. Michael, to repose beside the ashes of her husband.

Rain began to fall, much to the discomfort of the procession. It returned straggling and drenched through the wet streets; the military bands breaking forth into joyous music.

Mr. von. D—— told me last evening the history belonging to the huge grave in the Sendling Church-yard, which, together with the battle-piece painted in fresco upon the walls of the little church, and the small monument erected upon the mound by a certain Philip v. Zwackh "in memory of the slain," has long interested my imagination by its mournful poetry.

It was in the year 1705, the year after the great battle of Blenheim, when Europe was devouring her very heart in contests about the "Spanish Succession," that the Bavarian peasantry rose *en masse.* They were smarting under the bitter vengeance of the Austrian government, who visited the sins of the princes upon the people; they were ground to the very dust by imposts and cruelty, and had already in public assembly addressed the diet of Regensburg, declaring that "necessity forced them to arms."

Two students, Plinganser and Mendl, placed themselves at the head of the peasant insurgents, and were everywhere victorious. Various of the nobility joined them; but this in the end only led to the betrayal of the peasants. On they

marched victoriously towards Munich, whither the Imperial General Kreichbaum had been despatched with reinforcements.

The Auvorstadt was already in full insurrection. The giant mountaineer, the Smith Baltes or Sibaldus of Kochel, with his two sons, led on the excited people with the cry of "Save the children!" a rumour being afloat that the young Bavarian princes were to be carried out of the land. One of the city gates was forced, Sibaldus with his "*Morgenstern*" slaying an Austrian sentinel; and a bloody and fierce conflict ensued.

The peasants, relying upon aid from the nobles within the city who had joined their side, fought long and bravely, but no succour reached their little band; fighting on foot, and between the fire of the Austrians from the city and of General Kreichbaum in their rear, they fled towards the village of Sendling, where, rallying round the little church, these peasants fought like lions; old Sibaldus and his sons falling among the slain. It is said that five hundred perished. The wounded were carried back to Munich, and exposed in the streets during the rigour of the Christmas night. The battle was fought upon Christmas Day.

Misery fell, of course, with only ten-fold bitterness upon the peasantry; beheadings, drawings and quarterings, mutilations, grievous fines and imprisonments, being the sole wages received by the survivors of the conflict.

Historians tell us that "the ringleaders were beheaded;" but the popular voice relates a termination to Plinganser's history which rings in one's heart like a lovely ballad by Uhland.

Long years after this battle fought upon the Christmas Day around the church, the Bavarian Elector was hunting in a wood at some distance from Munich: he encountered an

old beggar on his path,—an old man clothed in rags,—and having lost an arm and leg.

"Who are you, my poor man?" demanded the Elector; "and where did you lose your arm and leg?"

"I am Plinganser!" proudly replied the old beggar; "and I lost my arm and leg fighting for Bavaria against Austria!"

Down from his horse alighted the Elector, took the beggar by his one remaining hand, mounted him upon his horse, and bare-headed walked beside him; and thus, with music triumphantly sounding before them, he conducted the brave old man back to Munich. Through the city-gate he led him where the conflict had raged so fiercely, and on towards the old Palace, where the Electress and her ladies were summoned forth to receive the ancient hero. The bells rang out from all the churches; the cannon boomed; the beggar was led into the Palace; the Elector himself took off his rags, clothed him in fine linen, washed his feet, combed his hair, and seated him at his right hand.

And not alone, says the voice of the people, was this the honour of a day, but as long as the hero lived he dwelt in the palace as a beloved and cherished brother of the Elector.

Mr. von D—— says, that some years ago a Munich poet wrote a drama upon this incident, and that his play had an astounding success. It was acted fifteen nights running, the audience coming to the theatre in Tyrolean costume, and bursting forth into long shouts of applause at each expression of liberty, and contempt of Austria. So great was the excitement, that the Austrian Government remonstrated, and after fifteen nights' success the play was not only withdrawn from the stage, but all copies of it destroyed.

To withdraw the memory of the Sendlinger Battle from the hearts of the people would be no such easy task; it is their Thermopylæ. Not alone do peasants from the moun-

tains visit the grave of Sibaldus and his followers, repeat prayers before it, sprinkle it with holy water, and then with awe-struck looks regard the fresco; but Philip von Zwackh instituted a mass for the souls of the slain, and each autumn a pilgrimage visits it from the Au Suburb, "to pray for the souls so suddenly departed from among them." And the Guild of Carpenters make a pilgrimage each summer to the far-famed "Maria Eich," there to pray for these patriot souls.

I was told another little incident, which, although of an entirely different character, has also a touch of ballad romance in it. It related to a certain old Electress, who, all her life long, had been selling her soul for gold, and strange rumours of whom yet cling around the Maxburg and the old Residenz. Returning from Austria in a heavy coach, attended by her gentlewomen, and bringing back money in an iron chest,—her revenue as an Austrian princess, which she had been to fetch,—the coach was upset, and she crushed to death beneath the iron-chest containing her treasure!

I have been seeking in vain for some work on Munich which shall quench my thirst after the old histories and legends haunting the older portions of the city. A little book, the "*Münchener Hundert und Eins*," (A Hundred and One Things about Munich) is, as yet, the nearest approach to what I require: but, being bare of detail, it does little more than strengthen my craving after these old memories.

Still I have discovered that an effigy of a "Wurm," a dragon-like serpent to be seen upon the corner house of the Weinstrasse, as you enter the Schrannenplatz, is placed there in memory of a certain *Wurm* which dwelt in old times, near Munich,—perhaps upon the shores of the *Wurmsee?* This *Wurm*, flying over Munich, is said to have caused, by its venomous breath, the earliest of

the great plagues which have at various epochs ravaged the city. The author of the "*Hundert und Eins*" avers that the legend told to his childish ears was, that upon the Schrannenplatz *this terrible Wurm alighted, and was shot dead by one of the cannon planted there!*

I have also discovered that one of the tall red towers of the Frauenkirche, which, with their dome-like termination, give a character so peculiar to distant Munich, is *haunted*; and that from the other a love-lorn damsel flung herself at the end of the last century! I read also of terrible persecutions of the Jews, of old customs, of which the *Metzgersprung* and the *Schäfflertanz* are remnants; of gateways and towers, similar to the *Falken-Turm*—one of which was the Torture-Tower—having been destroyed within the memory of man. I read of traces which still may be discovered by earnest seekers of the Munich of the Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian; of Munich of the Middle Ages I read; of Munich in the desolation of the Thirty Years' War, when Gustavus Adolphus pronounced her "the golden saddle upon the lean horse;" and of Munich in the age of Prince Eugene. But diving down into the oldest portions of the town, where frescos, bleached by the sun, winds, and rains of centuries, are fading on the walls—where heavy-browed archways reveal mouldering stairs leading up into the tall, many-storied houses—where the walls, and tall roofs, and desolate towers, are black with age—and where, beneath low arches, rush dismal, rapid streams; of all these I find no detailed chronicle. And when, as the other day, visiting the Mint, I found myself standing within the old court-yard, encircled with a double gallery of noble rounded arches, and asking its history and purport, was told "here were held the Ducal tournaments in old times,"—then do I feel the spirit of an antiquarian awake within me, and an

unappeasable longing after old memories and traditions seizes my imagination.

As I have already observed, Old and New Munich are fraught with an entirely separate poetry, and present totally different aspects. The character of the people in the streets is different—the gaily-attired peasants throng the quaint old streets, market-places, and covered passages; their primitive wagons, and the heavy brewers' drays rumble and jolt along the uneven pavements; whilst, in the newer city, elegantly-attired ladies and gentlemen aristocratically saunter about, or roll along in their carriages, and every now and then a royal carriage dashes past.

But different in aspect as are these two portions of Munich at the first view, upon nearer investigation one proves to be but a modern development of the other, as King Ludwig is only a fuller development of the artistic germ which is implanted in his race.

This new Munich, proceeding from the brain of the artist-souled king, who, as it has justly been observed, "could abandon his crown, but could not abandon his art," with its Glyptothek, its Old and New Pinakothek, its Kunstausstellung, its Siegesthor, its Feldherrenhalle, its Basilica, its Hofkapelle, its Au-Church, its Rhumeshalle, and Bavaria, with its two splendid new wings to the old Palace, with its noble Ludwigsstrasse, containing the Royal Library, Blind Institution, Damenstift, University, Jesuits' College, and Ludwig's Church; this new Munich, I repeat, enriched with innumerable great works in fresco—historic, poetic, religious—of Cornelius, Kaulbach, Schnorr, and Hess, with its statues of Schwanthaler, Thorwaldsen, and Rauch, with each important event in the Bavarian annals chronicled in painting, sculpture, or architecture, is indeed a wonderful little

city, and unique in these modern days. When we reflect that King Ludwig has called around him such men as Von Klenze, Gärtner, and Ziebland as architects; Cornelius, Schnorr, Kaulbach, and Hess as painters, to create and adorn this city, giving them glorious scope in which to develop their various genius, and has in every possible way fostered and encouraged art in all its branches, —has founded the Glass and Porcelain painting establishments, and the Bronze Foundry, and has led to the revival and perfection of fresco and encaustic painting, and to the discovery of Stereochromie,—one is inclined to regard him as the sole art-monarch of his race.

Looking, however, back into the history of the old city, —first we have the Emperor, Ludwig the Bavarian, as the beautifier of Munich,—the Emperor whose triumphal entrance into Munich after the battle of Mühldorf, King Ludwig, with reverence, has had chronicled in fresco upon the Isar Gate, by which he is said to have entered the city,—the gate itself being built, by King Ludwig's command, in exact imitation of the one dating from the Emperor's time.

Then we have Duke Sigismund, the builder in the fifteenth century of the Frauenkirche, and the diffuser, through this and other works, of a strong artistic spirit and activity among the people; Albert V., a century later, assembling around him men of learning as his counsellors of state, and summoning painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians, to his court, for the adornment of his capital and the delectation of his private life. Among those foreign artists came Orlando di Lasso, whose statue King Ludwig has had erected, together with that of Gluck, born in Rhenish Bavaria, in front of the Odeon, and who, in Albert's time, filled the Churches of Munich with sweet music. And there is the Elector Maximilian, spite of the

horrors of the Thirty Years' War, building the old Residenz, one of the architectural marvels of his century. All working earnestly in the direction of art,—blinded at times, it is true, by the grossness of the age in which they lived, but working earnestly according to their lights!

It is a pleasant thought, this artistic link between the Old and New Cities of Munich,—between King Ludwig and his predecessors.

Here occurs a break in the diary of a few months occasioned by a visit to England.

CHAPTER VII.

RETURN TO MUNICH.

November, 1851.—I am again here. Of our journey I will not speak, until we reached Heidelberg. It was about one o'clock in the day. The sun shone brightly, and cast lovely passing shadows across the beautiful chain of hills, as we rushed across the plain by railway from Manheim. And now we were rattling from the station in an omnibus, between the rows of trees skirting the Botanic Garden. How beautiful did all look beneath the autumn sun, and gay with autumn tints! "Isabel, look!" exclaimed I to my present companion, who was now in Germany for the first time; "do you see that blue roof of a summer-house up in the vineyard? There, below it, is our old house with the bright green roof! Isabel, this is the old Manheim Gate! is not this street old-fashioned, and is not the whole town old-fashioned? Do you see that odd cart and those lean horses, with their bells and pointed collars? And do you see those young men? those are students!"

And now we are at the Badischen Hof, where we only stop to see our rooms, and then hurry out to look about us. It was the time of the October Fair; and in the Paradeplatz was the Dutch woman in her picturesque costume, and with her pretty doll-like face, baking and selling "Waffeln." All was just as of old, and we walked through it, for Isabel to have a peep at a German

Fair, and then on to the Castle. I leave you to imagine the beauty of the scene from the Castle terrace, where we watched the sunset: the town and plain, and winding river, and distant Hardt mountains half-veiled by violet haze; the castle rising from amid the gorgeous autumn tints of coral and gold which sobered the red tone of its walls into a warm grey, and telling dark against the sunset sky, which was crimson and amber and lemon colour graduating into pale azure, and flecked with sombre clouds of dusky grey and dove-colour. I never saw the castle look more magnificent; all was solemn and gorgeous, and full of a mournful poetry.

As we returned through the town, Isabel had a peep through a window into a student's *Kneip*, where we saw them all jollily drinking and playing at cards, with statuettes of Goethe and Schiller, and other poets, arranged round the room. It was a capital bit of German student-life!

We were advised the next morning not to go up the Neckar in the little steamer; but I was obstinate, and we went. It was a dull morning, and the silence, the gloom, the mournfulness of the day, harmonized wonderfully with the scenery. Those round, swelling hills, crowned with their forests, now gorgeous with autumn colouring,—that swollen river up which we slowly progressed,—the absence of all human and animal life on the banks,—had a solemn influence upon the mind. I could have believed that our spirits had flown back into long past ages, and that this was the day on which Siegfried was stabbed whilst hunting amid these hills; that his sad, beautiful corpse yet lay beneath some of the old oaks with crimson and yellow leaves falling upon it, or was being borne mournfully by his friends home through these solitudes upon its bier of branches, and that the trees, and the sky, and the rivers—all

nature mourned over the hero. Never was a day a greater contrast than this to my last sail up the Neckar: then all nature was full of fresh life; the trees clothed in their earliest leaves, the most luxuriant flowers and foliage dipping their beautiful sprays and festoons into the clear green waters, birds singing, the sun showering down his beneficent beams upon the forest and the hills and little towns and hamlets, and upon the pleasant groups of peasants busy upon the river banks: but then my own soul was sick with an unspeakable anguish. This time all nature seemed to mourn, all human life to have vanished from the shores; and yet within me I had an assurance of happiness, such a delicious peace, that the very mournfulness was a sort of solemn repose to me.

Isabel was much delighted. Yet the day was a long and fatiguing one; when it grew dark we retired to our little cabin, but though we had it all to ourselves we were anything but comfortable. We were heartily glad, after fourteen hours on the Neckar, to find ourselves in a tolerable inn at Heilbronn.

Poor Isabel was really ill when we arrived. Who does not know how the change of scene, and the diet, and the excitement of everything, and the smells and the dirt, and the hurry of travelling, always affect one on first going abroad? She has not even yet recovered her taste, and says she feels all taste, all body, till she hates herself. She wishes she had no sense of smell or taste. The quiet of our rooms, a dinner which an English acquaintance cooked yesterday kindly for us, some wholesome bread from our old baker here, and a cup of real English tea, have done her good. For myself I was very hungry all the way, and ate and drank to Isabel's astonishment.

From Heilbronn we started at six in the morning by railway for Süssen, where we arrived by nine o'clock. I

saw the Stell-wagen waiting for passengers to Nördlingen, and of course supposed it to be the same by which I had so rapidly travelled in the spring from Nördlingen to Süssen. Our luggage was immediately piled on the top, and in we mounted.

"Isabel, dear, put that shawl round your feet; let us arrange ourselves comfortably," said I.

"It is not of much consequence, as we shall get out again in a few minutes," returned Isabel.

"In a few *hours* you mean," said I.

"*Hours!*" exclaimed Isabel, who had felt unwell all the morning.

"Yes, for six hours, poor Isabel," said I, full of compassion; and added, addressing a fellow-passenger, "Not more than six?"

"*Twelve* at least," was the reply.

Imagine our looks of horror. Yes, and so it was. The omnibus, now that the Great Exhibition was over, had returned to its old slow ways. It crawled up hill and down; no longer were horses waiting ready harnessed at the different post-stations, and the omnibus rushing on without more than a minute's pause. We alighted several times in the course of the day, and remained at wayside inns, miserably devoured with impatience, whilst the driver bemused himself with beer and the passengers consumed sauerkraut and sausage. Up, up we slowly ascended bleak, wild, desolate hill-sides by interminable winding roads; the woods ceased; higher and higher we ascended, till we reached a desolate, wild plain which stretches on, and on, and on. It is the *Hochebene*, the elevated plain on which stands Munich; but we were yet many a mile from Munich. Here and there was a melancholy village, or solitary, dilapidated castle or tower! Now you passed through a birch-wood, where were charcoal-burners' huts, and where from the black pyramid of

charcoal rose curling through the leafless trees a slender column of blue smoke into the mournful, leaden sky. Now you came to a shepherd tending his flock upon a damp, spongy common, where the horizon-line was only broken by a solitary, tall cross ; now we rattled into a village,—snow half-melted lay on the roofs, the street was ankle-deep in slush, the bell tolled mournfully through the damp air. It was All Souls' Day ; the peasant-women, dressed in their quaint head-dress of long black ribbons, and with their black and striped petticoats ; the men in their long blue coats and cocked hats were hastening through mud and damp with garlands to decorate the graves of their friends, and pray for their souls in the church.

We alighted at a wretched inn. Isabel was half choked by the bad air of the one common sitting-room, which was the only place we could enter. There was a huge iron stove making every corner of the room warm; peasants were drinking and smoking near it ; two travellers of a somewhat higher grade were sitting at a table covered with a white cloth, devouring soup, and there were plates laid for us. It was very dirty, and very close, and very poverty-stricken ; but very picturesque. Light fell through a checked blind of a dull pink into the nook behind the screen. A shrine, containing a Madonna and dead Christ, hung in the corner upon the whitewashed wall. Children with plaited hair and short petticoats were playing on the uneven boarded floor. The landlord, a man resembling a tadpole in figure, with large head and spindle legs, all the more spindling because cased in black velvet breeches and black worsted stockings, joked and served beer to the jolly, loud-talking peasants.

Once more we paused for half-an-hour at a village just before dusk. There, happily, having the coupé at last given up to us, we wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, looking like a

couple of hooded friars curled up into either corner. What a journey that was! On, on, on! Rattle, rattle! rumble, rumble! We nodded,—we slept,—we started up, cramped and cold!

"Isabel, how are you?"

"So weary! Anna, how are you?"

"*So* weary!"

We nod and sleep again! Rattle, rumble, rattle! The driver, in his blue blouse and with his cracking whip, duskily grows into a frightful phantom. All seems a nightmare! On, on! A desolate horizon of dull heath dimly seen by a baleful moonlight,—patches of snow *grinning* here and there with fearful, cold distinctness.

"*It is* a dream!" exclaimed Isabel, in a weak voice. "I feel *so* strange, quite hysterical, and as if I could scream a loud scream!"

"Don't do that!" exclaimed I, and laughed heartily; but to my astonishment my laughter ended in a violent burst of tears: not that I was in the least unhappy or low-spirited, but from sheer fatigue and weakness. At this Isabel was all right in a moment, and so was I, for I was quite alarmed by my own tears.

"We must soon be at Nördlingen!" we exclaimed. And soon we were. And when we were seated at a very large, well-spread table, near to a large warm stove, with two comfortable, soft, white beds looming out of the distance, our desolate journey seemed truly a mere dream.

We slept deliciously; as the train for Munich did not start till half-past ten we had plenty of time to rest. We had a fire lighted in our stove before we rose, and were so luxurious even as to order the chambermaid to bring us our breakfasts ready made to us; and thus we lay and rested. Suddenly we heard from the neighbouring church tower a most melancholy blast of wind-instruments: the most soul-

touching strain,—the very essence of lament and sadness. We started up!

"Isabel, listen!" I exclaimed; "how beautiful, how touchingly mournful! what can it be?"

Isabel listened with her eyes swimming with tears.

"What is it?" I asked from the maid.

"It is the dirge for the dead; some one must just have died; and then they always blow from the tower."

I cannot tell you how beautiful this seemed to us, coming suddenly in this manner, like a lament breathing down from heaven upon the old decaying town.

"Do you wonder, dear Isabel," exclaimed I, "at my love of Germany, when such little poems are ever coming across us? Does one not forget all the bad smells, and all the coarseness of common things, in the existence of a living poetry such as this?"

We were soon at Munich; we seemed to be travelling into the polar regions: snow, snow, snow! One vast expanse of snow, only broken here and there by dark firwoods. At Augsburg we stopped and had a good dinner, so as to be prepared for an empty larder at the Werffs'.

At about a quarter to four o'clock we reached Munich, I felt only as if I had been a little excursion, and were returning to a home. I did not feel at all excited, only very happy.

"Look, Isabel, out there! Do not you see the giant arm of the Bavaria, rising with its wreath above that building?"

But we were at the station before she could notice it.

"Never mind! never mind, dear Isabel! We are at Munich!"

"What a beautiful station!" exclaimed Isabel, as she looked up to its rich ceiling of mosaic work of inlaid woods.

"Yes, it is a fit entrance to an Art-City. Look there! Don't you see an old Franciscan friar, with his hood drawn over his head? Is he not picturesque? But now, jump into this *fiacre* and let us drive *home!*"

"No. 57, Neue Amalienstrasse!" said I to the driver. Bang went the door, and away we rolled through the slush of melting snow, and with snow driving around us, along back streets to the Neue Amalienstrasse. Out I sprang, ran up stairs, pulled the well-known bell! The door opened;—there was Madame Thekla!

"*Ach mein Fräulein! Ach Herr Je! Herr Je! mein Fräulein!* and she stretches out her arms like a big bird flapping its wings. "You never wrote the little letter to tell us when you were coming, and we have been so uneasy;—but two letters are come for you! And we have not lit the fires!"

"Never mind that, dear Madame Thekla; come down to my cousin; tell me what I must pay the man, and just see to our luggage!" Down the stairs I ran again, and then up again, rushing against dear old Fräulein Sänchen, whom I kissed with a most hearty kiss.

"And now let me have a fire and coffee, and give me my letters!"

The day after our arrival, taking a droschke, one of the new public conveyances which are just introduced at Munich,—and elegant, convenient little carriages they are, with their well-dressed and polite drivers,—away we drove, so that Isabel might have an idea of the good city of Munich. It was a beautiful afternoon, cold and clear, the air sharp, but the sun shining gloriously, and gleaming over the snow which lay upon the roofs of the houses. We drove through the old part of Munich, up the Residenzgasse, which was all astir with the corn-market, and where the old women were as busy as ever in their little booths among

their quaint earthenware, and through the old gateway of the *Rathhaus*, and along the street called the *Thal*, which leads down to the Isar Gate, and is always crowded with long shambling wagons heaped up with casks and huge beer-barrels going to-and-fro from various great breweries which infest that neighbourhood. Isabel felt inclined to be one continued *note of exclamation*,—so many strange, old-fashioned, foreign sights did we see.

Now we rattled through the Isar Gate, and Isabel turned round to observe the effect of the fresco-procession of the Emperor Ludwig of Bavaria; now I pointed out to her the great Government Pawnbroking Establishment, where, during Carnival time, such extraordinary properties accumulate,—beds, spoons, cradles, clothes,—all for the sake of Carnival jollity; now we passed the barracks of the Cuirassiers, who wear the white cloaks which I so much admire; now we crossed the long Isar Bridge, and glanced up and down the river winding in the sunshine between its shoaly banks; we passed the *Volks-Theater*, and were in the midst of the Au Suburb. Isabel looked everywhere around her, and was vastly amused at the queer shops, the grotesque shrines, the fir-trees stuck up before public-house doors, and the skeleton-like carts and lean horses, and the men in big cloaks, which everywhere met her eye. And now, driving across the open space where stands the Au Church, we alighted at one of its portals.

Isabel felt the whole spirit of those lovely, clustered stone columns which rise up in long rows like a grove of lofty palm-trees; their branches parting and petrified into a noble Gothic roof. Surveying this beauty, we spoke of the fate of Ohlmüller, who died when scarcely forty years of age, before he saw this, his one great work, brought to completion; and how he had offered up to it health and life

itself, ascending the spire with incessant zeal,—he who had been a martyr from his boyhood to asthma. May not this have been a type of the man's spirit, this undaunted aspiration which willingly would yield up life itself to ascend towards heaven? She looked round with delight upon the rich windows, through which the sunlight falling reflected rainbow tints upon the cold, grey, severe columns; this radiance of heaven glorifying earth, and turning its duskiness and hardness into gorgeousness and light! To Isabel it seemed as if the children, and youths, and old, old women, who were praying in the church, must certainly have come there as part of the picture prepared for our enjoyment, so quaint and picturesque were they.

As we stood in the church we saw two women advancing from a door close to the high altar. One was a lady handsomely dressed in a white satin bonnet and large Cashmere shawl; she was followed by a nurse, bearing before her a little baby lying on a cushion and covered with a long white lace veil. It was evidently a christening. They passed on to a side altar, where, amid flowers and golden candlesticks, and gold and azure tracery, stood a figure of the Madonna and child. The infant, on its cushion, was placed upon the altar before the Virgin; the lady and the servant knelt together and prayed. It was a touching sight.

Leaving the church we went to the Au-Theater. It was half-past three, and the performance was just beginning. It was a strange sensation that of stepping out of the fresh keen air and sunshine into the darkness and noise and hot atmosphere of the little theatre. We had the most aristocratic places, in a box where I have seen the royal princes before now; and for these we paid eightpence each. To see so good an audience at so early a performance would, in England, have been singular; such numbers of men, too, who with us would have been busy at their work till at the earliest six

or seven o'clock. The piece was "The Musketeers of the Quarter-master's Lady," or "*Wart a bisle.*" It was very droll and very capitally acted; and though, of course, Isabel understood scarcely a word, she was greatly amused.

We drove home in the moonlight at six o'clock, and on reaching home found that Isabel's piano had arrived, so that there was another pleasure for us; and whilst I prepared tea she tried her new instrument.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MOURNFUL WEDDING.—AN INCURSION OF GERMAN TEACHERS.—THE STUDENT.

THE other evening, having called on Frau Amsel, whilst I sat talking with her a young lady came in almost out of breath, saying, "Put on your bonnet, my dear, gracious lady, and let us go to the Basilica; there is a wedding!"

"I will go with you," said I, "for I have never yet seen a Catholic wedding."

We saw numbers of people crowding into the Basilica. It was growing dusk in the large church. A throng of spectators surrounded the space railed off round the high altar. Upon the marble steps leading up to the altar, and on either side, stood ladies and gentlemen belonging to the wedding party. The altar was decorated, as well as the flight of steps, with orange-trees, and palms, and flowering shrubs: but few candles burned upon the altar, and the lamp suspended from the roof, containing the ever-burning flame, seemed only to make the gathering twilight more perceptible. The white-robed priests, the bride and bridesmaids in their white muslin dresses, the tall black figures of the bridegroom and his friends looming out from the top of that long flight of marble steps; the monotonous voice of the priest droning forth his marriage homily; the damp raw air of a November evening striking to the hearts of all; the mighty figures of prophets, and angels, and martyrs upon the

golden walls of the church, were shrouding themselves in duskiness and gloom; the feeble light of the tapers from the altar, illuminating nothing in the whole cold and solemn building save and except a huge golden crucifix, and farther off a lesser cross which gleamed out harshly and severely, and startlingly, as though the type of anguish, and suffering, and sacrifice, were to be the sole ideal of life and marriage. All formed one of the most mournful scenes I ever witnessed, and quite haunts me even now when I recall it.

The priest prayed and joined their hands, and placed the rings upon their fingers; and one heard the money clink through the cold darkness, as the bridegroom, according to Roman Catholic custom, endowed his bride with his gold and silver, and his worldly goods. And whilst the priest still prayed, a tramp of feet, a sort of hushed roar, was heard through the church; and across the broad marble pavement came a train of black and white garmented priests, bearing funereal wreaths and banners:—they were returning from a funeral!

The bridal train descended from the altar, and as they moved onwards towards the sacristy, preceded by priests, we caught a glimpse of the bridegroom and bride, who, by this cold light, looked as rigid and cheerless as the whole scene: two elderly ladies who followed were, I noticed, dressed in black, as though it were a funeral! As they went on through the church, they passed the mourners of the other ceremony, who were praying in their weeds, and burning small tapers; yet further on, and still more in the gloom, and only revealed by a white cloth thrown over his face, as he sat in his confessional, they passed a priest shriving some poor penitent.

Was this not a cheerless wedding?

November 11th.—We have had an incursion of German teachers, in reply to Isabel's advertisement in the "*Neuesten*

Nachrichten." The time mentioned in the advertisement was nine o'clock on Monday morning. But on Monday morning, long before nine, the incursion began. We had just sat down to our breakfast-table, and were about to enjoy our first cup of tea, when Madame Thekla popped her head in at the sitting-room door, saying, in her usual mysterious and hoarse whisper, "that if we pleased, a lady was there, asking if we wanted a German teacher!"

Isabel and I, sitting grandly upon our sofa, side by side, with the untasted breakfast before us, see a young and prepossessing girl enter very modestly,—we push the table aside, offer her a seat, and commence the necessary inquiries. We think she will do, and take her address; still we will not decide until we see who else offers.

"Let us only make haste and finish our breakfast!" cry we; but ring! ring! ring! we hear at the door.

"Isabel, we are in for it now!" exclaim I; and before the words are spoken, Madame Thekla's head once more mysteriously appears in the doorway, and behind her looms forth a gaunt figure, wrapt in a long black cloak. The figure enters. The usual inquiries are made; we ask at what hours she could give the lessons, and she informs us "It *muss* be afternoon,—I much to do in the *keetchin* morning,—I much to do,—I get marry in few weeks." She would not do.

Ring! ring! ring! Great talk in the passage: the door opens for the *keetchin lady*, and a vision of bonnets looms once more in the distance in the shape of a queerish old mother and a pretty but coquettish daughter. Ring! ring! ring! We are aware of German teachers seated in Madame Thekla's kitchen, in Madame Thekla's little parlour, in Madame Thekla's passage,—of teachers standing upon the stairs!

We grow quite bewildered by pretty faces and plain faces,

round faces and thin faces, red faces and sallow faces; by faces in pink bonnets and black bonnets, in blue bonnets and grey; by faces with curls and with bands, with hair *à la Chinoise;* by teachers who speak good English and *small* English, and no English at all; by high terms and low terms; by certificates from Educational Establishments, and laudatory letters from learned professors; by accounts of lessons given to the ———, and the ———, and the ———; by conceit and affectation, and by touching poverty, and meekness and gentleness. And now a slight pause came in the succession of applicants. We agreed that really we must put an end to the incursion. Among those we had already seen we must have found the right one. Madame Thekla must tell those who were yet arriving that the English lady had met with a teacher.

Then, turning a deaf ear to all future ringings at the door, and to all chatterings of Madame Thekla, we drew a long breath after our exertions, and once more prepared our unlucky breakfast, by boiling fresh water over our spirit-lamp, and making a second edition of tea.

There was something affecting, in no slight degree, to us in this rush to obtain a few gulden a month. One could have grown quite sentimental over it, had not many of the ladies, old and young, given themselves considerably absurd airs, informing us of what excellent and high-born families they were, and how their *real* reason for answering the advertisement was, to practise their English. Perhaps it might be so!

Our feeling inclined still towards the young girl who had first applied,—her sweet manner, her shabby dress and intelligent face, spoke loudly in her behalf. But the mother of another candidate contended with the sweet girl in our good will. Both Isabel's heart and mine had instantly warmed towards this lady; her face was such an anxious,

kind face, and her voice had such a sad echo of sorrow in it,—it seemed to breathe sighs. Although we had conversed in German, and Isabel did not understand a word of what had been said between us, she had understood the tones and looks, and instantly agreed to suspend the decision until we had seen this lady's daughter. She was to call at half-past twelve.

At twelve I went out, leaving Isabel to see the young lady. On the stairs I met an ascending teacher, and, at the front door, two more entering. I imagined every young lady I encountered in our street must still be a teacher.

November 14th.—There is now deep snow, but as I wanted to secure a model for Monday, and also to purchase tracing-paper, I went out immediately after breakfast, at an hour when most people are scarcely out of their beds in England, and quite enjoyed the walk,—all looked so exquisitely pure and calm. The cold here is much less difficult to bear than the cold of England, because of the dryness of the atmosphere. I went out, as I said, to buy tracing-paper, having come to the end of the supply I took with me, and I found it extremely dear. How strange it is that tracing-paper, which is so much used in Munich, should be so expensive!

You cannot think how picturesque the streets looked in the snow; snow covered the ground, pure as in the country: snow lay heavily upon the house-tops, and upon the different statues in the public squares, and drifted on carts and the roofs of carriages. People were wrapped up in the warmest of cloaks and coats, many with hoods picturesquely drawn over their heads; lads were busy with their little wooden sledges; most quaint objects, many of them, in their hooded cloaks, looking like little grey, brown, and black goblins. I greatly enjoyed my snowy walk; and it

rejoiced my heart, in all the cold and winterly weather, to see the signs of busy industry which met me in the streets; I mean the signs of busy learning and study, which were quite in harmony with my frame of mind. First, there were lots of little boys and girls rushing out of a public school with their slates, and knapsacks, and bags; then there was the train of students returning from some lecture in the University,—handsome vigorous youths and young men, with their portfolios under their arms, and their faces full of intelligence and animation;—then, as I passed the *Conservatorium*, the Musical Academy, a loud sound of chorus-singing burst upon my ear, and from a door came forth a troop of boys, several of them very young and small, carrying their violin cases; they had been learning.

What a beautiful thing, what a beautiful state is that of the student, after all! the very aspiration, endurance, patient labour, and uncertainty of this phase of human life, engendering faith, and hope, and love, and humility, throw a peculiar halo of beauty around it. I have often felt this, but never more strongly than to-day. It seemed to me that the acquiring, the accomplishing, was, as far as the soul itself was concerned, really more than the acquisition,—than that which is accomplished.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BOISSERÉE GALLERY IN THE PINAKOTHEK.

ACCOMPANY me this bright, frosty, winter's morning to the beautiful Munich Picture Gallery—the Pinakothek. The trees, and shrubs, and grass in the gardens, and lining the roads, as we approach the Gallery, are glittering with hoar-frost, and look as if molten in frosted silver. We have scarcely emerged from the streets of the newer portion of Munich. There rises the yet unfinished building of the New Pinakothek, destined to contain pictures of modern schools. Two frescos of the Kaulbach series of designs illustrative of modern German art, already arrest your eye upon its external walls. The grey wooden booths clinging as it were to the upper portion of the building, swallow-nest-wise, conceal the artists at work upon the other frescos of the series. Divided from the New Pinakothek by a broad public road, and standing in a garden enclosed by slight, low, iron railing, we see the Old Pinakothek. It is built of pale yellow brick, and in the style of a Roman palace, after the design of Leo von Klenze. The long centre picture gallery is lighted by sky-lights of violet-coloured glass, which give a very peculiar character to the whole building. The statues, from designs of Schwanthaler, of five-and-twenty artists—Van Eyck, Memling, Dürer, Holbein, Schön, Rubens, Van Dyck, Velasquez, Murillo, Claude Lorraine, Poussin, Francia, Angelico da Fiesole, Masaccio, Leonardo da Vinci, Perugino Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo, Raphael,

Titian, Bellini, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, and Domenichino, keep watch and ward,—an immortal band, standing around the treasury of their works, and ennobling with a poetic thought the broad parapet of the Pinakothek.

We ascend a low flight of steps guarded by lions couchant; the tall portal opens as by magic, and we stand in the presence of a giant—a mild giant clad in the blue livery of the Bavarian court: a broad crimson and white band crosses the gigantic breast, huge top-boots adorn the gigantic legs, a peaceful smile beams over a placid giant face,—the celebrated giant porter of the Pinakothek nods us a morning greeting, and we hasten up a flight of broad, grey, marble steps, beneath a tinted roof, and catching on our way through a spacious window an expanse of this cloudless Munich heaven, against which rise in sharp relief the white artists' statues in long perspective line.

We enter a room hung with full-length portraits of Bavarian kings and electors in their royal robes: they are King Ludwig and his ancestors, who have gathered together the treasures preserved in the Pinakothek. King Ludwig comes of an art-loving race. In this room loiter the attendants and servants of the Pinakothek; and here you can buy a catalogue if you like; but we have already one with us—a very well-worn copy—an old friend: so we pass on into the next room, the first hall of the gallery, and containing the works of Albert Dürer, of his master Michael Wohlgemuth, and of Albert Dürer's disciples and imitators.

But not even here will we pause long this morning; you must come with me into this gallery of cabinets, which runs parallel with the central gallery of halls, and which said cabinets principally contain the famous pictures of the Boisserée Gallery.

This Boisserée Gallery is interesting from many points of view. When Napoleon had rifled Italy and Germany of

their most precious works of art, and assembled them in the Museum at Paris in a grand exhibition in the year 1803, there might have been seen three young Germans, day after day, week after week, month after month, studying these art-treasures, and studying especially certain curious old pictures by an early German master. These youths were Sulpiz and Melchior Boisserée, together with their friend Johann Bertram,—all three from the good old city of Cologne. These quaint pictures in the Paris gallery reminded the three friends of certain pictures of a similar character seen by them in their childhood hanging dim and forgotten in dusky side chapels and cloisters in their native city. These memories inflamed their imaginations, whilst their taste and understanding were being daily developed through the study of the noble works of art assembled in Paris, and by intercourse with Frederick Schlegel, then resident at Paris, and who delivered private lectures on philosophy and belles-lettres to the three youths. A deep interest thus awoke within them for this early and almost forgotten school of painting—an interest which deepened gradually into an absorbing passion, and became the one object of their lives.

Returning to Cologne after a nine months' sojourn in Paris, accompanied by Frederick Schlegel, they commenced an earnest quest after the old paintings which lingered in their memories like dreams.

Great changes had of course taken place in Cologne upon the suppression of the monasteries under Napoleon's rule. The revolution occasioned among pictures was not the least of the revolutions. Strange tidings reached the three youths and Schlegel, of paintings used to patch dove-cotes with; of paintings turned into table-tops and into screens; of paintings sold at auctions as make-weights, with "lots" of old iron and other rubbish; and of paintings burnt for

fuel. But upon nearer inspection these proved to be generally pictures of but little value, and of a much more modern date. The real old pictures were mostly still hanging in the dusky cloisters, or were concealed in garrets and vaults. A legend of their great intrinsic value lived yet in the popular mind, keeping them sacred, although the very existence of such works was forgotten by the *virtuosi* of the last century.

Several pictures of value also had been purchased by two art-lovers at Cologne, the Canon Walraff and the Merchant Lieversberg. The glory however, of preserving and rescuing the greater number and the most valuable of the treasures was reserved for the Boisserées. We are told that one day meeting a hand-barrow in the streets of Cologne, amongst a heap of lumber the brothers discovered one of the gems of which they were in search; this they purchased, and it became the nucleus of the gallery now bearing the brothers' name.

Wolfram of Eschenbach, one of the latest of the Minnesänger, sang, in the thirteenth century, in his romance of "Parzival," of the glory of certain wonderful painters of Cologne. Old chroniclers told of certain great masters, Master Stephen and Master Wilhelm of Cologne: what now remained of their works—who knew more of them except a legendary renown? Yet even the works of these old masters were brought to light through faith, and love, and zeal. Strange old pictures they are, with their gold grounds, revealing the fact that German as well as Italian art springs from Byzantine origin, and that Germany has had her Cimabues and Giottos.

Picture after picture thus came forth from its dusty nook —Madonnas, saints, martyrs, burning in rainbow tints upon their golden grounds. Years passed on in zealous labour, in journeys made into the Netherlands in quest of pictures, in research of all kinds: gradually the Gallery grew and grew.

Goethe, Tieck, and Schlegel entering into the Boisserées' enthusiasm, a universal interest was excited throughout Germany for this early art, whose history was yearly emerging from its obscurity—link after link revealing itself in the almost forgotten chain. How bright and clear are these links! First, these old semi-Byzantine masters of Cologne, with their disciples, the precursors by two centuries of Albert Dürer and his school; then the Cologne school transplanted into the Netherlands, the school of the Van Eycks, Hubert, John, and their sister Margaret;—these noble, fine Van Eycks, with their beautiful domestic attachment, their wonderful industry, their strong originality. John Van Eyck, the perfecter, if not the originator, of oil-painting; Margaret, the pupil and zealous assistant of her brothers —that steadfast woman "who," says an old chronicler, "declined many offers of marriage with noble gentlemen for love and devotion to her art." Are they not a noble trio? Then we have Hans Memling, the "*Memlino*" of the Italians, —whose master he was in landscape painting; influencing strongly Perugino and Raphael. Memling is a beautiful character in this art-history, with his exquisite tenderness and refinement, and his singularly romantic life—a mingling of the painter and the soldier. Now he is painting his St. Johns and Madonnas; now he is fighting for the Duke Charles of Burgundy; now he is lying sick and wounded in the Hospital of St. John at Bruges; now he is painting for the good monks who have tended him in his sickness the exquisite works which are yet preserved in the hospital at Bruges as its greatest treasure.

Then we have Roger of Bruges, Hugo van der Goes, and others; Israel van Meckenem; Jan de Mehlem; Quentin Matseys, of whom everybody has heard; Lucas van Leyden, that extraordinary man, a painter at twelve years of age, the admired friend and rival of Albert Dürer, and who died,

it is said, of poison, administered to him by a less generous rival whom he had entertained upon his artistic and almost princely progress through the Netherlands; and so we come to Mabuse and Van Orley, and the Italianizers, and to the death of early Christian art in the Netherlands. Yes, it is a beautiful chapter in the history of art, this early German and Flemish school, especially connecting it also with Albert Dürer and his school.

To me one of the pleasantest passages in this chapter is the thought of the intense joy which must have transported the Boisserée brothers as one after another of these gems of art were drawn forth into the light, and old names and legends assumed the dignity of history, and this noble gallery was finally brought to its resting-place in the beautiful Pinakothek, purchased by King Ludwig as one of the greatest treasures of his kingdom, and preserved here as a noble monument to all—to the old painters themselves —to the zealous brothers Boisserée—and to the Art-King Ludwig.

But why do we linger at the threshold of these cabinets? Let us enter and bathe our spirit in the poetry of these old pictures; let us listen to their teachings as though sweet antique legends were read to us in some quaint tongue from an old missal! What a glitter of golden grounds blazes upon our vision in those pictures of Master Stephen and Master Wilhelm. Solemn, gorgeously-robed saints are there leaning upon their attributes of martyrdom, their swords, their crosses, their wheels; they are old men all of them, yet in a green old age, and stand erect and statue-like, within golden niches of richest Gothic tracery.

Then, as we advance farther along the gallery of cabinets, descending nearer and nearer to our modern world, what a flutter meets us of rainbow-tinted wings, whose plumes are

stolen from peacocks, doves, and parrots! Now we encounter fabulous scaly, green, scarlet, and azure dragons; but gallant youthful knights and angels, clad in armour dazzling and golden, are at hand with glittering spears and swords to slay the monsters. Ambrosial locks fly in the wind, a vigorous arm brandishes the keen spear, a mailed foot is planted upon the grisly worm!—he is writhing in his death agony! How one is bewildered by the stiff embroidered robes of priests, warriors, and ladies,—robes gorgeous with every burning tint, and sparkling with every gem—jewel-encrusted are mitres, crosiers, copes and stoles, ladies' stomachers, and warriors' breast-plates. What wealth in golden and crystal goblets, in dagger-hilts and golden crucifixes! In what silent, old wainscoted rooms do we not repose ourselves—what shaded courts or crowded quaint city streets do we not gaze into, through round-arched windows, sitting upon scarlet-cushioned window-seats, and breathing the perfumed breath of some tall white lily rising out of a crystal or golden vase! Do we not hear the soft lisping of saints breathing their prayers as they bend over missals lying open upon carved ebony reading-desks! and do we not even hear the silvery tones from St. Cecilia's golden organ, as she touches its keys with her taper fingers, and tiny angels hover around, wafting her garlanded brow with their small wings and fluttering azure and rose-coloured draperies!

Above all, do not our spirits take flight through the most lovely of landscapes! through scenes such as one alone sees in dreams, or in these old pictures, across the most verdant meadows, where bloom the richest flowers; across broad lakes mirroring the purest of heavens, and where float majestic swans, and sweet large water-lilies unfold their chalices. Now we toil up arid mountains, where the grass grows hask and yellow, and where here and there a

slender tree quivers its delicate tracery of leaves and branches against a cloudless sky. But if we toil over stones and rocks it is only to command glimpses along vistas of lovely, enchanting, distant country; to overlook plains and ranges of blue mountain-peaks; to see old-world hamlets, and castles, and towns, and convents, and fortresses sleeping upon the plains and crowning the mountain heights; whilst saints, and prophets, and warriors, and sages, wander on pilgrimage through the meads and valleys, passing forth to their martyrdoms and to their glory. And it is ever spring,—clear, pure heavens of spring,—May verdure, May flowers; the very brooklets murmur and dance over their glittering pebbles and sand with a vernal gladness. It is the Spring of Art, with its clear, bright tints unfaded, unmellowed by the storms and heats of summer. In Titian we have the gorgeous hues of mellow autumn, the scarlets, oranges, and crimsons deepened into solemn glory by warm, dusky shadows, cast, as it were, by umbrageous groves, and contrasting richly against deeply blue autumnal skies. There is perfected beauty, solemn, gorgeous, yet with a certain pensiveness, as though the Hamadryads sat, with bowed heads, and arms folded over their breasts, amidst the falling leaves. But with these earlier masters it is still spring and childhood. They have the unquestioning faith, the unperfected knowledge, the deep love, joy, and simplicity of children's hearts: thus vernal odours float through their pure skies, thus their birds carol vernal songs, their leaves and flowers sprout and unfold themselves in vernal sunshine.

There are three little pictures by Memling before which we must especially pause. They are well known by engravings, but without having seen the brilliancy of the colour, and the delicacy and purity of the manipulation, only a faint idea can be formed of the peculiar charm of these pictures. In the

engravings the quaintness of the drawing alone tells in grotesque harshness, and all harmony is lost.

These pictures are the Adoration of the Magi, and its two wings, upon one of which is painted St. John; upon the other St. Christopher. The Adoration, as usual, is represented as taking place in a singular abode—a mingling of ruined palace, cottage, and stable. A meek Virgin, draped in dark blue, with heavy white drapery falling around her pale face, holds upon her lap a grave little naked Infant Jesus, who stretches forth his tiny arms towards the adoring kings. Behind the Virgin, resting her folded hands upon the back of the Virgin's seat, and standing with modest downcast eyes, is a little waiting-maid. Beyond this group, and seen between slender porphyry columns, is a stable which has a round-arched window, supported also upon marble columns. An ass and mule are seen eating in the stable, out of a manger. One's eye wanders now through the porphyry columns into a further and much gloomier apartment, where a bright fire burns. This dark room is divided by a low lath-and-plaster partition from the stable; upon this partition is perched a pair of doves. It is extraordinary the detail of every kind crowded into these old pictures. Through the round-arched window of the stable, and through the open doorway of the ruinous abode, we catch glimpses of round hills, green with the rich deep grass of later spring. Upon the summit of the nearest hill rises a beech-tree, spreading its verdant crown against the deepest, clearest azure sky. A quaint town, of Lombardic architecture, shines out between the hills. Down the grassy slopes descends a train of gorgeously-attired horsemen and men on foot: these are the attendants of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, the three kings, now entering the ruin to adore the meek, heavenly Infant. Caspar, the eldest of the three, has a wrinkled brow and a

benign aspect. He kneels before the Child, his aged hands folded together in quiet prayer. He wears a long scarlet, jewel-clasped, and fur-trimmed tunic, bound round the waist. At his knee lies his violet, velvet, gold-embroidered cap of mediæval fashion. Melchior has sunk upon one knee on entering beneath the roof, and presents to mild old Joseph a rich crystal goblet. Another crystal and golden goblet stands upon a little table near to the Virgin, the offering of Caspar. Melchior has a noble, manly countenance and bearing: both his face and figure are seen in profile, as he kneels there in his gold-embroidered crimson velvet tunic, which, parting at the side and confined round the waist by a gem-encrusted band, displays sleeve and hose of deep blue velvet, and a gorgeously-wrought dagger hanging at his side. Crisp, wavy brown hair parted upon his forehead, flowing backward on to the shoulders, and a pointed beard give a peculiar character to the whole head. The tradition is, that in Melchior, Memling has portrayed his patron and military general, Charles of Burgundy. He is a gallant gentleman of the fifteenth century; among such must Memling himself have fought and feasted. Balthasar is of a still more youthful figure, and is entering from the meadow, bearing in his hand a third rich goblet. His costume is of violet velvet, and has a decidedly oriental character about it.

Grass and flowers spring up among the ruinous masonry of a low wall, which divides us the spectators from this brilliant pageant. There is a rose-bush, every leaf and bud lovingly painted with the most delicate care; the dew and perfume seem yet to hang about them. There is St. John's-wort, too, with its pale golden blossoms: there are dandelions with their globes of fairy-down; there is a tuft of delicate-leaved maiden-hair; and a dusky orange snail crawls slowly along the broken, low wall, leaving his silvery,

slimy track behind him. How lovely in these pictures are the natural objects connecting us with the ideal of the Middle Ages! These simple weeds and flowers, and the tiny creatures dwelling among them, though human beings have long ago cast off their gorgeous array, yet burn in azure and scarlet dyes, and glitter in burnished coats of mail!

To the right of the Adoration, in its little wing, stands St. John the Baptist. Over his robe of camel's hair he wears a mantle of deep violet. He glances towards us with large, soft brown eyes, pointing with his meagre fingers towards a gentle lamb, which lies upon a scarlet-bound volume, supported on his left hand. It is in a meadow of rich grass and flowers where St. John is standing; a tall white lily has sprung up at his feet; before him gurgles a shallow brooklet, murmuring over pebbles and shells, which gleam brightly through the transparent water as they lie scattered over the golden sands. A brilliant kingfisher meditates amid the lush weeds which overhang the streamlet's banks. Joyous little lizards play and dart to and fro across a sandy, rugged pathway, leading up towards a beetling, top-heavy rock, which rises abruptly from the meadow. A similar crag rises again farther off in the meadow, approached by a pleasant pathway, winding up through a young oak-grove. Between these two rocky heights your eye wanders into an enchanting distance. There is a quiet lake lying amid smiling meadows; a city rising upon the farther shore, and far, far away, gleam the blue peaks of a mountain-chain. Across the calm lake sails a little boat; and through the pure heavens wing their way a rejoicing flock of birds.

In the other compartment of the little shrine we see St. Christopher approaching as through the transparent, sparkling waves, which are just murmuring into tranquility after the recent tempest. The uprising sun gilds with warm

beams the precipitous, rocky banks—of the Rhine!—Yes; for the Rhine, with its castle-crowned and vineyard-clad banks, has been transported into Palestine by the admiring Memling! The sunbeams bathe hills, rocks, vineyards, castles, and churches; the sunbeams tint with rose and violet the long streaks of retreating storm-clouds; and on through the emerald waves comes patient old, obedient Christopher, bearing upon his stooping shoulders the little Christ-child, who blesses the whole world with three upraised fingers of his tiny hand. On comes the patient old man, with his dark azure tunic tucked up above his knees, and with a crimson mantle fluttering round him and the tall staff upon which he leans. Words can convey no image of the magic splendour of the tints, glowing, gorgeous, and liquid as the tints of a painted window, or of precious gems; nor yet of each minutest detail wrought out with most loving, delicate care.

How different in beauty to these child-like German pictures is an exquisite little Entombment of Christ, in one of the cabinets, of the early Italian school; yet it is, to a degree, kindred in spirit! It is one of several small pictures by Angelico which the Pinakothek contains, and has always strangely affected me. In Memling and Van Eyck our sympathies with the natural world are especially called forth; here Angelico touches with a spirit's hand our highest spiritual being. It is a very small picture, painted in tempera, and looks like a pale and faded water-colour drawing. The colours are tender rose, tender blue, and grey, with golden tints for the hair, and gold for stars, and delicate tracery upon the draperies. The feeling produced upon my mind by this exquisite creation is as of an ecstatic vision seen by saint or martyr.

The figures are of course arranged with perfect symmetry.

The lifeless form of Christ, supported behind by Joseph of Arimathea, rises in the centre, pale and stark; the wondrously noble head bowed on the breast, the eyelids with the shadow of death upon them,—the whole tender, mournful, beyond the power of words to express. The rich golden hair falls in gentle waves from the pallid brow around the visionary countenance. The lower portion of the figure is draped in very soft, semi-transparent, white drapery, which hangs in perfectly symmetrical folds; the arms are stretched forth, as if upon the cross, but the hands drooping. The right hand is kissed by the Virgin Mary, the left by St. John. They both approach the figure of our Lord timidly, lovingly, half-kneeling; their figures and heads are seen in profile; the attitudes are almost similar, and each is garmented in pale rose-coloured and pale blue drapery. How adoring, how tenderly, purely beautiful, are their countenances, filled with an unearthly grace—such grace as alone is seen in Raphael's early pictures, and in the works of Angelico. A golden star gleams upon the shoulder of the Virgin. Behind the figures rises the grey, formal sepulchre cut in the rock. Above are seen the tops of dark cypresses. Dark grass, filled with tufts of formal grey and pale blue flowers, covers the ground; all is unreal, mysterious, symbolic, as if traced by the hand of a seraph rather than by the hand of man!

streets resound again. You see a couple of students in one sledge;—a whole family, father, mother, and a crowd of children in a family-sledge—you see a lady and gentleman alone — you see, perhaps, as I did last night, two fat citizenesses, one driving, with a couple of round-faced rosy children peeping out from under the apron of the sledge, and seemingly quite close under the horse's heels. You see a couple of Munich "*gents*,"—for there are such animals here—with big-buttoned coats, jaunty hats, and cigars in their mouths, driving a lean shambling horse at a furious rate, whilst they themselves seem ready to be *spilt* from their slight sledge any moment; and you see numbers of well-to-do big-boned peasants, rapidly skimming along in their sledges, which all bear a striking resemblance to each other, being green, often of painted wicker-work, and quaintly adorned with gilt tracery-work, which looks as though it were of iron gilt.

In order to see as much winter-life as possible, I have varied my walk to the studio these last several mornings, by going down through the Hof-Garten, where, by-the-by, three days running, at the same hour and upon the same spot, I have encountered, buttoned up to the chin in his warm furred coat, his Majesty King Max, taking his morning walk, and then I have wended my way down an old street which leads to the St. Anna Vorstadt. And upon these walks I have not only seen all these varieties of the *genus* sledge, but also soldiers emptying out of long heavy carts loads of snow into the branches of the Isar, which flow through the town, and met processions of laundresses which have vastly amused me. In the early morning they were entering the city with clothes-baskets and bundles, piled up ever so high upon wooden sledges, which they both drew along and pushed. The sledges were not few in number, and the procession was rendered yet more fantastic

from gay-coloured dresses and white petticoats, borne aloft like pennons upon long poles! All bright and fresh in the clear winter's morning, their comely faces glowing with exercise and the sharp air, their gowns and gay handkerchiefs as clean and bright as their faces, these laundress-maids and matrons looked wondrously attractive. Just picture to yourselves this train winding along through the old street, white and crisp with its snow, and tell me whether, together with a pea-green sledge rushing along here and there, and every now and then a group of peasants, men and women, cutting up wood before the houses, the scene was not peculiar and pleasantly foreign? These groups of cutters of wood are very amusing. The man—for the group usually consists of one man and two women—the man in a chocolate-coloured or pale pink cotton jacket, black velvet breeches, and black top-boots, chopping away upon a heavy block which he has placed upon the causeway; the women in pink or blue cotton bodices, with large wadded *gigot* sleeves, and scarlet or green, or scarlet *and* green mixed, woollen petticoats, and with black or white kerchiefs tied over their heads, one sawing pieces of wood in a skeleton-like sawing machine, the other carrying away, in a wooden basket on her back, the cut and sawn pieces of wood through the heavy arched door, or rather gateway, of the house.

But to return to sledging and to *our* sledging. On Tuesday afternoon the sun shone out gloriously, casting long gleams on the studio floor through the high windows. My eyes glanced up and encountered, smiling through leafless branches flecked with snow, such a lapis-lazuli heaven that I forthwith put away my drawing, and some twenty minutes later stood in our little sitting-room, startling Isabel with my exclamation of "On with your cloak! quick! quick! we will go in a sledge to Nymphenburg!—Hurrah

for Hamilton and Hildegard, we will honour their memories by the self-same drive on the self-same day!" Isabel was much pleased with the scheme. Fräulein Sänchen was despatched to bring us the handsomest sledge she could find on the stand, with *two* handsome horses. We made a hasty dinner, whilst the good old soul bustled off, wrapt ourselves up in all our warm things, and were ready by the time that a musical and significant jingling of bells was heard beneath our windows. The sledge—I grieve to record it—was a bright yellow! I am sorry for this, seeing that a bright yellow vehicle of any description is an eyesore to me. However, we will regard it as a *golden* sledge.

Our horses were very wild—at least in appearance,—our driver a perfect monster, in his dark blue cloak, edged with brown fur at the sleeves and round the deep cape. Our trappings were scarlet, the lining of our sledge dark blue. We, ourselves, you may picture in thick veils and furs, and black-hooded cloaks. Away we started; the long whip cracked again and again in artistic flourishes, its echoes resounding through the quiet streets, and, together with the horses' bells, making a tremendous riot.

Isabel was quite alarmed because everybody in the street stopped to look after us.

"Of course they do, Isabel, of course!—don't *we* stop and look after every sledge as it dashes past?—it is only proper respect to the early sledges of the season." And on we dashed.

The sun shone upon the long lines of delicately-tinted houses, pale pinks, stone colours, greens, and salmons; the tall roofs were dazzling with snow; the sledges and groups of people we passed in the streets looked brilliant patches of colour, contrasting against the whiteness of the road, and shone upon by the bright sun. We drove out towards the vast plain; the sun was beginning to sink slowly into an

abyss of molten gold, which revealed itself behind a gigantic range of mountain-like clouds of lilac and amber; the tall obelisk burnt in the rays of the setting sun till it appeared a mighty tongue of fire leaping up into the azure heavens; the sunbeams lay upon the broad doors of the beautiful pure Glyptothek, gleaming like flame ; the statues, the columns and pediment, both of the Glyptothek and of the Corinthian Temple facing it, were tinted with the warm light, and rose from the expanse of snow beyond, in sharp outline, and of the most exquisite creamy hue. And before us lay the plain,—dreamy, dazzlingly white, with long shadows falling across it of delicate azure, with trees and villages in the middle distance of ethereal greys, and so tender, so unreal in their colouring, yet, at the same time, so distinct in their contour, that one was transported with delight.

We passed beneath one of those long beams suspended across the roads, painted with winding stripes of the Bavarian colours, which are seen here in lieu of turnpike gates—entered a road lined with trees on either hand—ascended a slight hill—breweries and wayside beer- and coffee-houses and small villas skirting the road, and having again reached the level ground, were in the Nymphenburg *Allée*, as it is called.

But behold! a mist, dense, blue, and cold, approached us! We could not see a hundred—nay, not fifty—not twenty yards before us! Yet, behind us, lay Munich in the clear sunshine. Mist rose rapidly and stealthily from the snowy plain. To the right hand and to the left mist blocked up the avenue. How strange! There was nothing for it but immediate return,—there was no Nymphenburg that day! The pedestrians, horses, drivers, and riders of various degrees who approached us, or passed us on their way towards the city, presented a singular appearance: beards,

hair of man and beast, and the fur of their cloaks and trappings, were covered with a white rime,—they appeared suddenly to have gone grey.

As rapidly as possible we returned to Munich, where all was still so pleasant in the evening sunshine, that we continued our drive. We drove past the Basilica, across the Dultplatz, and through the most frequented streets till we entered the Ludwigsstrasse, which, in winter, is the great afternoon parade of Munich. People, as usual, were promenading up and down the noble street, and sledges and carriages were rapidly driving to and fro. All looked most bright and gay. As we glided along, we both decided that the Ludwigsstrasse was wearing an extremely handsome face that day. Now we skimmed past Duke Max's palace, past the Royal Library, where the colossal statues of Aristotle, Hippocrates, Homer, and Thucydides, throned aloft, looked more than usually solemn and venerable from the snow-hoods and draperies fallen upon them; past the Ludwig's Church, the white slender towers of which cut boldly against the pure rosy evening sky; past the Damenstift, the University, the Jesuits' College, the now silent fountains, and emerging beneath the Triumphal Arch, found ourselves in the long poplar avenue leading to Schwabing.

We had just time to drive as far as Schwabing for Isabel to have a dim and dreary glimpse of the Church, where is the picturesque Overbeck gallery, and of the house where dwells the little old woman with the throng of children, and of the yet more distant church with the pea-green spire: but all was now cold, snow, ice, and icicles,—so away we sped home again to our comfortable tea-table, our driver cracking his whip yet louder and longer, and in one of his evolutions nearly carrying off poor Isabel's nose. This was the more bitterly unkind as I discovered that this day happened to be her birthday!

November 26th.—To-day we had another holiday, thanks to the attraction of sledging. Isabel was overjoyed when once more Anna suddenly returned from the studio proposing a fresh attempt to reach Nymphenburg. Fräulein Sänchen was again despatched for a sledge,—the very handsomest she could hire,—and for Anna's new bonnet from the milliner's; for Anna, *at length*, was going to relieve her conscience by making a call, only too long due, at Madame de ———'s.

Sledge and bonnet arrived in due time, and well had Fräulein Sänchen executed her commission: she clapped her poor old bony hands with satisfaction and joy, the good old Fräulein! as she ran into our sitting-room all crimson-nosed from the frosty air, and bidding us to look out of the window at the magnificent sledge which she had brought. It was a magnificent sledge which we had greatly admired on the Odeonsplatz,—large and white, lined with scarlet cloth, and covered in with a leopard skin,—two tall golden ornaments in the front, crowned each with a golden bunch of grapes,—but the supreme grandeur of the whole were plumes of white and blue feathers, which nodded upon the horses' heads! The driver and his horses were in keeping with the sledge—was it not magnificent indeed? A fit equipage to convey ladies to an ambassador's house!

But ah! the Russian lady, the Frau Oberstin, who lives at the end of our street, and who unluckily for the hard-working English girls, has taken a great fancy to them,—she and her six little boys!—also had thought the sledge magnificent! The elder two of the six little fellows, going to their afternoon school, had met Fräulein Sänchen as she returned in the sledge, and had, after setting up a shout of recognition and admiration, besought leave to mount "into the glorious sledge just for a tiny drive,"—but the burly be-furred driver had cracked his long whip unfeelingly, and sped past the "little

grey goblins," as hand-in-hand they stood upon the pavement, with the hoods of their grey cloaks drawn over their heads, gazing after the departing glory with big round brown eyes. But as the handsome sledge dashed round the corner of the Amalienstrasse, the portly figure of the gay Frau Oberstin had appeared among the ivy-wreaths of her window, the casement had flown open, the good-humoured face of the lady, and the golden locks and rosy cheeks of a third child had leaned out into the sunshine, and a clear little voice had rung through the frosty air, reaching Fräulein Sänchen's purposely deaf ears, with the cry of "We come, we come!"

And assuredly they did come! Anna, listening to the old Fräulein's description of the Frau Oberstin's sudden apparition at the ivy-wreathed casement, gave a violent jerk of vexation to the strings of her new bonnet, when in burst the smiling uninvited guest, brilliant in an elegant *toilette*, with the golden-haired Adalbert springing around her, and his blue and white plumes bobbing about like mad things.

"Here we are, my dear young ladies, you see; come to drive out with you in the splendid sledge,—you know you couldn't possibly drive out by yourselves—it does not look well! and it's just what I've been wanting all day. I was terribly moped; and Adalbert, my *Würmchen*, didn't you want a drive in the beautiful sledge? Oh! we'll have such a charming drive, won't we, dear young ladies!" exclaimed the good Oberstin, with the most delightful self-complacency.

A cloud passed over our brows; but the Frau Oberstin wore such an elegant blonde veil, and little Adalbert was so blinded by his curls and his feathers, that probably neither of them could see the dark looks of their proposed companions.

"We are going to make a call upon Madame de ———," observed Anna, in a cold voice.

"Oh, never mind that, Fräulein *Ovitt;* never mind *that!* We'll sit in the sledge whilst you call."

"I fear you will scarcely find room in the sledge, Frau Oberstin," observed Isabel.

"*Not Room!*" ejaculated the portly dame. "*Not Room!* my dear Fräulein; it's the largest sledge in all Munich! there would be room and to spare for all my six boys! And, by the by, I daresay we may meet Ludwig and Max returning from school when we return from our drive, or the nurses somewhere with Luitpold, Otto, and the baby; and you wouldn't mind—now would you?—though you always *do* pretend to say you are not lovers of children,—to take some of the dear *Würmchen* for a drive. It *is* such a beautiful day, and *such* a large sledge!"

It was certainly not agreeable to have your sledge forcibly taken possession of by uninvited companions. But out in the sunshine, when the handsome lady, seating herself in the best seat, with every possible grace arranged Adalbert between Isabel and Anna, demanding from them "whether, now, they really did not think it was a very splendid thought her going with them?" they were forced to relax in their vexation, and smile.

Madame de ——— was not at home; so, leaving cards, away we dashed past the little house with its golden balcony, formerly inhabited by Lola Montes, but not in the direction of Nymphenburg! The Frau Oberstin had already decided that our drive must be to the Aumeister in the English Garden,—had given, in her loud tone of command, directions to the driver,—and away to the English Garden we were now speeding.

Away we dashed through the streets, everybody turning round to admire the splendid sledge, across the Odeonsplatz, where stand the statues of Gluck and Orlando di Lasso, which to-day in the sunshine looked extremely well, as you

caught the gleam of their tawny bronze against a background of dazzling snow and a heaven of summer blue; and through the archway of the arcade we dash into the Hofgarten. All looks especially gay this winter's afternoon: people walking under the arcade; people walking about over the crisp trodden snow beneath the formal rows of leafless trees which fill the square. On one hand stretches the garden-front of the palace, its pediment crowned by the allegorical figures of the different provinces of Bavaria, and its façade gay with decorations in a style to my taste too much resembling French plum-box ornament; but which, nevertheless, looked bright and cheerful in the wintry weather. Before us lies a long, white, many-windowed building, with steep and dormer-windowed roofs—a barracks. Behind us, and to our left hand, the arcade, the frescos and dull scarlet walls and groups of statuary of which shine out, from beneath long rows of rounded arches, pleasantly enough, as you catch transient glimpses of them between the leafless trees. This Hofgarten fresco decoration one might give as about the worst specimen of Munich art; but truly to-day the *effect* was good. Among the promenaders in the Hofgarten,—it is of course a great resort of nurses and children,—we found one of the Frau Oberstin's nurses, the one who wears the pretty Munich costume. The baby was asleep on a pink cushion laid upon a little wooden sledge, and sleeping he was drawn over the beaten snow. Fat little Luitpold was toddling beside the picturesque nursemaid.

The Frau Oberstin instantly catching sight of the group, had Luitpold transferred with lightning rapidity from the snowy ground to the warmth of the grand sledge. There would have been no use in remonstrance from us, could we have hardened ourselves into sufficient ungraciousness. And when the little fellow shouted with glee, and hid his little hands under the leopard-skin, seeking with much merriment

to catch hold of his brother's hands, and their blue and white plumes danced together as gaily as the plumes upon the horses' heads, we gradually called forth our latent amiability.

"Surely," observed the complacent Frau Oberstin, "to-day we shall meet the Royal sledges; they are a fine sight! And *we* look so handsome, with these dear children, that really I should not object to it!"

But we did not meet the Royal sledges.

We met, however, troops and troops of people streaming out of the English Garden, as though it had been summer. And summer it might have been, judging from the sunshine, and deep, clear, joyous sky above us. Of a truth the day was a delightful blending of the beauty of summer sky and winter landscape.

Now we swept past some grand old beech-tree, whose mossy bole and venerable twisted roots, still strewn with ruddy leaves, rose green and sylvan from amidst the expanse of spotless snow; now past a clump of shrubs whose crimson twigs and stems were a flush of warmth; now we greeted with delight, fantastic bowers of clematis which festooned the forest-trees, and bore upon their myriad entwined and slender fingers wreaths and masses of snow, beautiful and soft as clustering blossoms.

We might have been travelling through an enchanted forest, such lovely gems hung from the branches. Here rich bunches of the scarlet dog-wood berries mingled with black berries of the privet—coral and jet; a golden leaf fluttering here and there; and ever and anon a slender pendant icicle catching the sunbeams, flashed out from an over-hanging branch like a diamond dagger.

We met many sledges so bright in colour, that if one has compared the berries and icicles to gems, one is tempted to call these sledges flowers which have come out in winter to

adorn the pleasant garden. That large flaunting sledge, yellow "picked out" with red, must be a Tulip; that comfortable, compact little "turn-out" certainly is a Ranunculus; here we have a deep blue Larkspur, and there, in the modest, quaint peasant's sledge of green and gold, we have the pleasant, common, golden Buttercup, half buried in its rich green leaves! And we, too, with our scarlet cushions and our azure plumes, we must be a bouquet of lovely Lobelias! No, it would have been more correct to liken sledges to brilliant birds, or to gorgeous, swift, and cheerily singing insects, for all have their sharp clear chime and jingle of bells, as they sweep along! Our bells were silver,—a gradation of bells, and therefore, of sound. The bells were hung within a steel bow which was arched above either horse's neck! Pleasant and gay was their ringing in the enchanted forest!

We have passed the round temple-like pavilion standing upon its high mound, and which always in summer, when seen amid leafy trees and across an expanse of flowers, reminds me of the Temple of Hymen as depicted in valentines, and towards which a very yellow-haired and rosy-cheeked Cupid is conducting a blue-coated swain and a bashful maiden in white frock and pink sash. We have passed various pretty rustic bridges spanning branches of the Isar which dash and foam over mossy stones,—we have passed the lake, now one sheet of snow-covered ice, over which a crowd of skaters is careering,—we have passed various disconsolate looking and deserted summer-houses and coffee and beer resorts, where now snow lies in thick piles upon tables and benches; and now we are in a part of the Garden which is quite new to us. Here and there among the trees we notice little wigwams made of grass and reeds: have we reached, then, the abode of woodland elves? Ah! there are the elves, crimson and green, with brilliant spark-

ling eyes peeping at us from out the underwood, and flitting across our path.

The little boys are enchanted—we are in the Pheasantry! Now we have arrived at the Aumeister!

"What *is* the Aumeister?" asked we, full of curiosity.

"Only a little Wirthshaus!" returned the Frau Oberstin.

"Very good coffee at the Aumeister, gracious ladies!" observed our big, jolly driver, turning round with a face red and circular as the sun which was setting behind the wooded horizon; "and very good beer, too!"

But neither attraction persuaded us to alight from the splendid sledge, and our driver turned his horses' heads towards Munich with a very dissatisfied countenance when commanded so to do by the Frau Oberstin's strong voice.

CHAPTER XI.

A STUDENTS' TORCH PROCESSION.

December 1st.—Frau v. Amsel brought us word to-day that there would be this evening a torch procession of the students, in honour of one of the favourite professors of the University. It had been extremely foggy all day, and it was feared this might interfere with the effect of the spectacle. The mist, however, seemed to be driven away by the torches as they came up the broad Ludwigsstrasse like dancing fiery tongues, hundreds and hundreds of them, in two long lines, up either side of the magnificent street, casting their ruddy glow upon the parapets, statues, Byzantine mouldings, and arches of the noble buildings. Every object was illumined with a burning glow.

We had taken our station upon the broad flight of steps of the Damenstift, which faces the Ludwig's Church, and thus commanded a good view up and down the street. The students assembled in front of the University, which is at the lower end of the Ludwigsstrasse, nearly filling with their numbers the wide space between the University and the Jesuits' College. There the torches were lighted, and then, each student bearing his torch, the procession—preceded and followed by a band of musicians, playing marches alternately—advanced along the street.

Imagine these two approaching streams of torches, borne in the hands of youths and young men quaintly attired in hooded cloaks, or in black velvet coats, and each student

wearing a small tricolour skull-cap of the colours of his corps, and with his corps-band crossing his breast. As the torches burned down, the youths, to refresh the flame, struck them on the ground, leaving, as they marched along, streaks and sparks of fire behind them. Here and there at certain distances up the centre of the broad street, between the lines of torch bearers, strode the signors of the different corps, one by one, in full costume of black velvet coat, with a broad tricolour scarf crossing the breast, with white leather breeches and huge black shining boots which reached above the knee, with spurs and jingling sword-sheaths ringing upon the frosty earth, and bearing in their hands gleaming naked swords.

Up the centre also slowly progressed, here and there, an open carriage, in which sat students wearing their tricolour corps-caps, but otherwise dressed as if for a ball, in black coats, white waistcoats, white cravats, and white kid gloves. These were the students deputed to wait upon the favourite professor.

The ruddy torch-light flared upon the groups of spectators crowding the causeways ; upon the spectators leaning from windows ; upon the broad portals and white façade of the Ludwig's Church, bathing in warm light the rounded arches, the sculptured saints and capitals, whilst the two slender towers faded away gradually and mysteriously into the upper darkness and coldness of night. The torches, with their columns of ruddy smoke swayed to and fro, here leaping up and casting their crimson glow upon some fair-haired and delicately-featured youth, or upon the gigantic, stalwart corps-signor who strode beside him, and whose brawny proportions, closely-cropped red hair and burly beard, and gleaming broad-sword, showed forth wildly in the unearthly light like those of some old German knight of the Middle Ages. Further down the street the torches flitted and danced like hundreds of fire-flies.

Leaving the Ludwigsstrasse and crossing two or three squares, we found the fiery tongues flitting through a grim old gateway, which leads into the older portion of the city. They cast their red illumination upon many a heavy balcony, upon many a quaint old gabled house, upon many a dingy frowning portal, upon many an antiquated shop. Their red light flared also upon a house with a long row of high windows running along the ground-floor, and which were defended with iron stanchions, quite prison-like. It was a great school of boys ; and all these windows were crowded with animated boyish faces—rosy, pale, plump, meagre, handsome, plain—illumined with eagerness as well as by the torch-light. You saw how the little fellows burnt with desire for the time when they, no longer prisoners, should, as free, jovial, and admired "*Musensöhne*," march gallantly through the streets with music, torches, and loud shouts of "Victoria, Bavaria!" At length the procession paused ; the musicians arranged themselves on either side of a somewhat humble-looking house. The corps-signors grouped themselves in the centre of the street opposite.

Was this small, almost mean-looking dwelling then the home of the beloved and learned professor, in whose honour the whole university had come forth in such gallant array? Or must not the professor rather live in one of the two lofty antiquated, and imposing mansions which rose to the right and left of the modest abode? Yes, the professor probably would come forth and address his pupils from that heavy balcony of fantastic iron-work which adorned the larger of the two imposing mansions. But no! there is no festive look about the great houses. About the little house there is an expectant air. Lights shine through the four windows of the middle story. In one window burns a taper; another window is open.

Soon the students who have arrived in carriages descend

and enter the house ; they may be seen in the lit-up room conversing with a grey-headed gentleman. The two bands of musicians greet the great professor with music. One of the students calls forth a congratulation from the street; the grey-headed gentleman leans out from the open window, and in a low voice whose tones scarcely reach us where we stand, addresses a few words to the crowd below. The signors clash their swords together ; there is a loud but brief hurrah ! the music bursts forth once more ; again the professor bows from his window, and a lady gazes down upon the crowd from the window where burns the taper. A glimpse is caught of the student-deputies drinking wine within the professor's lighted rooms; and the train of torches once more moves along.

The procession again wound through the picturesque streets, passed beneath another grim old gateway, and emerged upon a large square. Here the torch-bearers, forming into a vast ring, the quaintly-attired corps-signors, with their brandished swords, stood in the centre, with the musicians on either hand. The voices of the many hundred students burst forth, like the murmur of the ocean, into the solemn *Guadeamus Igitur*. Then, clashing their swords, the signors shouted a loud "vivat !" for their University and Academic freedom, and at once hundreds of burning torches were flung whirling and flaming through the air ; then falling, formed two pyres, where they burnt down gradually and smouldered ; first, however, sending up vast masses of red flame and columns of dusky crimson smoke, which cast a fantastic lurid glare upon the rapidly-departing clouds.

December 2nd.—Isabel is bending down over her slate, writing various profound questions out of Ollendorff's Grammar, about "Have you my ass's hay ? No, I have not your ass's hay ; but I have the hay of my neighbour's ass." She

is everlastingly puzzling her brains with such questions, till I wonder that she does not go quite crazy, and frequently startles me with the interrogation, "Has the baker's dog got the fine golden collar? No, the dog of my brother's tailor has the fine golden collar."

Apropos of dogs and dog-collars, to-day I asked what had become of my old friend Carlo, that beautiful dog which, in the statuette of Kaulbach, lies at his feet looking up lovingly into his face; and I learned what I had feared would happen, that the poor old handsome beast, with his blind eye, was *dahin*—had disappeared from the surface of the earth! "Ah! he was done for at the last dog-examination!" was the reply.

"Dog-examination?" asked I, forgetting for the moment how the dogs here are looked after and examined by the police, as though they were human beings.

"Yes; he was condemned by the police to die at the last examination, and he exists no more."

I told Isabel when I returned home of poor old Carlo's fate. After dinner, when, in a very lazy mood, we were lying each upon our sofa, and had commissioned Fräulein Sänchen to prepare our coffee, we began questioning her about these public "dog-days," whilst she stood superintending the boiling of the milk over the spirit-lamp. She told us that each quarter of the town is summoned to present its dogs upon a certain day, twice a year, to the police; and that then, the state of health of each dog being ascertained, every dog in good health receives a little ticket, which is hung round his neck. Fräulein Sänchen was surprised that we had never noticed these little metal labels. Any dog found without his label is liable to be killed by the police. All dogs pronounced dangerous, ill, or very old, are destroyed, and buried at a certain spot near Sendling, which is the grave-yard of all the dogs and horses of Munich.

"Fräulein Sänchen," said I, much interested about this horrible spot, "is it there that the public execution of criminals takes place?"

"No, gracious Fräulein! people are beheaded on the Theresienwiese."

"Have *you* ever, Fräulein Sänchen, seen a beheading?" I inquired with a shudder, knowing that most Munich women of her class hasten to witness executions as an ordinary excitement.

"Certainly," she replied. She had witnessed the execution of two criminals often spoken of in Munich—the soldier-servant, who murdered the young wife of his master and her maid; and the man who had killed an old priest two or three years previously.

The accomplice of this man I had seen in the Au Prison, where he is confined for life. It is seldom that the law of capital punishment is carried into execution in Bavaria. I understand that King Ludwig had a peculiar horror of signing a death-warrant; and this accounts for so many murderers being confined in the Au Prison. There are rumours of a law being now in contemplation by which the execution of criminals in Bavaria shall be closed from the eye of the public—shall alone be witnessed by certain deputed officials. When one meets with instances of women, usually tender-hearted, such as Fräulein Sänchen, hastening to witness one public execution after another with *gusto*, one desires that the law were already passed. From Fräulein Sänchen I derived the following ghastly picture:—

Early in the forenoon the condemned criminal is conducted from the prison to the Stadt-Gericht (Court of Justice), in the old portion of the city. The unhappy man is bareheaded; his hair and beard are cut quite close; he is clothed in a grey or black blouse of woollen stuff; upon both breast and back is hung a placard, setting forth the particulars of his

crime; he is seated in a peasant's wagon; two priests attend him if he be Catholic, two Lutheran ministers if he be Lutheran. Gendarmes follow the wagon; a dense crowd presses around. The procession halts before the windows of the Court House. The solemn judge appears; he reads the condemnation of the criminal; he breaks a staff. "The staff is broken—the words are spoken!" he exclaims. There is a death-like silence. The criminal looks up towards his judge. The bells of all the churches begin to toll; the procession moves onwards; the multitude grows and grows.

What a mighty ocean of spectators are awaiting the procession upon the Theresienwiese, in the midst of this soft May rain! There rises a tall scaffold. Upon the scaffold is a chair; behind the chair stands a man in black; beside the chair is a bier; beside the bier stand gendarmes. The criminal, in his grey frock, with his staring labelled breast and back, ascends the scaffold. The man in black comes forward, beseeching pardon from the miserable criminal for the deed he is about to perform. The criminal's eyes are bound with a handkerchief; he is led towards the chair; he is placed in it. The man in black with his long sword strikes a terrible blow from behind, through bone and muscle and arteries! Two—three blows, perhaps, he strikes: such things have been. Forth spouts the crimson life-blood like a hideous fountain,—there is a rush of people with handkerchiefs to be steeped in the warm gore, as charms against sickness and misfortune,—and the spectacle is over.

CHAPTER XII.

STREET MUSIC.—THE ANTIGONE.

December 11th.—Yesterday morning, Isabel heard for the first time mass performed in the Hofkapelle: those grand chants pealing through the gilded and frescoed galleries affected her imagination as much as I had expected. After we came forth from the chapel we did as the rest of Munich did, went to hear the military band play at 12 o'clock, beneath the Feldherrnhalle,—or Portico of the Marshals, as it is called,—a beautiful portico which terminates the Ludwigsstrasse, at the end opposite to the Siegesthor. This portico is very beautiful, built by Gärtner, upon the plan of Orcagna's Loggia de' Lanzi at Florence. Three noble round arches, rich with sculptured devices, rise upon slender columns from a flight of broad steps. Two bronze statues, designed by Schwanthaler, are placed within the portico: they are of Tilly and Prince Wrede.

Beneath the Loggia the military band of the Hauptwach plays every day at 12 o'clock, and as they play remarkably well, and choose good music, this Portico of the Marshals is a great resort of the Munich people, especially on Sundays.

As we disliked the gossiping crowd in the street, we posted ourselves at a window of a public gallery in the palace, which overlooks the scene. Imagine now a military band ravishing our ears with strains from "Norma" or the "Zauber Flöte," and imagine the street

—square, almost one must call it—the Ludwigsstrasse having widened out here into the Odeonsplatz—crowded with motley groups. As to-day happened to be very cold, with snow lying upon the ground, the crowd principally consisted of gentlemen. This fact, however, did not prevent the scene being gay in colour, and picturesque as regards costume. At these twelve-o'clock concerts the students of the University always muster in great numbers. Their scarlet and green, and white and crimson caps, and caps also of three colours combined, look very gay. Many of them also wear Bernouses, lined with blue or crimson like a woman's cloak; those who wear neither Bernouse nor mantle will have a bright-coloured scarf twisted round their throats, deep-blue, or green, or parti-coloured. Their bright youthful faces increase greatly the effect of their fantastic array, and as their long beautiful hair floats back from their brows in the wind, a look of "Excelsior" is given to many a face. But all the students' countenances are not beautiful, nor filled with an eager aspiring—there are numbers of ordinary and of "devil-may-care" faces.

There, too, assemble "Philistines" as well as students—to use student phraseology. Here are Munich Exquisites in light kid-gloves and spruce hats, and with gold-headed canes daintily held in their well-gloved hands, and more picturesque specimens of "Philisterium" in felt-hats of every shape and hue, and with brigand-looking cloaks; here are lean and burly and bloated citizen-folk—here are officers and privates from every Bavarian regiment, and here is also a sprinkling of Tyroleans. That is a very picturesque group now crossing the square. Three men and one woman, all handsome, with clear eyes and bright complexions; the men have short curling beards, and wear tall hats of black felt, adorned with heavy gold tassels; they have broad green bands crossing their scarlet waist-

coats, dark green coats, and black velvet breeches. The woman looks most demure and modest, following the men, and never raising her eyes from the ground: she is very gay in her costume also. She has a tall black felt-hat with a gold tassel, a black bodice, and gorgeous pink sleeves and petticoat.

As it was such a cold day, many ladies had taken refuge, like ourselves, in the gallery of the Palace, and the row of gallery windows being lined with female faces, caused many looks and smiles to be directed up towards the windows from the crowd below. These eyes and these smiles no doubt caused many other smiles and some blushes to pass over the faces at the windows. We noticed a very pretty blush pass over a pretty face encircled by a pink bonnet standing just before us.

The musical quarter of an hour was over! The music suddenly ceased: the soldiers descended the steps of the portico, and first having deafened us with their frightful drumming, marched past the Church of the Theatines, which faces this side of the Palace, and which, with its domes and heavy *renaissance* architecture, formed our background to the motley crowd. The soldiers turning the corner of the Odeon struck into a lively march,—as usual disturbing the sermon of good Mr. Smith, preaching, in a room of the Odeon, to his congregation which constitutes the English Church at Munich.

I must confess we had felt rather wicked as we encountered on our way to the Hofkapelle all the English folk wending their way thither;—English embassy in its carriages, all bright, yet solemn—English of lower degree on foot, all recognisable from solemnity, respectability, and by what the Frenchman called "mutton-chop whiskers."

The crowd dispersing from the twelve o'clock music, usually betakes itself on Sundays to the Kunstverein

—Art-Union Exhibition, which is open all the year through in rooms over the Hofgarten Arcade. Each week the pictures are changed, or at all events if *all* are not changed some of them are; and Sunday is the first day of each new weekly exhibition. There critics and artists, students and connoisseurs, and non-connoisseurs, criticise, admire and gossip. To-day nothing particular struck us there. We saw a few clever *genre* pictures, a lovely Tyrolean landscape or two, some clever sketches made by an artist upon an Italian tour; but nothing especially worth chronicling.

December 18th.—We were present the other evening at the second performance of "Antigone," which has been revived here to do honour to the King's Name-day. We were lucky in obtaining excellent seats just close to one of the Royal boxes, where Isabel, who has not yet become as much accustomed to the sight of royalty as I have, had the pleasure of watching King Ludwig's elbow just beside us as he propped his head upon his hand and leant forward. King Max and his Queen, and Prince Adalbert, occupied a box in the centre of the theatre, commanding a full view of the stage. In fact, so many princes and princesses, and grand people, were present, that it might have been the gala night itself. These old Greek plays are much the fashion in Germany since the King of Prussia revived them at Berlin.

The stage was arranged as much as possible after the antique model. There was a lower stage upon which the Chorus appeared and disappeared, and grouped themselves round an altar which rose in the centre, and was hung with wreaths and votive chaplets, and an upper stage, approached by a flight of steps, where the play itself was performed. A screen rose between the two stages, and,

when we entered the theatre, hid the higher and farther stage from sight. When the screen sank, we saw the front of a Theban palace, which remained throughout the tragedy; for there was no changing of scenery, and only one single pause in the performance, when for a few moments this screen again rose.

Until the orchestra breathed forth Mendelssohn's foreboding strains, and whilst the musicians were tuning their instruments, and the sole female performer was silently passing her fingers over the strings of her harp, we beguiled our impatience by reading the argument of the tragedy as it stood in the programme.

According to historians, the epoch of the tragedy is about 1230 before the Christian era. It has been prophesied to Laios, King of Thebes, that his future son shall be his destroyer. Thus when his wife Jokaste bears him a son, Œdipos, Laios has him exposed upon a rock to perish. The child, however, is saved, and grows up into a youth. Œdipos, accidentally meeting his unknown father, slays him, and having solved the enigma of the Sphynx, is raised by the Theban people to the throne of his slain father, and then marries Jokaste, his own mother. Four children are born to them, Eteokles and Polyneikes sons, Antigone and Ismene daughters. The soothsayer Teiresias, revealing these fearful relationships to Œdipos, Œdipos puts out his eyes, and wandering forth in his misery, dies. Jokaste hangs herself; Eteokles and Polyneikes contend about the government of Thebes. Civil war ensues—the brothers slay each other, and the whole land is overwhelmed with a great distress; Kreon, brother to the dead Jokaste, seizes upon the sceptre. At this point the drama of Sophocles commences. Kreon has issued a command that no one shall inter the corpse of Polyneikes, the betrayer of his country: this, according to antique feelings, being the

greatest insult that could be offered to the dead. But Antigone, driven by a sister's love, buries the body, and is condemned herself to death by Kreon.

The wailing, portentous strains of the overture have now died away, and the screen sinks. A noble white-robed female figure is seen leaning against the columns of the Palace. The figure raises her white face, when another female form glides forth. This second woman is of a slighter, gentler mould; she is not arrayed in spectral white, but in a rich orange tunic and sweeping azure mantle. They are Antigone and Ismene. Antigone, in low earnest tones, hoarse with emotion, beseeches her sister to disregard the commands of Kreon, and to aid her in burying the beloved dead. Ismene is full of fear—refuses, and leaves her sister. Antigone, with a stern white face and proud bearing, raises a golden ewer upon her head, and slowly descending the steps from the upper stage, passes off. A troop of old men, wrapt in their ample mantles of sombre hues, with heads and locks hoary with age, and steadying their steps with tall staves, appears on the lower stage to the right and left of the altar. They are the chorus of aged Thebans. They sing in lamenting accents of discord, war, misery, and of the hapless corpse lying unburied. They wave their aged arms, and their plaintive voices rush howling and whistling like a sorrowing wind through a dreary wintry forest.

Slowly the portals of the Palace swing back upon their hinges, and, attended by four white-robed youths, Kreon appears, majestic. A heavy mantle of rich Tyrian purple sweeps around him; his glossy black curls are compressed beneath a simple circlet of gold; his nervous white arm gleams like polished ivory as he grasps a tall golden wand. He sternly commands the chorus to watch over his behest regarding the body of Polyneikes. His accents are few and stern.

A messenger arrives in haste. He ascends the flight of steps; he pauses, leans on his spear, and speaks—the body has been interred!

Kreon, mad with rage, issues his command that the offender guilty of this great crime be sought after and punished with fiercest vengeance.

The old men raise their warning voices in loud appealing chorus.

Antigone, her face rigid, white, and stern, is dragged forward by a soldier. She is accused; she declares her deed, and her readiness to suffer for it. Kreon, transported with his rage, implicates Ismene. Antigone proclaims her sister's innocence of all participation in the deed, refusing to listen to Ismene's prayers, who beseeches permission to share her sister's death of ignominy. Then, in a fit of human weakness, Antigone bewails her miserable doom, and the awful destiny of her whole race: her "Woe! oh, woe!" echoes moanfully around. She is led off by guards. Two youths follow her, bearing water in a golden ewer, and bread in a basket; she is condemned to be thrown into a cavern, there to perish with hunger. Passing the altar, she flings herself before it, clasping it with her arms, pressing her pallid brow upon its steps. The guards cover her with a black veil. She shudders beneath it, rises, and with bowed head slowly passes away.

In solemn dirges the chorus laments her fate, and the fate of her race.

But now up the steps flies a youth towards the palace. He is clad in a rich white tunic, bordered with a deep hem of gold; he wears golden sandals upon his feet, a golden-sheathed sword swings from his girdle. He pleads with the stern King by eloquent words and gestures; the King remains unmoved. The youth, concealing his face in his mantle retires. He is Hæmon—the betrothed of Antigone, the son of King Kreon.

A very aged man, with a child guiding his faltering steps, ascends towards the King: it is the soothsayer Teiresias, who comes with tidings of evil from the gods. The gods must be appeased, says the venerable seer—the body must be interred; Antigone must be released. Kreon relents.

The chorus rejoice, crowning themselves with garlands, and hymning praises to Bakchos, the tutelary god of Thebes.

Again a messenger! He demands the Queen Eurydike. The Queen, attended by her ladies, comes forth from her palace. It is to learn that Hæmon, her beloved and beautiful son, has burst into the cavern in search of Antigone, has found her dead, slain by her own hand, and has then destroyed himself!

The miserable Queen is borne forth by her attendants.

Slowly, slowly, and most mournfully, now approaches a strange group, and creeps silently up the flight of steps. Kreon, divested of his golden diadem, his face haggard and woe-stricken, aided by mourning attendants, is bearing home his dead son. He has wound the stark corpse in his royal mantle; the long rich hair of the dead sweeps the earth and marble stairs as the head droops over the miserable father's arms. Gently they lay down the youth wrapt in his father's mantle. Kreon bows over the corpse. He is no longer the haughty monarch—rather appears some miserable spectre bending there in his white garments; all the pomp of royalty has fallen from him; all that remains is the agonised human being. His face is white as the face of the dead; he presses his son's head to his breast in convulsive agony, covering it with kisses and tears. The attendant youths avert their faces.

The Palace-gates slowly once more swing widely open. There, in her royal robes, dies Eurydike—dies by her own hand. Kreon staggers towards her like one in a bewildered

dream. The gates again close—the aged men raise their voices—the drama is at an end.

Such is the plot of Antigone. Meagre in detail, awful through its rude simplicity, it creates a breathlessness such as is felt in presence of the Elgin marbles.

To complete the artistic effect of the whole, the draperies were of richest colours, of harmonious arrangements, and, made of a soft, fine woollen material, and fell in serene folds of classic beauty. The draperies had been arranged by Kaulbach.

CHAPTER XIII.

VISIT TO THE GREAT BRONZE FOUNDRY.

December 19th.—We have been to the great Bronze Foundry to-day. This foundry is situated on the outskirts of the city, in the road leading to the Palace of Nymphenburg. I took with me a card of introduction from Dr. F——. I had a desire to see, and have some conversation with, Ferdinand Miller, the inspector, the artist through whose patience and energy all those great and difficult works have been accomplished.

Approaching the workshops standing in their desolate enclosure, you see before you, near one of the entrances, a huge bronze lion, fellow to the one sent to the Great Exhibition. A black-handed artizan coming forth from one of the workshops, I presented to him Dr. F——'s card, and he turning back with us we entered one of the two buildings in the enclosure.

The first room into which we were led contains two other of the four Lions destined for the car of the Bavaria upon the Triumphant Arch in the Ludwigsstrasse. These grim gigantic beasts, gazing down with their large bronze countenances, appeared the tutelary gods of the place ; the hum and metallic vibration which filled the air, the hymning of their worshippers. Workmen were busy filing and polishing their colossal forms, smoothing their vast sides,

and rasping their golden manes. Workmen were filing and polishing portions also of other statues. Here was a diademed colossal head of Charlemagne; there a bust of Goethe; there a mail-clad arm—a fragment of rich drapery; there a golden lyre and wreath. Leaning against the wall stood two circular shields, gleaming like gold,—the shields of Victories in the Bavarian Walhalla. What a rasping and filing! what a murmur and metallic vibration! Keen-eyed, dexterous-fingered men and youths bending over their masses of golden metal,—light falling from lofty windows upon their picturesque heads and forms in broad gushes,—presented a scene striking and peculiar. One was instantly reminded of the earlier designs in Retzsch's Illustration to the Song of the Bell: there were the same groups, the same heads, the same attitudes, and added to these, colour, light, shade, and motion.

The workman who attended us was an excellent guide. I told him that we had seen the Colossal Lion in London, and inquired after it. He said it was now at Cologne on its way home, and that it must remain there until Spring, when the Rhine steamers recommenced running.

I told him how, a few years ago, I had seen the Bavaria in progress here, when the mighty clay mould stood beneath its wooden tower, and how fortunate I considered myself to have witnessed last year its great day of triumph. When I said how deeply I respected and admired the exertions of the "Herrn-Inspector," and spoke of the interest which my companion and I took in all these mighty works the man's face lighted up with a smile of pride and intelligence.

Now we stood in a lofty room whose high bare walls were intersected by long windows, and in the centre of which rose a huge brick furnace, and before the furnace was a deep pit. This was one of the smelting and casting

rooms; but neither smelting nor casting was just then going forward. The workmen were busy preparing for a casting of a large portion of the Bavaria intended for the Triumphal Arch, and which will take place in about a month. The preparation of the various moulds, and their numerous portions, is a long and difficult process. Here, in this room, lay open, side by side, separate pieces of the various moulds for the head and arms of Bavaria and for the Lions, —the great work now in progress. Here was the mould of her head and face, which have just been cast; there, in the pit, lay what our guide called the "*Kern*," or kernel of her head,—the mass of clay which is introduced into the centre of the mould, so as to render the casting hollow. A heap of unsuccessful castings lay in one corner of the room; masses of dark metal in which some traces of beautiful form were yet conspicuous,—an heroic helmet, or a nobly-formed and sandaled foot.

The most interesting casting-room is contained in the second and larger building, before the door of which stands the huge Lion. It is in this *atelier* that the great Bavaria was cast.

This room contains two furnaces, and is consequently very lofty and of great extent; so large and lofty, in fact, that the plaster casts of various colossal statues standing about appear only of an ordinary size. There is the plaster cast of the statue of Gustavus Adolphus,—the statue that was wrecked some few weeks since off Heligoland on its way to Sweden. We learned, however, that on this very day Ferdinand Miller had received tidings of its rescue from the waves. The brave old hero had been fished up again after infinite trouble, having lost, however, in the salt water, all the golden glory of his bronze. He appeared, as perhaps befitted one who had just paid Neptune a visit in his submarine haunts, a hero clothed

in garments of green, the salt water having oxydized the metal.

In company with Gustavus Adolphus stands Herder the poet; also the musical composer Orlando di Lasso, leaning on his lute, the Poet of Melody (*Tondichter*), as he is designated in the inscription on the pedestal of the statue. A gigantic cast of the beckoning hand of the Bavaria hangs against the wall; it is covered with a red dust, which, telling warmly in the shadows, relieves it strongly from the cold, grey wall behind. Heaps of red earth, plaster, and clay bestrewed the floor, mingling, to the eye of the uninitiated, in chaotic disorder with gaping moulds and fragments of models and portions of finished castings which lie and stand around.

Again, we beheld Retzsch-like groups. A young man was bending over the clay model of a door preparing for the Au Church, and which represented Ohlmüller the architect, and other artists connected with the decoration of this lovely church, presenting their designs to King Ludwig. The skilful hands of the young man delicately moulded and smoothed the wreath of oak leaves and acorns which encircled the design; whilst bearded and grave-visaged men anointed and joined the moulds for the forthcoming statue of the Bavaria.

We looked around, thinking of the many spectacles of interest which these grey and begrimed walls had witnessed. Schwanthaler and Stiglmaier, the departed, had been here; here, no doubt, beneath that bust of himself garlanded with dead leaves had stood King Ludwig and his artists to witness the triumphant casting of the Bavaria's head; here, too, occurred that mighty anxiety of mind, when, through the sultry summer days and nights, Ferdinand Miller, and his no less anxious wife and toiling workmen, watched the smelting metal for the casting of the Bavaria's chest and

shoulders,—the largest portion of the Colossus; and where, in the midst of their breathless watching, fire burst forth, and only through the bravery and coolness of mind of Ferdinand Miller were the casting and the smelting-house saved! How many hours of patient labour, of wearing anxiety, of bodily fatigue, of accomplished resolve, and of glorious triumph, have occurred between these high, grey, dreary-looking walls!

Such scenes were floating before my imagination, when I perceived a man, of a broad strong make and a resolute countenance, approaching us from among a group of talkers. He was scarcely better dressed than an ordinary workman; yet there was the stamp of education upon him, and the determined look of energy and command which distinguished him from the others.

That genial, resolute face, begirt with its bushy light brown beard, I remembered to have seen at the May Festival at Starnberg.

"Have I not the happiness and honour of addressing the Herrn Inspector, Ferdinand Miller?" said I,—with doubtless an expression of that earnest enthusiasm and respect on my countenance which I felt in my heart.

"Yes; I am Ferdinand Miller," said he, raising his cap and glancing at Dr. F.'s card of introduction, which he held in his hand; and forthwith we found ourselves talking of the Bavaria Festival,—of Schwanthaler and his fate,—of the memories beautiful, sad, yet poetical, connected with this great Foundry.

I told him of the deep interest with which I had read of the anxious nights and days of watching over the smelting for the great Bavaria's casting, and of the fire. He pointed up towards the blackened rafters above the furnace, before which we happened to be standing, saying—

"There it burned and smouldered whilst we watched

below; yes, it was a time never to be forgotten—a fearful experience!"

Of this and many other things we talked; all ended by our receiving an invitation to be present at the casting of that portion of the lesser Bavaria, for which, as I have already said, preparation is now making, and which no one can witness except invited by the great master himself!

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTMAS-DAY—A CHRISTMAS-TREE IN A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Christmas Day, 1851.—A strange fear seemed to have possessed me this beautiful Christmas-day, when rumours of revolution are abroad—a fearful despondency lest the power of evil were about for a time to attain awful ascendancy. Had not again and again in the world's history, the good, the pure, the noble, the refined, fallen beneath the hoofs of the brutal, the cruel, the strong?—did it not seem as though nations must endure martyrdom as well as each individual human soul? Was not even now a deeper, sadder tragedy preparing slowly, stealthily for Europe—sadder perhaps than aught else the world had witnessed?

What had Christmas availed in the world? what real earnest hold had Christ's blessed words upon the world? The masses were brutal and superstitious; the few were faithless. What blood had been shed in vain! what anguish been endured in vain! and again and again must be shed in vain, before the mighty victory be achieved!

Such was the sad under-current of my thoughts as I walked along through the snowy streets, with many another questioning, which the reading lately of old catholic legends had suggested. But of Christ's own pure, blessed words there were *no* questionings.

Thus pondering in a vague despondency, a peal of trumpets vibrated through the frosty air, sending a quick gush of joy through my heart; and, scarcely knowing how I came there, I found myself standing in the small chapel of the Franciscan Monastery. It is very small and octagonal, with light falling from windows close to the ceiling. It is in the tasteless, pseudo-renaissance style—all scroll-work, gilding, and flutter. Round the walls, in each of the eight compartments where were no shrines and altars, are arranged large oil-paintings illustrating the life of St. Francis. All the ornaments are detestable, judged by one's standard of purity, beauty, and simplicity; still this morning the effect was poetical: the chapel appeared a gorgeous grotto—an incrustation of gold and bright-coloured objects: the very priests kneeling there robed in stiff crimson velvet and gold brocade, rich and stately as the priests in Van Eyck's marvellous little picture in the Dudley Gallery, seemed a portion of the barbaric ornament.

The cold early morning light fell in slant rays through the oval windows upon the clouds of incense floating upwards, and through which glittered the golden stars that spangled the azure roof. Incense filled the whole chapel, meeting one on entrance as if with a bodily presence; and music from a concealed choir flooded the chapel,—such delicious sweet music as of angels' voices; now in soft, solemn chorus; now bursting forth into wild hallelujahs; now hushed into deep, mournful murmurs, as if ever a sense of sadness and foreboding mingled with ecstatic joy,—yes, even when hymning praises to God and celebrating the birth of a Saviour.

I felt my spirit bow in worship with the crowd of poor people who filled the chapel. Ah! how beautiful, how holy, was faith! though I might be as ignorant, as superstitious, as the most ignorant peasant there, what mattered it?

Better love a phantom than nothing; to be without love was to be without faith or joy.

The spirit of God had spoken in that music as it spoke of old to Saul when David touched the golden strings of his harp; all the demons of doubt had fled, and I *could* alone believe in the strength of goodness!

On my way back I met two priests coming through the snow from the Monastery, bearing the host to some sick person. They were clothed in white robes embroidered with gold; the one in front carried a light burning in a large lamp shaped like a lantern; the other reverently bowed his head above the sacred wafer and the wine which he bore upon a linen napkin, the whole covered with a crown of massive silver like a royal diadem. A lady in her silks and satins, and a little ragged urchin, as the priests came on, paused, knelt in the snow, and crossed themselves! I paused also, longing almost for the faith which taught them to believe that the body of Christ had really passed before them, making sacred the very air through which it moved.

The snow fell in thick flakes, in most excellent Christmas fashion, upon the fur-collar and warm blue over-coat of our droschke driver, as he drove us through the snowy streets and snowy English garden to the house of our kind friend the Frau Hofräthin von ———. We were invited upon this evening of St. Stephen's Day, the second Christmas holiday, to witness the re-lighting of the Frau Hofräthin's splendid Christmas-tree.

The Frau von ——— and her bevy of sweet-looking daughters—a group worthy of Miss Bremer's "Home"—welcomed us in the heartiest manner in the fresco-painted saloon, in the centre of which rose the tall fir-tree loaded

with its fruit of sweetmeats, nuts, tapers, and strings of glittering beads of glass. The tapers were not yet lighted, and we were told not to pay much attention to the tree, in order that we might be all the more struck by its perfect beauty when it should be lit up.

As we might not as yet admire the tree, we admired various lovely trinkets and books which the mother and daughters had given each other, and also a grand set of toys representing Wallenstein's Camp, which had been presented to little Hugo, the youngest of the family,—"the idol," as the mother called him—a rosy, blue-eyed, long flaxen-haired little fellow of three years old. Hugo, together with a brother some year or two older, also flaxen-haired and blue-eyed, formed a very pretty picture in the beautiful saloon, dressed in their black velvet tunics. Now they were clapping their hands and peeping round the lovely mysterious tree; now they were clinging to their mother.

Whilst we were admiring the presents the door flew open, and the eldest son of the house entered, followed by nine youths with swarthy faces, black eyes, and scarlet fezes. They were the nine noble Egyptian youths sent over by the Pasha of Egypt to study at Munich. There was Salem Salem Awad, son of a great philosopher and poet; Prince Murad Ibrahim, son of Pasha Amurad; Prince Hassan Hassan, son of an Admiral and Pasha; Prince Jussuph Katschador, son of a Bey; and five other equally noble Egyptians, with names equally worthy of figuring in the "Arabian Nights:" and the nine noble Egyptians, as if they were a corps of ballet-dancers, moved gracefully towards the lady of the house, who rose, together with her fair daughters, to receive them; and smiling, they pressed their right hands upon their hearts, their lips, and brows,—saluting the ladies with the oriental *salaam*.

We two foreigners were introduced to the Egyptians; and

again nine pair of dark eyes glittered, and nine scarlet fezes bowed, nine right hands pressing breast, lips, and brows.

Again the door opened, and more company arrived,—it was the Baron and Baroness D——, the care-takers of the Egyptian youths during their sojourn in Munich, and their children.

Hildegard, the eldest daughter—the "artist daughter," as she is called in the family—now summoned us to coffee in an adjoining room;—I must tell you, that Hildegard, this evening being somewhat an invalid, and fearing the cold, had wrapt a soft pink gauze scarf round her sweet pale face: she resembled a delicate blush-rose. Coffee was handed round to us by the moustachioed servant, whilst one of the five daughters presented to each of the company delicious cakes, which were heaped up in a perfect mountain upon a silver salver. It was a very pretty sight, these nine noble Egyptian youths standing in line along the room, each with his scarlet fez upon his head, and with his coffee-cup in his hand, and those sweet young girls with their fair hair and dark blue eyes, in their blue dresses and green dresses, and Hildegard with her soft pink halo around her, flitting to and fro: surely the noble Egyptians must have believed they were *houris*.

During this coffee-drinking, behind the folding-doors which divided the two saloons, the Christmas-tree was being lighted by Heinrich von ———, all the small children in the company forgot their coffee in a state of delightful excitement. At length the doors were flung open—everybody set down their coffee-cups and moved to the door-way: there burnt the magical tree as if descended from fairyland. A tall tree it was, pyramidal in its form, and had been cut down among the Tyrolean mountains; its lowest branches rested upon the polished white floor of the saloon; its tapering topmost branch touched the arabesqued ceiling;

its every twig and bough loaded with fruits, and cakes, and gilded *bon-bons*, its hundreds of bright tapers, like flowers of fire, glittering and gleaming, and casting a brilliant illumination upon the frescos by Kaulbach, and the luxuriant festoons of flowers and leafage by Neureuther, which decorate the walls, upon the divan of scarlet silk which runs along one side of the saloon, upon the nine Egyptians, upon the stately fair-haired mother and her five fair daughters, upon the little boys in their black velvet tunics, and upon the other groups of guests. There was a universal exclamation of delight.

The smiling blush-rose, Hildegard, presented to each guest a little present from the tree: one received a gaily-gilt case of *bon-bons* tied with red ribbon; another a queer little fishing-basket filled with chocolate-fish; and so on.

People had subsided into conversation, when a gentleman, short in stature, but with an extraordinary fine head and strongly-marked features, entered the room. Heinrich von ———, who was talking with Isabel and myself, suddenly started up, and with much *empressement* conducted him to his mother.

"Do you know who that is?" asked he, returning to us.

"No," we replied.

"It is," pursued our friend, "the great traveller Fallmerayer, the man alone second to Humboldt; he possesses almost every decoration from almost every court in Europe, but to-night he only wears one decoration—did not you notice it suspended round his neck by a scarlet band? That decoration was bestowed upon him by the Grand Sultan: three decorations of this order alone exist: the decoration is a golden full-moon surrounded by a circle of diamond stars. The Egyptians have been burning with desire to see the great man for these months

past, and to-night my father has arranged their meeting with him."

The company seemed now pretty nearly to have all assembled. The Frau von ——— suddenly stood before Isabel and myself, holding by the hand a very amiable-looking gentleman,—"The Father!" said she: and we were kindly welcomed by the master of the house.

"Wilhelm!" exclaimed the eldest son of the house, to a young musician who had just arrived among the other guests, "thou art an artist; seat thyself at the piano, and let us have our mother's dance round the tree!—and you, Hildegard, Emilia, Rose, Hugo, Angelo, come, all of you join hands; let us dance our mother's dance round the tree—she must have her Christmas circle!" And the five sisters and the three brothers—from the womanly, calm Hildegard and the heavenly-eyed Emilia, down to the fair-haired children, Angelo and Hugo—formed a wide circle, joining hands, and slowly to the sound of music moved round the tree. The father and mother stood side by side in front of their guests, looking on.

"But ah! there is *one* wanting in the circle,—my beautiful Ludmilla!" half whispered the mother, with a low sigh, and tears swam in the clear eyes of the sisters. A portrait of the beloved and departed one hung in the adjoining saloon. It was the portrait of a golden-haired young creature with clear eyes and with an unusually spiritual grace about her. Last Christmas she had been among them. The sisters talked much to us about her in the evening; they said she had been from her childhood the most richly endowed of them all; with the tenderest love they pointed out to us her portrait when a child, painted upon the wall by Neureuther, and looking forth pensively from amid the rich festoons of foliage which surround her.

With Isabel, Emilia talked much about this beautful

Ludmilla; she also told her many interesting and curious things regarding her own sojourn in Milan, where she had gone to study music under a celebrated composer; she told her how she had, when Christmas came round, decorated a Christmas-tree for a number of Italian children, who had never before seen such a wonder. The tree was laurel, and not pine;—but whether the tree be laurel of Italy or pine of Germany, when glittering with fruit of sugar and flowers of fire, little children, she said, will always clap their hands and shout with glee! Much that was very strange about the outbreak of the revolution in Milan, which Emilia had witnessed, she also told.

I, meantime, was talking with certain of the noble Egyptians. "I have heard in England much about the Egyptians studying in London," said I to one of the youths; "are they friends of yours?"

"Oh, our beloved brothers! our beloved comrades! Do you know them? How is it with them? tell us how it is with our beloved comrades!" exclaimed the excited lad. "The lady—the English young lady, knows our beloved brothers in London!" cried he eagerly to the other Egyptians; and soon a knot of scarlet fezes had assembled round me.

"I myself do not personally know your brothers in London," said I, with regret, as I saw their excited dark eyes beaming upon me; "but they often visit at the house of a friend of mine; my cousin, too, the young lady in the lilac dress, sitting there in the corner of the divan, has seen and spoken with your brothers at this friend's house, the tutor of your brothers is also a friend of my friend—thus I can learn for you how it is with your brothers, and convey any message. Shall I do so?"

"Yes; our affectionate brotherly greetings. We want to know if it is well with them. And oh! is it well with our

other brothers in Manchester—with our three brothers in that dark, smoky Manchester, where there is no blue sky, and no sun as in Egypt: we are very anxious about our brothers in Manchester! They write now and then, but not much: we cannot make out whether it is well with them —whether they are content with their guardians. It is well with our dear brothers in Paris—very well; they have horses to ride, and much money. But is it well with our brothers in Manchester, where there is no sky—only smoke!"

I promised that I would learn all I could for them; and this promise diffused around me universal satisfaction. The remainder of the evening, until supper was announced, glided away in pleasant talk: mine was principally with Hildegard. We began with Art, of course, and then wandered away to the Alps; in spirit we ascended these Alps, so dear to both of us, gathering on our way the loveliest bouquets of Alpine flowers—golden, lilac, peacock-azure, and crimson: we ascended from the rich pasture-valleys up through solemn pine forests, till we gathered, at the risk of losing our lives, the wonderful *Edelweiss* (noble-white), which alone blooms amidst eternal snow. God has lovingly clothed its stalks and its petals in a garment of white wool: it is a little flower of flannel!

The Blush-rose gave me a bouquet of this Edelweiss, which I wore all the evening.

Isabel and I have been invited by this kind family to visit them in their beautiful mountain-home. What a paradise will our visit be! and what rainbows of real, not imaginary, flowers will we gather!

The elegant supper was served in a dining-room on the ground-floor. The room was hung with oil-paintings of the lakes and mountains around their mountain-home. All was bright and sparkling with delicate china, snowy damask, and glittering silver. Different, however, in many ways

from what a supper-table in England at Christmas-time, in a family of equal consideration, would have been: it was much less sumptuous and costly, and there was no decoration of one's well-beloved old holly. The hospitality, the grace, and the refinement, might have vied with the most hospitable, the most refined of English homes. How talkative and merry was everybody! How gay those nine scarlet fezes made the supper-table look, seated alternately with the blonde-haired, blue-eyed sisters! The swarthy oriental countenances, contrasting with these delicate complexions and golden hair of the north, would have rejoiced old Etty's heart, and made him, had he seen them, paint more crowds than ever of swarthy heroes and golden-haired, blue-eyed nymphs.

The little sons of the house, Angelo and Hugo, were entertaining their guests at a supper-table in an adjoining room. The "Mother" rose once or twice from the head of the table during supper, and glided into the children's apartment, from which, as the laughter and hum of voices in the grown-up banqueting-room sunk ever and anon, we heard children's shrill gay laughter and a chorus of merry little voices. Once, as the "Mother" passed the Blush-rose on her return to the Supper-table, the Blush-rose pressed the "Mother's" hand, laid it against her cheek, and mother and daughter exchanged a momentary glance into each other's eyes of the tenderest love.

People seemed as though they never could leave the enchanted circle;—and who willingly would have left it? At last, however, adieus were made; there was a hum of voices—a wrapping-up in hooded cloaks and shawls—and away we were driving once more through the snowy streets.

CHAPTER XV.

STREET PICTURES.—"THE FRANCISCAN IS THERE!"—WE REACH NYMPHENBURG.

January 10th, 1852.—To-day, going and returning from the studio, I saw several beautiful pictures in the streets. I often see such; and could—so brilliant are they in colouring—fill a sketch-book with them, calling them prismatic colours from the streets.

Here is a picture *à la Mulready;* a group of peasants is setting out in a sledge homewards from a little inn. The inn is quaint and heavy, standing at the corner of a street. The warm obscurity of a heavy archway, through the gloom of which loom forth tubs and barrels, forms a picturesque and quiet background to my brilliant group. The road is of a tawny brown, from up-trampled, though still crisp snow, with pure snow only seen here and there, close up about the door-posts, and flecking the walls. But there is no expanse of snow to form a broad light in my picture. The tone of the whole picture is warm and rich. The sledge is a queer old sledge; its body is of basket-work, a deeper shade of tawny brown than the snow on the road; the horse brown—approaching to a purplish-black; he is very lean and shaggy, and harnessed with rope; an old, stained, yellow-green cloth is flung over his back. A very old woman with much ado is settling herself in the sledge. She is leaning forward, so that her face is quite in shadow. Her head is bundled up in a brilliant crimson handkerchief, her body is bundled up in a

cloak of the richest ultramarine. On this side of the sledge, standing with her back turned towards me, her face looking up at the old woman, is a peasant girl. Her head is covered with a dark olive-green handkerchief, bordered with orange; the ends are tied behind her head, and fall upon her shoulders, which are clothed in a rich, full, violet-coloured jacket. Her petticoat is dull crimson, striped with black. On the other side of the horse, and arranging the harness, stands a peasant-man, whip in hand; he wears a dark fur cap, black velvet jacket, and high black boots. The brilliant colour and harmonious richness of the whole group was inconceivable.

I saw another picture when I was turning into the studio. The morning sky was bright and clear—a shower of sunshine glittering upon the crisp white snow and upon the frosted trees. A young and beautiful peasant-girl, attired in a pink jacket above an indigo-coloured petticoat, and with a brown handkerchief bound tightly across her brow, in the curious fashion worn by the women in Munich, and which leaves the shape of the head gracefully seen, was seated in a pensive attitude upon a huge, heavy, primitive wooden sledge. A lesser sledge, but equally rude, was attached to it; and both were drawn along by a couple of mild, cream-coloured oxen. Rough pieces of timber were heaped up behind the girl, upon the larger sledge. She sat leaning her oval face upon her beautifully rounded hand; she appeared to see nothing around her; her gaze was introverted; the oxen were unguided by hand or voice, and slowly, with bowed heads, proceeded on their way. My eyes followed them along the snowy road, slowly winding between the glittering trees, until they disappeared behind a quaint group of houses: but as long as they were in sight the girl never raised her head.

Returning home late in the afternoon I encountered a group worthy of some modern Van Eyck. There is a great

school-house close to the Franciscan monastery which I have already referred to. As I passed the school to-day a crowd of little maidens came trooping forth; rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little maidens, bundled up in warm cloaks and funny little fur-trimmed hoods. A cheery-looking Franciscan was passing at the same moment as myself. I had walked side by side with him for a minute or two, and had remarked to myself what a pleasant countenance his was. The children seemed to know the pleasant face well enough, for the instant they caught sight of the friar, one and all ran skipping towards him, and a dozen little fat hands, one after another, were thrust into his hand, and a dozen chubby faces, as of a dozen cherubs in an old religious picture, were raised towards his kind, beaming countenance. I smiled as I passed, looking the good man full in the face; and he, smiling half at me and half at the little ones, exclaimed in a clear voice: —"Nay, nay, my children! Surely this is enough!"

It was a group such as might have been painted for St. Nicholas with his children.

I have been two afternoons this week sketching a quaint bit of a room in one of the houses near the studio. When I went to-day to complete my sketch, I saw a curious little feature of Catholic life. The first day when I had entered, the old mistress of the little abode exclaimed:—"Ah, I thought the gracious Fräulein was the Franciscan!"

This was because I had knocked at the door before entering, I found. Her neighbours never knocked; but the Franciscan did, it seems. Whilst I sat sketching, I heard the word "Franciscan," "Franciscan." again and again on the lips of the old woman and her gossips, who were everlastingly dropping in, either to talk with her, or to stare at me! "Franciscan" was about the sole word I understood of their jargon; for speaking among themselves, their German became

something very different to that in which they addressed "the gracious young lady." Yes, there were several other words which fell upon my ear—"cold," "wood," and "clearing up." "*Abräumen*" seemed the great word of all. "*Jo, jo, abräumen; Den Hof kehren*," those were the great subjects of conversation with a silly-looking, pale-faced little woman, who had big round eyes, big round gold rings in her ears, and a white cloth tied over her head. It was also the staple of discourse with the burly, fat, gruff-voiced woman who possessed a dirty face, and had a crimson kerchief tied over her head; as well as with the pink-cheeked, soft blue-eyed old woman, who looked like a gentlewoman, she was so clean and sprightly. But "Franciscan" was the word most of all current in their discourse.

This morning entering the court-yard of the house, I encountered the pink-cheeked old lady; and smiling, but somewhat in a mysterious voice, she said to me:—"Oh, Fräulein, please to wait a moment; the gracious Franciscan is there!"

I smelt even upon the threshold of the house a delightful odour of incense. I longed to go in and see what the mysterious Franciscan, with his delicious incense, could be about. However, that never would have done—it would have been far too impertinent. I waited, therefore, outside the house until he should take his departure. Every now and then I caught a glimpse of a priest's head and white robe between the large green, arum-leaves, which half filled the window of the little sitting-room. Soon I saw a Franciscan, with a white robe over his brown frock, coming down the steps of the house. A boy was with him, carrying a censer. The lad had put a great coat over his white robes, as the day was very cold. The Franciscan read out of a book. They both paused beneath the old wooden gate-way; the boy swinging his censer; the Franciscan turning

over the leaves of the book, and muttering; and then away they went.

The little room, when I entered, was sweet with incense. The old man was putting on his great cloak, and taking up his wood-saw, preparatory to going out to his work; the old dame—and a wooden-faced, heavy-featured old dame she was—was scraping large radishes, which lay on the table. There was no look of ceremony about the place. I began my sketching.

"May I ask why the Franciscan has been here?" I asked, after a little pause, during which the old woman had scraped and I had drawn.

"It is the custom for the Franciscans to go about during the Festival of the Three Kings, to burn incense and pray in the houses. They pray in every house; and write upon the door the date of the year and the Three Kings' names —Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar."

I find, upon inquiry, that the custom is confined to the suburbs of Munich, not prevailing in the city.

There were signs yesterday of the departure of the snow, after these many weeks of frost.

Isabel pleaded so hard for us to have one more afternoon's sledging together, that I could neither resist her entreaties nor the invitation given by the blue sky! Therefore we set out to choose the sledge ourselves this time, determined that no one should be tempted to force their company upon us by the sight of our sledge.

We arrived at the stand of sledges upon the Odeonsplatz in time to witness two sets of people just mounting into the only two sledges remaining upon the stand.

"How provoking!" cried Isabel, with considerable vexation: "how very disagreeable!"

"Never mind, Isabel," returned I, with a natural per-

versity, feeling sweet-tempered and patient just because my companion was a little ruffled in her temper—"we can take a droschke!"

"A *droschke* indeed! A droschke! who cares for a droschke! No, it's a sledge we want. We must—we *will* go in a sledge!"

"But where *is* the sledge?"

"Here it is! here it is!" cried Isabel; and up dashed our grand white and scarlet sledge, with the blue and white plumes and the burly driver.

In a moment I have darted across the Platz, in fear lest any one else should snap up the wondrously beautiful equipage. But behold, the burly driver is seen rolling over in the snow! Away dash the horses, and bolt up into Tambosi's coffee-house—or at least seem to do so! Up jumps the burly driver again, his broad back white with snow; and away after the sledge rush droschke drivers and gentlemen. There is a shouting—a bustle; gentlemen rush to the windows of Tambosi's; the horses are caught; a crowd collects.

Isabel watches all from the other side of the square; and she sees me walk into the crowd, look at the sledge, say a few words to the burly man, who has by this time shaken the snow off him, and mended his grand white reins, which have been broken in the adventure, and then mount into the sledge.

Isabel is immediately at the side of the sledge, and prepares to get in. "Help the lady in, help the lady in!" cries a gentleman among the crowd; but no one seconding him, he helps the lady in himself. People stare open-mouthed. "Sophienstrasse!" cry we; and away we dash full speed. Our breath is gone, so swiftly fly the horses.

"Only think if we should be upset!" we both exclaim.

"Of course we shall be upset. Hildegard and Hamilton

were upset; and we are only imitating their drive to Nymphenburg!"

I will not pretend to say that we were not both of us a little frightened, although we laughed.

"How beautiful that sledge is!" I exclaim, as a lovely sledge dashes past us, filled with officers, the handsome horses' heads crowned with plumes of scarlet feathers.

"That is young Baron S.'s *private* sledge," observes Isabel, astonishing me with her knowledge of Munich people.

And now we paused in the Sophienstrasse, where the Amsels live.

Meta and Lina, however, could not accompany us. "They were in great trouble," said their maid. "The young Baroness Heideck was suddenly dead; so very suddenly! She was to have gone with her young ladies that very night to the ball; and now Fräulein Lina and Fräulein Meta were gone to order flower-wreaths for the Fräulein Baroness's coffin!"

As we came out on the plain, and whilst I was pondering upon this sad death, I heard Isabel talking about "Blue—oh, so blue in the distance!"

"Blue—blue? What do you mean, Isabel?"

"Oh, it is so blue there—the clouds are so blue!"

And looking in the direction in which Isabel pointed, I exclaimed:

"The Alps, the Alps, the delicious Alps, Isabel! Why this is the first time you have seen them, I declare!"

Isabel's face flushed crimson—tears rushed to her eyes. "Oh, Anna! *my first view of the Alps!*"

And there they rose—blue, blue, blue—dazzlingly blue; the jagged peaks cutting against a pale streak of orange sky; their fissures seamed with snow, the rugged sides fretted with patches of snow and ice; and a vast snowy

plain reaching from them to us. You have seen masses of cobalt in its mineral state : imagine, then, a jagged mass of this mineral, streaked with silvery ore, and then you can imagine how blue the Alps looked. And as far as the eye could reach, these wondrous blue mountains skirted the vast dreary plain.

Never had I seen them look more poetical, more sublime, than yesterday, when, after two months' veil of haze, they burst upon Isabel's astonished sight. With our eyes riveted upon the glorious mountain vision, we sped along for some time in silence. At length we began to notice a peculiar jolting motion in the sledge.

"Have you any *particular* business, ladies, in Nymphenburg?" demanded our driver, slowly turning round, and staring at us fixedly with his little brown eyes out of his big round, red face.

"No *particular* business," returned I.

"Because," remarked he, still very slowly, and fixedly staring, "because the roads are bad, and——"

"*You* don't want to go to Nymphenburg," I returned; or rather completed his sentence.

Isabel and I laughed.

"So again, a third time, we shall be frustrated in our attempt to reach Nymphenburg; but this time we *will* go. Drive on."

"Good!" mumbled the man. Away we jolted.

We jolted through villages, where there were gaunt farm-houses covered with very queer frescos, and where quaint pumps and dovecots adorned ghastly farm-yards; and where churches with very quaint towers, crowned with little red domes, rose amid gaunt crosses. At length we entered a noble avenue of limes.

The leafless branches, interlaced lovingly, forming overhead an exquisite, rich tracery, and the stems and twigs

looked richly brown and ruddy amidst the snowy landscape. There is a similar avenue also skirting a frozen canal, which canal, in fact, divides the two avenues. At the end of each avenue is seen a view of the Nymphenburg Castle in dim perspective. Huge blocks of ice, of the most delicate tender blue and green, lay in chaotic confusion upon the canal banks. The ice made a lovely foreground. And across the expanse of snow the blue Alps shone ever towards us, the streak of orange still resting behind them, and a dark stretch of gloomy pine-forest extending across the middle distance. A peasant-woman in fur cap and pink bodice and scarlet petticoat came towards us across the snow. What a beautiful, peculiar little picture it formed.

Along the avenue we jolt, till we find ourselves entering a semicircle of the most singular aspect. It is a semicircle of huge Dutch toy-houses—white houses with rows and rows of ugly straight windows, with tall red roofs, and dormer windows and clock-towers. The centre house is higher than the rest; a double flight of steps leads up to it; the windows are more ornamental. Soldiers parade before the entrance. This is the palace itself; and what *can* all the other houses be? What a semicircular, unaccountable village of palaces, or of palace out-buildings it is. Out-buildings they certainly *must* be, for manure-heaps grace certain doors. I must not forget to tell you that in the front of this semicircle were frozen ponds, ending, of course, in the canal.

Our driver asked us whether we wished to see the interior of the castle; but we assured him that on such a cold day we preferred the warm furs of his sledge to the cold splendour of the palace; which, however, might attract us, perhaps, when summer should come. Until then we would now bid adieu, therefore, to Nymphenburg, with its wonderful gardens—of which we caught a shivering glance—where rows of naked statues, and vases and urns filled with snow,

make us feel yet colder than before. Then, listening to our driver's narrations of fountains, and grottoes, and baths, and of how he had one summer, every evening at eight o'clock, driven out an Englishman to Nymphenburg to see the sunset-light reflect itself in the magnificent fountain, we, —or rather the horses, made the best of their way back towards Munich.

We were very cold, and somewhat disappointed in the external charms of Nymphenburg. But we had *been* there, and that was something. Some day, when the leaves are come, and birds are singing in the linden avenue, I may have pleasanter things to chronicle about this royal château.

CHAPTER XVI.

A GREAT FIRE AT NIGHT.

LAST evening, sitting quietly writing letters, we heard a most singular drumming in the street—not the usual nine o'clock change of guard, but the quick discordant beating of a drum. Up to the windows we started, and, opening them, looked out into the glorious moonlight, which sparkled and gleamed upon the snowy street Other casements flew open; people were seen rushing out of the houses. There was a sound of tolling of bells—the sound of trumpet-calls. A ruddy glow suffused the dark-blue heaven. "It is fire! fire!" resounded through the street.

I called to Fräulein Sänchen. I hurried on my cloak, and leaving Isabel leaning out of the window, prepared to set out, accompanied by the ever-willing old soul, to see the conflagration. It was impossible at so late an hour to find a droschke, however desirous of expedition we might be. Away, therefore, we hasted along the slippery streets, I leaving the poor old Fräulein panting behind me. On we posted, the silent streets bathed in the clear moonlight, which glittered upon rows of resplendent icicles depending from the eaves of the tall roofs; lights flitted from window to window; doors banged heavily to-and-fro; dark-cloaked figures were seen, like ourselves, hurrying along. Now we overtook a group of students leaving a Wirthshaus in quest of the fire; now a heavy cart rumbled, and jolted, and

rattled away past us, turning out of some gloomy, heavy-arched court-yard, on its way to the scene of action; now marched on a body of soldiers; whilst a gendarme galloped at full speed through the echoing street.

As we entered the great thoroughfares of the city, the crowd increased. All the world was in the streets, or looking out of their windows. Soldiers, summoned by the trumpet-calls, went tramping on in dark, compact masses; officers were wildly hurrying to-and-fro; and high up into the intensely blue sky rose the ruddy illumined towers of the *Frauenkirche*, from the belfry windows of which swung cressets like brightly-burning stars. From the St. Peter's Church, and from the other old churches of the city, swung other cressets, the dread signal of fire; and from their belfries, bells were wildly tolled and horns blown.

Fire-light glowed upon spires and turrets, and upon the steep snowy roofs of the quaint houses, tinting them with a rosy blush, as if they were Alpine peaks at sunrise; down upon all smiled the broad calm moon, casting long fantastic shadows across the snowy streets.

The fire was at a brewery, in one of the oldest parts of Munich, in a little lane leading out of the Sendlingerstrasse. I saw no fire-engines hurrying madly along, as would have been the case in London. I saw, however, heavy, clumsy drays conveying water in large tuns, jolting and jingling along, the lean horses urged on by shouting men, who clustered round the tuns. The engines were already on the spot, and these tuns were on their way to supply them with water.

Now we are close to the scene of excitement. Soldiers with glittering swords and bayonets are posted everywhere. The fire is in the rear of the brewery; the malt-house is burning; the flames have just burst through the roof. We have found a capital standing-place within the wide court-

yard of a conventual-looking building, and one which commands a view of the burning premises. Here we stand in safety from the crowd in an open space, with a snow-covered garden stretching out before us, a snow and ice covered fountain in its centre, around which grow fruit-trees, their leafless branches now rising black and gaunt against the burning crimson of the sky. Right opposite to us is the house in flames—keen tongues of fire flickering and panting through the windows, through the chimneys, through the roof; clouds of sparks hurrying across the night sky like a dust of stars; volumes of red smoke ever and anon obscuring everything. Amid the shouts of men, the neighing of horses, and the rush of the flames, you hear the shower of pattering tiles, as they rain down from the roof; the flames hiss, and dance, and curl like mad fiery snakes; the air grows warm, and the snow melts from the burning roofs, running off in streams. Why are no engines at play on this side of the burning pile? Why do the flames here conquer all before them unopposed?

There is a shout of "The engines! the engines!" and soldiers drive away the crowd out of the court-yard, us among the number. In thunder the fire-engines, followed by heavy drays with their tuns of water. People willing to aid in pumping are allowed to re-enter the court.

I had met Lina and Meta Amsel, with their man-servant, in the crowd, and joining their party, sent home poor old Fräulein Sänchen to inform Isabel that I should probably not return till the morning, as we were intending to see everything that was to be seen, and it appeared probable that the fire would yet last for hours. The poor old Fräulein was most thankful to be dismissed, as the grief over her cloak, which the crowd had despoiled of its cape, had for the last hour quite overpowered all her interest in the fire.

The Amsels and I had fled into the corner of a narrow

flight of steps which overlooked the court-yard; and here we stood watching the fate of the burning house for nearly an hour. Every now and then came a rush of people with more water; now we were startled by the sudden raining down from above our heads of a host of fire-buckets, which had doubtless hung for years idly upon the ceiling of the court-yard gateway.

I greatly desired to see people handing along the bucket-fuls of water in a mighty line, as I had read of. I had both heard and read how the police might press any one into this service—men, women, and children—the very noblest in the land, if necessary. Willingly would I myself have worked in the chain, so strong grew my anxiety about the fire. Soldiers ever and anon shouted, "Out! out with you! Those who won't work must out!" But still we were not pressed into the service; neither did we see anywhere the chain of water-carriers.

And the flames and heat increased and increased. The long rows of windows in the conventual building glimmered as if of molten copper. There was a cry that it also was on fire. An excited officer, spurring his horse madly through the gateway, shouted, "It is a Government building! It must—it must be saved!" To which the crowd answered with a laugh. A gentleman talking with the Amsels, hearing this cry of fresh alarm, suddenly exclaimed, "Heavens! Desshardt lives here. I must be off and help him to remove his things:" and away he rushed. And more soldiers, and more water—more water, and more soldiers—arrived. We were driven forth from our shelter upon the steps within the gateway, and the heavy gates of the court were closed upon us.

We were now out in a street, but not in the street where stood the burning brewery. Nevertheless, what a confusion was there! People were flying with their children and goods

hastily collected together, in awful alarm, and snatched from the fury of the devouring tyrant. A stream of bewildered folk hurried along through the middle of the street; they heeded nothing as they blindly pressed forward between the rows of stationary spectators. Here came a man in his dressing-gown, his cap drawn over his face, a hunting-pouch crammed with the most heterogeneous articles slung round his shoulders, and in either hand a terrified little girl. Here a husband bore along in his arms his sick wife, her fainting form wrapped round with a large cloak. Now a young girl ran along, wringing her hands and crying aloud. Beds and bedding, tables, chairs, wardrobes, pictures, baskets of books, clothes, papers, umbrellas, are borne past. Here comes a cart of cheese; here come again beds and bedding, *ad infinitum*. Here comes a little lad carrying with care a canary, which flutters wildly in its pretty cage; here come two students with their music-books, a violin, a mass of manuscript, learned-looking books and swords, laid upon a little sledge. Here comes an easel, here a huge canvas, here a baby in its cradle, here an old blind woman led by a little child; here again comes bedding, bedding, bedding! Now huge splendid mirrors, now kitchen utensils, and now a wagon loaded with sofas, chairs, boxes, heaped up madly. All is confusion—bewilderment. There are heaps of furniture piled up in the streets; there are carts and there are drays with huge tuns, rolling, thundering along; there are shouts—murmurs. "The whole quarter will be burnt down!" cries a man in a hollow voice. The heavens flush and glow—sparks fly around in thick showers. We try to approach yet nearer to the burning houses, but again are driven back by the soldiers. Again we enter the court-yard which I have already mentioned. The *Staatsgebäude* (Government building) is untouched, but the roof of the brewery has fallen in with a tremendous crash; the gables stand up like golden

gables; the white roofs of some lower buildings gleam ghastly white, with an orange glare behind them. Men are seen standing on walls and parapets, pouring torrents of water from the snake-like pipes of the fire-engines; but those slender streams of water seem impotent compared with the raging fire; those pipes look no more than so many leeches crawling over the roofs. Nevertheless the flames are abating. The great danger, thank God, is passed! Gradually the fire ceases to rage, to destroy.

Under the escort of two officers, acquaintance of the Amsels, we were passed along through sentinels and the crowd till we approached within a few yards of the burning brewery; but even here, on account of the narrowness of the lane in which the brewery stood, the view was not complete. A mass of engines filled the little street. We were now in the midst of the long pipes which extended in all directions, like enormous serpents, across the street, and ran up steep walls and over precipitous roofs, where men, telling as black shadows against the fiery glow, plied their whole strength in deluging the flames. There were no women here except ourselves. There were soldiers and busy workers, whilst the corporation, with silk scarfs tied across their breasts, superintended the operations. All worked earnestly, eagerly; the flames sank and sank; the neighbouring church-spire, which had risen above the conflagration illumined with orange and scarlet light, seeming at times, surrounded with flames, and with its burning cresset, like a martyr crowned with a celestial star, and rising towards heaven from a bed of fire, now paled into an ordinary church-steeple, shone upon by an ordinary moon. Moonlight again triumphed; all grew gradually calmer.

Crowds, however, yet lingered around the glowing ruins; flames yet fitfully leaped and flickered; smoke yet arose in heavy volumes. Soldiers yet stood guard in the plashy

discoloured snow, amid a wild disorder of carts, engines, heaps of furniture, charred beams, and trailing pipes, which intersected the streets and walls. But all danger was past.

At three o'clock in the morning we wended our way, with exhausted frames, to Mrs. Amsel's, wondering where all the unlucky fugitives of the night had found shelter.

The next day nothing was talked of but the fire. Seven-and-twenty years ago, it is said, this brewery was burnt down, the brewer having in both cases made himself unpopular, by raising the price of beer. People blessed their stars that half Munich was not consumed,—that the fire did not break out in the dead of night,—that the weather was calm,—and that there was a thick covering of snow. It is said, also, that Prince Luitpold aided in extinguishing the fire.

CHAPTER XVII.

A VISIT TO THE DEAD AND TO THE NEWLY-BORN.

January 12th.—This afternoon there was a regular thaw; nevertheless I set out from the studio to the Cemetery, which is precisely at the other end of Munich. It was all sunshine overhead and all sludge underfoot. It was a deplorable day for so long a walk; but my reason for choosing to visit the Cemetery to-day was because the corpse of the young lady, the friend of the Amsel's, who died so suddenly, was lying at the Dead-House. As I had heard a sad history regarding her death, and had long determined to pay a visit to the Dead-House, I went this afternoon spite of the mud.

Walking up the long pathway of the burial-ground, between the hundreds of crosses and monuments crowding thickly upon each other, with the bells tolling solemnly meanwhile from the Cemetery-chapel, I felt how, now entering the city of the dead, the joyous activity of the old part of Munich through which I had just passed stood forth in strange and striking contrast. Yet people thronged the broad pathway; crowds were hastening along,—men, women, and children, rich and poor. Whither were they bending their steps this miserable dirty day? Now a funeral train encountered the throng, and the people stepped aside upon the spongy graves as it passed, bowing before the up-raised crucifix.

When I neared the cloistered wall which separated the old from the new burial-ground, I perceived a still denser crowd. What could be the attraction? At once it flashed upon me that the attraction was the Dead-House,—the living were come to visit the dead!

And such was the case. Large windows, or rather doors, open out of the Dead-House into the cloisters. Here people congregate and gaze in at the corpses. I know not whether upon every day of the year the populace of the good city of Munich flocks to this awful spectacle. At all events, to-day there was a great crowd; I do not believe that any corpse of extraordinary interest was exposed. I observed a considerable number of students among the crowd: as I pushed my way beneath the cloisters I found what had attracted them.

Jostled up against by men, women, and children, lay two corpses in their open coffins supported upon biers. I suppose they had been brought out for burial. However, there they were. One was the corpse of a student. He lay in his coffin dressed in his best clothes; his black dress-coat, black trowsers, patent-leather boots; a white cravat tied round his throat, white kid gloves upon his hands; he seemed dressed for a ball. Oh! his face—that statue-like expression upon the marble brow, the sunken white cheeks, the heavy eyelids darkened by the touch of death, the thick golden moustache curling over the livid lips! His tricolour corps-band crossed his breast. His hands were folded together, holding upon his heart a large bouquet of fragrant flowers, together with a small cross of black wood. Whilst I looked at him, a peasant-woman dipped a brush into a vase of holy-water standing near the coffin, and sprinkled the poor dead face with it.

The other corpse was of an old lady. No one seemed to pay much attention to her. She had no flowers, not

even a wreath of artificial ones. She lay stiff and stark in a black silk dress; a prim lace cap was fastened around her rigid, aged face; her feet poked out of the coffin in a pair of stuff shoes tied on with broad sandals. There was something unusually affecting to me in these poor, aged feet attired in the old-fashioned shoes; they evidently were the shoes she had saved up as her holiday shoes, her shoes for feasts and festivals,—and now they were going down with her to the grave to the feast of worms. No one but myself cast more than a glance at the poor old lady,—all eyes turned towards the handsome student; she was but a withered last year's kex; he was a vigorous young tree fallen in a sudden storm.

The crowd jostled and pushed and talked and made itself very comfortable, greatly enjoying the spectacle.

"Eh! eh! that's a fine corpse!" remarked a jolly red-faced woman, wearing a golden swallow-tailed cap upon the very back of her curly black head. "But he does not look so handsome—does he, Lina? as when—"

The "when" was lost in a whisper into Lina's ear, and the jolly woman and smart girl passed on.

"Ach! and this is what we shall all come to sooner or later," moralized a ragged, shrivelled old man, with a blue nose and very wheezy voice.

"Only nineteen years of age! poor thing! poor thing! and she a *Braut* (betrothen girl), too!" sighed a gentle, motherly-looking woman, who might have been a baker's or miller's wife, gazing in through the window.

"Poor Marie!" spoke another voice: "to think of her lying there in the very ball-clothes in which she was to have danced with her bridegroom at last Thursday's ball!" And the speakers thrust their faces up to the window where many other faces were thrust.

On either side of the window hung a kind of "table of

contents" of the corpses lying behind the glass. The "table of contents" was framed, and decorated with emblems of mortality. The eager spectators consulted its columns with deep enjoyment, muttering to each other names, ages, and causes of death.

When a space at the window offered itself, I also looked through it. I breathed, or fancied I breathed, as I neared the window, the clammy, soul-and-body sickening odour of death,—that fearful odour which once breathed can never more be forgotten. Looking within, I beheld a solemn room where various corpses were arranged upon biers, and where many empty biers were awaiting corpses.

In the centre of the room lay the statue-like figure of a young girl—the "Marie" of the speakers, and the Amsels' friend, I imagine. Her face had the pale yellow tint of ivory upon it; her brow was wreathed with myrtle—she was now the bride of death. She lay as if in a trance; her hands were crossed upon her breast; a delicate gauze veil flowed over her down to her feet. A grove of greenhouse flowers bloomed around her pillow, which was trimmed with exquisite lace; flowers bloomed in her hands; flowers bloomed at her feet, and tall waxen tapers rising out of bronze candelabra burnt and twinkled amid the leaves and blossoms.

There was a second dead woman's face, which was affecting and beautiful. The head lay slightly turned aside; the lips were crimson; the cheeks, scarcely sunken, were flushed in patches with a bright crimson tint, which looked rather of life than death. Her hair was jet black, and parted with the nicest care over a broad, low, white brow. She also was covered with flowers: tender sprigs of passion-flower and fern drooped over her. Close beside her in its little coffin lay an infant. And beyond these there were other rigid faces, old and young and middle-aged, glaring

with a ghastly white from distant biers, all with stern profiles set towards the ceiling; all with the wondrous print of death impressed upon them.

And without, the crowd murmured and crushed upon each other, and went and came in active enjoyment. Some very few might have real sorrow within their breasts; some very few might be touched by this vision of solemnity; but to the mass it was simply vulgar excitement and pastime. I felt a sense of relief in the thought that, dying in England, no such curious gossiping crowd would gaze upon my corpse, or upon the faces of the dead dear to me. My very soul revolted and sickened at such desecration of the solemnity and the silence of death. If we have dead-houses in our new English cemeteries, surely admission to them will be alone granted to the friends of the deceased! The remembrance of this crowd of the living troubles my imagination far more than the remembrance of the calm, holy corpses. I cannot endure the thought that when the hour of death arrives for —— or ——, crowds of gossiping idlers will gather before the dead-house to gaze with unsympathising eyes upon the deserted temples of these great spirits! Such crowds assembled around the body of Schwanthaler, when it also was laid here.

I passed out of the burial-ground, by the lofty portal which is crowned with its solemn statues, and walked along the banks of the Isar, looking up into the clear sky and listening to the rush of waters just released from the chains of ice which have bound the river for weeks. The waters rejoiced with glad voices, as if hymning their triumph in renewed life, and the sky had the word Immortality written upon it; but it was long before I could dismiss the painful impression which my visit to the Dead-House had left upon me.

January 15th.—About a week ago a baby was born in this

house: and to-day was the christening. Isabel was curious to witness the ceremony, and mentioning her curiosity to Madame Thekla, Madame Thekla mentioned it to the nurse, the nurse mentioned it to the lady,—the mother of the child—and she, through Madame Thekla, sent us an invitation. This lady is the Frau Majorin von Schwerdt. The family we know very well by sight, but our acquaintance went, until to-day, no further than bowing politely to each other when we met on the stairs. Thus you see that our invitation to be present upon the occasion of the christening was somewhat peculiar.

This afternoon at three o'clock, festally attired, and attended by Madame Thekla, we descended to the *étage* below us, which is inhabited by the Frau Majorin. The man-servant, all in his best, opened the door to us—the women-servants standing about in the passage, were all in their best, and the drawing-room was filled with an assembly of relatives, also all in their best. Major v. Schwerdt in his blue uniform, with crosses and orders glittering upon his breast, received us as we entered the saloon. All the gentlemen were in uniform, and one old officer, with snow-white hair and moustache, was resplendent with decorations. The ladies in their elegant light silk dresses, and rich lace, formed a semi-circle; and within the semi-circle was a table covered with white linen, upon which a crucifix and burning tapers were placed. Before this altar stood two old priests in white robes.

Now a lady presents to the elder priest the little infant lying within its pretty curious chrysalis of pink satin and lace. The priest blesses the infant, laying it in its chrysalis upon the altar before him, and reads the Latin service out of his missal; the godmother repeats the responses for the little babe, the little Emma Maria Theresa —the priest breathes upon the infant's brow in token of

spiritual life being breathed upon her, and lays his hands also upon her, claiming her as God's own; and marks her with the cross in sign of her having taken upon herself the cross of Christ to bear until the end of all things. The priest lays salt within her little lips that she may love the taste of wisdom, and that God may preserve her from corruption and the foulness of sin. The priest denounces the devil; the priest anoints the little breast and shoulders with oil: on the breast, in order that she shall be strengthened to combat against the devil, the world, and the flesh; upon the shoulders, that they may bear with ease the yoke of Christ; the priest changes his violet stole for one of white and gold, laying it over the little infant in sign of her state of sinfulness being exchanged for a state of purity. The priest pours water three times over the uncovered head of the meekly submitting babe, to typify the three days during which Christ rested in the grave, arising from death upon the third, as this infant shall arise from a spiritual death into a spiritual life. The priest anoints her with the holy chrism, anoints her as a Christian, as a partaker of Christ's royalty, as a sacred being; and a lighted taper is held close to her little hand to show that she has come forth from the darkness into the light, and how, with love in her heart burning like this taper, she shall go forth to meet her heavenly bridegroom, and that "her light shall shine before men;" and thus in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, is she baptised and received into God's fold.

The old priest delivered, after these ceremonies, a short address to the assembly upon the significance of the rite; then bowed to the father, Major v. Schwerdt: a hum of conversation was heard, and the little brothers of the newly-christened Emma Maria Theresa ran about the room in unrestrained glee.

We returned our thanks to the Frau Majorin's mother for the pleasure we had received through witnessing the ceremony, and begged she would present our compliments to her daughter. The Frau Majorin, she informed us, was in the adjoining room, and would we not enter and speak to her ourselves?

Of course we did so, and found that the sick lady had watched the ceremony through the open doorway. As we stood beside the invalid's bed, the priests entered, together with the Major, and the nurse carrying the infant in its pink chrysalis. The pink chrysalis was laid upon the mother's lap. The old priest made the sign of the cross, and so did the Frau Majorin.

The inferior priest held a burning taper which shed a pale golden glory over the white peaceful countenance of the mother, over her quiet white brow, which looked doubly white from contrast with the black hair which lay in heavy waves beneath the lace border of her cap; the golden glory fell upon the snowy lace-trimmed pillows which propped her head and shoulders, upon the snowy sheets and snowy bed-quilt; all was pure, spotless, and calm. The superior priest prayed in a quiet voice for the mother and child, and then blessed them. Tears filled the mother's eyes, swelling gradually and rolling over her cheeks whilst he prayed; and she folded her delicate white hands in prayer, the thick golden rings of her betrothal and marriage gleaming in the rays of the taper. The Major, in his decorated uniform, leant over his wife's pillow, and the little infant had fallen asleep within its rose-coloured chrysalis.

We returned to our abode in the upper *étage*, feeling a new interest in our neighbours.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CASTING OF THE SIEGESTHOR BAVARIA.

January 22nd.—At eleven o'clock this day, the casting of the principal portions of the Siegesthor Bavaria took place.

We set off in good time, and as we proceeded along the Nymphenburg Road towards the foundry, several other droschkes were speeding on likewise, and troops of gentlemen were walking beneath the trees which line the road. All were bound like ourselves for the foundry; all turned down the Erzgiesserei, from one of the lofty chimneys of which thick black volumes of smoke were vomited.

Carriages drew up before the gate; people alighted; people entered the court-yard, many of them stopping, as we also did, before passing through the open door of the building, to notice a fire-engine standing in front of the huge grim bronze lion, its long snake-like pipe stretching up to the huge roof of the casting-house, where it lay in watchfulness near to the lofty, vomiting chimney.

All within was stir and expectation. I have already described the interior of this casting-house; the pit sunk in the ground; the rudely-raftered roof; the windows placed high in the walls; the huge furnace, open at top and rising like a low-windowed tower at one end of the vast desolate hall, which is supported by many square brickwork piers.

A rude stage was erected opposite the furnace, on which

was congregated a number of people, principally ladies. But before we take our stand there, we will inspect the furnace somewhat more closely. Wild orange-coloured flames roared through its narrow, niche-like windows, leaping and rejoicing in savage glee; from its top hurried thick volumes of lurid smoke, and columns of dazzling dancing sparks sprang up into the mysterious gloom which hung above the furnace. Sunk into the pit in front of the furnace lay the earthen mould, built into it in fact, with a narrow channel left around it, into which the molten metal was to flow. Three long chains of ponderous links descended from the dusk void, the orange and scarlet glare flashing and resting upon them; two-thirds up, the three chains appeared lost in a murky vagueness, dark as Erebus; low down, on either side the furnace, was a small door, which the workmen opened ever and anon to feed the raging flames within with fresh metal, or else to stir them up with long poles. I thought, as these doors opened, of the children cast into the fiery furnace, and how their figures might have gleamed forth through such openings, flitting past in awful safety amidst the whirl of flame, accompanied by the fourth august white-robed form. I thought of the horrible death of Robert in Retzsch's designs to Schiller's "Fridolin," and again recalled the foundry scenes in the same artist's illustrations of the "Song of the Bell." There was the very group he has given us at the furnace-mouth, its impressiveness heightened tenfold by colour and by Rembrandtesque light and shadow.

Up rises the furnace-door; forth rush curling waves of fire, with fiery surf scattered around! blinding, glaring, orange light broadly falling upon the dusky workmen, who, shading their averted faces with their gloved hands and slouching hat-brims, excite and tease the devouring element with their long poles. Ferdinand Miller is ever near

to the gaping jaws of the furnace, directing and superintending; his face glowing in the intense heat, his brow beaded with sweat. The rough walls of the furnace rise duskily in the lurid haze; crimson and orange light glares from the windows in strange gradation up the walls, until lost in cold darkness, where, through dimly discerned rafters and scaffolding, gleam two long narrow streaks of day-light. The fire-glow glares and burns like ruddy gold upon the quaint forms and eager faces of the groups of workmen, who toil with their long poles before the furnace-mouth; and long grotesque shadows are cast flickering behind them upon the ground and walls. The fire-glow glares upon the knot of earnest spectators surrounding the furnace and the pit, and assembled upon the stage, or leaning against walls and brick columns; it illumes them with a magic brilliancy, which is rendered at certain points yet more wonderful, from cool blue day-light striking upon their brows, whilst the cheeks are flushed with the reflected light of the flames. And above the crowd of living figures rise colossal forms of armed warriors, and peaceful poets, and sceptered monarchs; these glowing crimson; those standing calm and pale in the cold light of day.

A glowing heat meanwhile fans our faces; and we hear the rush, rush, of flame, the cries of the workmen, the commands of Ferdinand Miller, and an answering far-off voice dropping down out of the mysterious darkness above us.

Much had to be done ere the imprisoned molten metal could be released. Now burning cinders are placed around the mould within the channel, to heat it in preparation for the scalding metallic stream; now workmen, with delicate care, remove the plugs which have stopped up certain air-holes upon the surface of the mould, and brush away the dust; now the cinders are removed, and the holes in the

[illegible]

down, down, down it streams, filling the channel around the mould; lurid smoke darts from the air-holes, and forth leap, springing into the air, golden, burning, quivering jets of molten metal; golden, burning, quivering stars shower around, falling amid the workmen, and even to the feet of Ferdinand Miller and of Kaulbach. I feel the people around and behind me fall back in a haste of momentary terror.

"The casting is accomplished!" shouts Ferdinand Miller.

Caps and hats are waved in the air; a thrilling hurrah bursts forth, and is swelled by a sudden blast of trumpets sounding forth from the upper darkness.

"A vivat for King Ludwig!" he again exclaims. Another hurrah and burst of music.

"And yet another!" cries a workman, flinging up his cap into the air; and there is a third deafening acclaim.

The golden molten metal hardens within its channel; workmen try it with iron bars, and then cover up the glowing mass with sheets of iron.

People crowd with congratulations around Ferdinand Miller; more daylight streams into the building; the furnace is illumined with a hazy violet light; the sound of the rushing of the flame is lost amid the rejoicing of human tongues.

Thus passed over in happy accomplishment the casting of the largest portion of the Siegesthor Bavaria.

channel for the entrance of the metal into the mould are opened, and after much passing to and fro of workmen in their slouched hats, and with their leathern aprons fastened behind with brass chains and clasps, and who carry, high above the heads of the crowd, long bars of iron red-hot at their tips, or gigantic ladles glowing of a vivid vermilion; now, after an hour of expectation, Ferdinand Miller proclaims in a loud voice that the casting is about to commence.

"May I beg of you all here," he exclaims, "to remain perfectly quiet, whatever may happen. All necessary preparations for safety are made. Should any danger occur I will inform you; but keep quiet, I pray you. We must avoid a sudden current of air."

Workmen approach bearing a tremendous bar, with which to burst open the tiny aperture in the blank wall of the furnace, above the pit, and through which the metal is to flow. Ferdinand Miller stands as yet upon the mould; his men surround him upon the borders of the pit. With a burning flambeau held before him, he once more examines the air and metal holes. The bar is suspended to the three chains. Ferdinand Miller leaps from the mould; the men stand ready beside their bar; there is a momentary solemn pause, in which the constant rush, rush, of the flames imprisoned within their citadel falls monotonously on the ear; the besiegers of the citadel pause solemnly beside their battering-ram; they pause in prayer. Heads are uncovered; heads are bowed; and there, within the forbidden circle of the workmen, near to his friend Ferdinand Miller, stands Wilhelm von Kaulbach, his head bare and bowed to his breast—his fine, calm profile illumined by the fiery glow.

A moment's pause, and the battering-ram strikes! Forth from the aperture streams liquid, golden, quivering metal;

down, down, down it streams, filling the channel around the mould; lurid smoke darts from the air-holes, and forth leap, springing into the air, golden, burning, quivering jets of molten metal; golden, burning, quivering stars shower around, falling amid the workmen, and even to the feet of Ferdinand Miller and of Kaulbach. I feel the people around and behind me fall back in a haste of momentary terror.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE ARTISTS' MASKED BALL.

ON Saturday, in all the grandeur of our fools' caps, we proceeded, under the escort of Dr. F——, to the Artists' Festival. We seem to have winter back again in full force, for the streets are once more deep in snow, and the frost is bitterly keen. And now on this cold evening, when all looked colder from the twilight gloom falling upon the streets, the warm glow of lights which gleamed from the long rows of windows in the Odeon welcomed us with a delicious hospitality.

It might have truly been a London line of carriages that extended from the Odeon afar up the street, so long and closely packed was it. As we eagerly looked out of our frosted carriage windows, the scene was exciting. It was absurd to think of taking up our position in this train; we therefore drove back again and round to the opposite end of the Odeon, where, consenting to walk a little distance through the snow, we were enabled to enter. The staircases were hung with rich tapestries; and orange-trees and myrtles were arranged upon the steps in two thick rows, and up between them streamed a crowd of maskers.

What a magic vision bursts upon us when we enter the ball-room itself! In the centre rises a pavilion, stolen certainly out of Fairyland! Graceful and slender Byzantine arches of white and gold, and with delicate vermilion tracery

upon them, cluster together, supporting tall figures symbolical of former Artist-Festivals, and crowning the whole, a graceful, youthful figure of Joy holding his cup. Ivy and vine cluster around, and festoon the slender arches; tall, golden tripods rise, heaped up with flowers; wreaths of fresh greenery, and golden tambourines and pipes and flutes, hang around the base of the pavilion in joyous symmetry; beneath the pavilion, nestling amid a grove of odorous shrubs and flowers, four magical swans, with white and golden plumage, arch their necks and pour from their open bills ruddy streams of wine! The fairy vision towers to the very ceiling of the lofty Odeon Hall, where from a wreath of roses red and white, spring forth long silken streamers of white and pink, extending like a vast umbel over the whole hall, each streamer attached at its farther end to a smaller chaplet of roses hung upon each capital of the grey marble columns which support the galleries of the hall.

These grey marble columns are also gay with decorations —hangings of crimson with a simple diaper pattern of gold clothe them up one-third of their height, and from pillar to pillar swings a wreath of foliage and roses; thus colour and flowers encircle the whole hall. Beneath the orchestra-gallery rises a low carpeted platform, which is approached by two flights of steps, where stand, as guards, two masked figures in mediæval costume. In the very front of the platform rises a grand towering group of trophies—the trophies of painting and music.

The heavy white emblazoned banners of the two societies of Munich painters fall in brotherly harmony with the smaller banners of two musical societies who have lent their aid for the festivities of the grand night. Beneath the banner-folds hang clusters of palettes, brushes, strings of bladders of colour, architects' rules, compasses—a glorious array of artistic tools. Ivy sprays, and wreaths of pine and moss,

bind all together, uniting them with the musician's trophy, a cluster of musical instruments, trumpets, violins, flutes, clarionets, and drums! Beyond the platform is a partition of dark green drapery, with garlands hung symmetrically upon it.

We stood completely bewildered with the magic of the scene, which was increased a thousand-fold by the marvellous crowd collecting.

Every lady and gentleman had been requested by the Artists' programme to assume a fool's cap for the evening, in case they did not come in masks or fancy costumes. Thus every head presented a brilliant bit of colour. The gentlemen received their caps with their tickets, and these caps were simple enough in form, but of two most vividly-contrasting colours—green and scarlet, yellow and pink, blue and orange.

The ladies' fools' caps were much more extraordinary; varying from a quaint, tiny jester's cap of mediæval cut, covered with gold or silver bells, embroidery, flowers and feathers, to an ordinary evening head-dress rendered Carnivalesque by bells fastened to the ends of the ribbon trimmings; there were pointed witches' hats; tiaras; shepherdesses' hats; jelly-bag caps; there were caps trimmed with lace, with gold, with silver, with ostrich feathers, with peacock feathers, with cocks' feathers; there were caps of scarlet, of blue, of amber, of pink; there were parti-coloured caps, and tricoloured caps; and caps of velvet, of lace, of gold, of silk, of gauze,—of every hue, texture, and fashion, in short; all, more or less, developments of the jester's cap of the middle ages. There were hundreds and hundreds of these caps surmounting faces of every age and every expression; there were hundreds and hundreds of costumes—costumes, it would seem, of every era and every country beneath the sun!

Here comes a solemn Arab Sheik and his wife; their swarthy faces, their golden bracelets and anklets upon their dark limbs, their ample woollen mantles of creamy white, or striped with sober violet and brown, all breathing of the desert. Here tumbles through the crowd, whirling his club of jingling bells, a dwarf of the middle ages, clad in scarlet. Here mince along, in their high-heeled shoes, a courtier and lady from the Court of Louis XIV. Here comes a jolly English tar in his blue shirt, with his low-crowned hat, and a pipe in his mouth. This must surely be Albrecht Dürer himself! Look at his mild, calm face beneath that beetling black velvet cap! look at his short fur-trimmed cloak of chocolate colour and at his leathern pouch, slung at his side, and mounted with rich steel ornaments. Here are Americans, Armenians, Turks, Portuguese, Italian peasants, Venetian senators, knights and ladies of the German legends; here are pilgrims, knights, troubadours, savages, and devils. Here are whimsical beings with huge, silver ram's horns, with golden ram's horns, with huge flapping, pointed ears, with beaks and false noses! There is the chorus of singers, with beaked noses and queer, big spectacles, looking like a flight of extraordinary birds:—and only listen to their low chirp! chirp! they are birds surely, and not men! There are caps with peacock feathers towering yards high above the crowd; here comes a whole peacock's tail! Here a gigantic butterfly nodding at the end of a long wire, which no doubt is fastened to some strange cap, could we only see it in the crowd! Here is Mrs. Bloomer herself, and there the favourite sultana! Here are two gigantic ladies in gigantic yellow silk hats, with gigantic bouquets and fans in their hands, and black masks over their faces. There is a terrible old man who is always winking his eyes and wrinkling his brow, who has a mane of powdered hair, a monstrous shirt-frill, and a false nose! Here is a band of courtiers with the heads of

gigantic cocks and hens! look how they open their long beaks, and snap right and left as they move along.

Wilder and wilder, madder and madder grows the scene; louder and louder wax the laughter, the squeaking, the crowing, the flapping, the whispering, the piping; louder and louder, madder and madder!

A hush falls suddenly upon the multitude, gentlemen in golden fools' caps make a pathway through the crowd; and towards a seat prepared for them at the right of the platform proceed the two Kings, the two Queens, and their Court. They wear no fools' caps: the Kings carry their black hats in their hands; the young Queen has splendid diamonds in her hair and on her bosom; the old Queen wears a very quiet head-dress; the Court ladies, wreaths of ivy and natural flowers. How quiet and simple they all look!

The Court take their seats; the musicians sing a joyous welcome; there is a Vivat for Bavaria; for King Ludwig, the Artists' King; for German Art! The musical director, a singularly handsome man, in a singularly handsome dress of black velvet, all covered with scarlet rosettes, gives a signal to the orchestra, and suddenly down drops the drapery beyond the platform, and forth leap, spring, tumble—screaming, yelling, and whirling their arms and their clubs—a mad troop of fools, scarlet, yellow, white, in their quaint, whimsical, mediæval dresses, with long ears and pointed sleeves, and ribbons, and scalloped jerkins flying in the wind! They fling bon-bons among the crowd, they fling humourous mottoes, they jingle their bells, they rattle their wooden clappers! They leap, tumble, spring from the platform down among the multitude! How mad, how mad they are! And look! look! On comes a wonderful crowd across the platform, a crowd of South American Indians! Look at their dusky forms clad in jaguar skins! Look at

that noble figure clad in gold tissue, and crowned with a tiara of orange and scarlet feathers! They are representations of the various Mexican tribes; their black locks are confined within glittering silver diadems; their noses and ears are pierced with feathers, golden rings, and porcupine quills; strange plates of brass hang upon the breast of one; another carries his barbaric weapons. Here, too, come Spanish Mexicans; here negroes with their hoes; here the planter in his broad straw hat and loose white trousers and white coat! Ah, that planter is Rugendas, the painter of strange Mexican scenes and people,—Rugendas, the painter and tropical traveller! These Mexican costumes are those which he brought with him as artistic spoil. A wonderfully-arranged Indian procession it is.

On, on, come yet other strange forms: a band of hunters and warriors of the far-off Nibelungen time. It took one's very breath away with surprise, as warrior after warrior marched forth in his wondrous helmet, upon which rose the lovely, expanded wings of hawk, and owl, and heron; the helm wreathed with ivy-sprays, frequently, also covered entirely with fresh green moss, till it appeared a portion of the old primeval forest. Sometimes, between the wings, rose the head of a hare, a fox, or other sylvan creature; sometimes, instead of wings, the helmet was crowned with branching antlers; sometimes the head was covered with a hood which fell in simple folds around the face, or tightly wrapped itself about the throat, but ever these old Germans wreathed their brows with ivy or pine twigs. Their whole garb was of a sylvan character; their short jerkins, bound around the loins with jewelled girdles, from which depended daggers and hunting pouches, were green as the summer woods, or russet and orange as the woods of autumn; orange or grey, or russet were their hoods; their tight hose were white, or grey, or scarlet; their boots,

of untanned leather or scarlet. On their backs were slung huge horns, spoils of the Auerochs, from which to quaff mighty draughts of mead. In their hands some bore long hunting spears; others primeval musical instruments, violins of marvellous slimness, with a small allowance of strings, and which made strange, sweet, small music; tiny flutes and wondrously constructed drums, all murmuring and muttering of long-departed ages.

The processions descend and mingle with the crowd. Suddenly the band of fools,—who, I believe, by the way, were all young painters,—dash, whirling their clubs, and leaping, and shouting, through the multitude, who part before them, and thus a narrow circle round the room is formed, and dancing commences. Marvellous were the couples who flew around the circle, and marvellous the antics of these merry mad fools, who had constituted themselves masters of the ceremonies. Men of the nineteenth century are they no longer, but the merriest of Merry Andrews who have ever dwelt in Emperors' palaces or Barons' halls. Mad, jocose, impertinent are they; yet chivalrous withal. Behold a group of them leaping upon each other's shoulders, and climbing up towards the enchanted pavilion to catch, in a tall goblet, the ruddy wine falling from the bills of the magic swans. Behold, a fool having caught his heel in a lady's train, flings down his club, flings down himself also before the lady's feet, and with an arch imploring gaze, and mock distress, beseeches her pardon! Look at that scarlet fellow nursing his legs as he sits upon that flight of steps, swinging his body backwards and forwards, whilst he carols a merry song.

Dancing formed not the whole amusement of this festive evening.

Once more there is a bustle upon the platform. A large

golden wheel, fixed upon a frame, is brought forth. This is the Wheel of Fortune.

Each lady, on entering the hall, has received an elegant card, printed in gold, upon which, together with a grotesque group of Carnival figures, is a list of the dances for the evening, and a certain number written in one corner of the card. This is her number in the lottery. The wheel is turned. To the sound of trumpets the number of the prize is called forth. Away dashes the troop of fools in mad career through the ball-room, and the supper-rooms, in search of the lucky lady. After a merry search she is discovered, and led in triumph to the platform, where, seated, she receives her prize with much ceremony; a graceful vase, or book perhaps, or basket filled with flowers. A document of complimentary, humourous, and appropriate verses, adorned with sketches, she also receives upon a cushion; the verses, I should observe, being first read aloud to the company. Many a picturesque group is thus formed on the platform. Let us take the first group as an example. The band of fools have led up a bright-faced maiden with large, laughing blue eyes, golden hair, and a complexion "red as the red, red rose,"—so covered is she with blushes. Her dress is of blue velvet, cut square at the bosom, in the old German style, and bordered with a stiff band of rich golden brocade incrusted with jewels; a jewelled girdle, from which depends a curious pocket, is clasped round her waist; her arms and bosom are covered with sleeves and a deep tucker of white lawn; and a blue and gold embroidered tiara surmounts her blonde locks. She is a veritable Burgfräulein. It is a Provençal troubadour, who, kneeling before her, presents a fragrant mass of flowers; his face is a gallant, poetical face; his hair curls in thick clusters around his compact head. His dress is of pink and white silk, pink and white alternating; a little hood, pink one half, white the

other, hangs upon his shoulders; roses, pink and white, adorn him; there are roses on his breast, roses upon his sleeves, roses upon his hose and upon his shoes; roses encircle his jerkin; his very face looks a rose! He seems the very embodiment of romance, of the Romaunt of the Rose; perhaps he may be. But whether he be so or not, he is, at all events, a well-known historical painter, and an officer to boot.

Many were the picturesque groups, and that not alone during the drawing of the lottery, which this evening produced. I look down from the platform upon which I am now standing—not, however, by any means because *I* am the lucky drawer of a prize—and half hidden by the Painters' Trophy, his figure shewing beneath the cluster of musical instruments, sits crouching a Bedouin in his long, spectral bernouse; he props his dark face upon a dark arm, and looks up into the face—not of another Bedouin—*that* would have been too real for so fantastic, delirious a night! —but into the face of a Nibelungen hero—of Siegfried himself, perhaps: the winged, ivy-encircled helmet, the orange fur-trimmed doublet, the hunting-spear glittering in his hand, the huge, grey, silver-mounted hunting-horn slung upon his back, the short hunting-boots upon his feet, how strangely they contrast with that dark Arab in his spectral bernouse!

Everything is so genuine, so exquisitely beautiful and appropriate in the costumes, so thoroughly artistic, that the groups seem groups—not of maskers—but of beings summoned by an enchanter's spell from far-off regions and long-departed ages. One's imagination bewilders itself in a perplexing romance, so striking, fantastic, whimsical, are the contrasts on every side!

The Cotillon is now being danced. From our position upon the platform, the spectacle is extraordinary. In the

centre rises that fairy pavilion with its flowers, its swans, its heroic statues, its undulating radiation of silken streamers, through which, looking upwards your eye rests upon the bright frescoed hues of the ceiling. The grey marble columns of the hall, draped partly with crimson, are our horizon. A mass of quaint, gorgeously-attired human beings fills the hall; they rise in brilliant tiers beneath the columns; they rise, a low human pyramid, upon the steps of the pavilion; they fill as with waves of scarlet, orange, violet, green, and crimson, the whole body of the vast hall. An open, but narrow, space surrounds the pavilion: here whirl the dancers in mad career. They are dancing beneath tall hoops of blue and white, which are held above their heads by the scarlet, and orange, and parti-coloured fools, standing opposite each other, at certain distances within the circle. The chandeliers, with their hundreds of starry lights, gleam and fling down their bright radiance over the gorgeous, glittering scene. The music wildly peals and pants; and ever and anon some merry laugh, some mad shout, rises above its harmony, and the voice of the whole assembly,—that murmuring, strange, united voice of the crowd!

Is not the whole scene like the dream of a fevered brain!—a scene likely enough to return, if ever one should wander into the mysterious land of delirium.

The Cotillon is over. Hark! a march bursts from the orchestra! Yes; and behold how through the crowd winds a procession of hunters: they bear garlanded torches in their hands, together with their spears and bows. The musicians, with their primitive musical instruments, lead the way, piping and playing on their simple pipes and upon their tiny violins. What an old-world feeling they carry with them! Forth they march. And now behold a hideous monster, with a head looking each way, makes his appearance. A hurried chase of him com-

mences: his heads are chopped off and borne in triumph round the circle, to the sounds once more of merry, small music.

Again there is dancing; again the musical societies burs forth into song: the merriment seems ever on the increase the fools are still careering round the circle in unwearied antic mood. Now they encounter the celebrated Neureuther, whom one has long since recognised as the designer of the Fairy-pavilion; they hoist him on their shoulders; they bear him round the hall with loud acclaim. Now there is a hue-and-cry after some other well-known name. The great artist has disappeared. "Where is ——?" shout the fools; "we have lost ——?"

"He has fled into the gallery! Don't you see him high up aloft?" shouts a voice, and the hall rings with laughter.

Thus the night wore on in full embodiment of the painters' motto emblazoned on their decorations and upon their cards:

Tages Arbeit; Abends Gäste!
Saure Wochen! Frohe Feste!

Never, surely, was there a more joyous festival, or one more graceful, and fantastic, and poetic, than this Künstler Ball of 1852. Long lives and merry ones to the joyous artists! let us cry: and long, long life and a glorious immortality to the joyous, genial German art! A right hearty —*Lebe Hoch für die Stadt München, für Münchener Kunst und Künstler!*

At half-past four o'clock, as we alighted at our house, through the dark blue sky of this February morning the holy sound of bells fell upon our ears;—they rang for matins.

Isabel has sent me a description of the Artists' Festival of February, 1853, an extract from which I here give.

"The device for the Artists' Ball this year was the same as last—fools and fools' caps,—all looked very much the same; but, as a little variety, instead of Mr. Rugendas's procession of savages, there was a band of fifty young girls, each one assuming in her costume the character of a flower. This procession was led by the king of the fools up the steps of the platform on which was placed his throne; and here they all stood round him after he had taken his seat. The room was crowded, much more even than last year, and the jolly, noisy, mad-cap fools were seated upon ornamental scaffolding placed half-way up the lower pillars of the hall. From these eminences they by turns addressed witty speeches in verse to their king; and after a variety of funny things had been said, one fool at last asked the king which of the lady-flowers then present was the rarest, the fairest, and altogether the most worthy of honour? The king at first seems much puzzled what answer to make: he gazes round on the fifty blooming maidens standing by;—there was Miss K—— in a zone and wreath of moss-roses; Laura F—— wore a gold trellis-work, over which ran pink roses; another artist's daughter, a tall, noble-looking girl, wore a water-lily, which sat like a star upon her forehead; another the blue fleur-de-lis, the delicate long leaves of which hung gracefully from the back of her hair over her white shoulders; there was a brilliant head-dress of vivid mountain-ash berries; little, or rather large, turrets of ivy, the trails of which fell over round and lovely arms, and encircled tiny waists; there were two heads powdered as white as any snow-wreath, overtopped by a mass of nodding snow-drops: besides these there were magnolias, violets, and many others, formed according to the character of the flowers into very tasteful, though somewhat large

head-dresses, and otherwise decorating the attire of the wearer.

"Considering the native wit of the 'fool,' the king appeared somewhat *foolish*, in the ordinary sense of the word, and most horribly perplexed did he contrive to look, being all the time mocked and jeered at unmercifully by his wicked subjects: they uttered unearthly shrieks, and, as further signs of impatience, flapped their wooden clappers with a perfectly stunning din.

"At length the king arose, saying that he believed he could now guess their riddle: Was not the *Edelweiss* the fairest and rarest flower that grew? And instantly, as if impelled by a magical impulse, at one bound, making their thousand bells dance and ring, the fools sprang to their feet upon their stages, and sang,—

'Wie im Alpen Rosen Kranz
Edelweiss vom Felsenthrone,
Also in des Festes Glanz
Strahlet als der Frauen Krone,
Leuchtet als die Herrscherin,
Bayerns holde Königin!

'As 'mid Alpine flowers and snow,
Rock-throned Edelweiss is beaming,
So amid the festal show,
As the crown of noble women,
As the monarch, is she seen
Our Bavaria's gentle queen!'

"The pretty little queen, seated beneath her crimson velvet canopies, appeared quite affected, and almost ready to weep. King Ludwig, who sat beside her, clapped his hands, and smiled, and bowed, and seemed most highly delighted. The young Queen wore in her tiara of diamonds a sprinkling of *Edelweiss*, which at a distance produced the

effect of pearls. This secret of the royal toilet had evidently been betrayed beforehand to the fools. The lines are said to be the composition of the Painter Teichlein; the music was by Baron Perfall—the handsome Musical Director of last year's Artists' Ball."

CHAPTER XX.

SPRING PICTURES.

THIS last week has been Passion-week; and as usual all Munich was rushing from church to church: but this year I did not rush with them—I only went to two churches with Isabel, when she had no other companion.

This year, someway, all looked faded and weariful to me. The only thing that I beheld which I did not see last spring was a group of peasants in the Basilica, kissing the wounds of a fearful crucifix, which was laid upon the altar steps. A dreadful spectacle!

This morning I went with Isabel to hear high mass performed in the Hofkapelle, as the music is very fine there on Easter Sunday. The robes of the priest, all gold, rose-colour and green, were beautiful; and the troop of elegant court pages in their blue and silver, bearing their burning tapers, and gracefully bending their handsome little silk-stockinged legs, was pretty; but that was all. I feel as though I had had enough of pageantry for some time to come.

April.—There is no denying now that Spring is at hand; yet as I am still far from ready to bid adieu to Munich, I am inclined to close my eyes to her signals, which each day greet me on my walks through the English Garden. Dog's-mercury and the lovely glossy arum leaves are rapidly

revealing their vernal beauty. I see pale oxlips nodding here and there upon mossy banks, and bunches of them lie withering upon the pathways, gathered farther on in the Garden by children's hands, and then dropped. At times, as the sense of rapidly-approaching Spring forces itself upon my unwilling eyes, most ungratefully do I long that the beautiful unfolding leaves would, for a short, short time, pause in their unfoldings—would curl themselves up again in their gummy buds and their delicate silky spathes; for all will have burst in fullness of beauty, and will be over, before one's heart has recognised and rejoiced in it, and another tender, beautiful Spring will have vanished away, like a swift dream, out of one's life.

But it is not alone by leaves and blossoms that Spring announces her advent in the English Garden; she announces it in many ways, and in none more lovely than by her gulls. Do not say I am *gulling* you when I talk of *gulls* in the English Garden. The other morning, as I neared the little bridge crossing the rushing branch of the Isar, opposite to Prinz Carl's Palace, not many hundred yards from the town, and below the very palace windows, I beheld a number of large white-winged birds, careering wildly through the air, just over the little bridge. The garden resounded with their shrill cries. There must have been about a hundred of these birds, at the very least. Now they flapped their broad white wings, till they gleamed and glanced dazzlingly in the sunlight; now they poised their quivering grey bodies in the deep blue sky, or balanced themselves upon the sparkling green waves of the rushing water; and then again darted up, up, up, away high into the sky—whirling among the distant leafless trees, like a cloud of white butterflies—their wild cries echoing joyously, vernally, through the lawns and groves of the wild, park-like Garden. It was a lovely, joyous bit of poetry.

I understand that these birds come at a certain time each Spring, for a few days, to particular spots in the English Garden, and then again disappear entirely. They come in search of a peculiar kind of food. They fly many miles from a lake among the mountains, each night returning to roost in their Alpine home.

The other evening, upon this same bridge, I had another pleasant peep into the lives of small woodland creatures. A brisk squirrel suddenly dropped down from a tree before me, glanced at me with his roguish black eyes, set up his tawny, bushy tail, paused for a moment, as if gazing at and meditating upon the slavery endured by the poor sentinel, pacing with glittering bayonet before the ducal palace, then sprang nimbly up again upon the tree, disappearing in the network of branches.

The *gardeneresses* also announce that Spring is at hand. Coming suddenly upon a group of these the other day in the English Garden, I was considerably staggered for the first moment with regard to their sex. All wore hats—broad-brimmed and narrow-brimmed—slouch hats, Tyrolean hats, straw hats, and felt hats and beaver hats—green, grey, black, and brown. All wore handkerchiefs tied beneath their hats—red, orange, blue-and-white striped, spotted, and checked. All wore very short, thick petticoats, and very clumsy shoes—some even big boots—and many wore coats—great-coats or jackets—drab, brown, and black. All had rakes in their hands, and were raking away heaps and heaps of dead leaves as fast as they could rake. Their faces were the faces of old men, not of women.

Never, certainly, did I encounter a more astounding company of *odd-fellows*.

Smiling to myself, I passed this group of gardeneresses, and crossing the rustic bridge which spans a second branch of the Isar flowing through the garden, I beheld approaching

the bridge over which I leaned, a small raft, formed of a few huge pine-tree stems, come rushing along with the current. The water dashed over the little raft, and between the mighty stems, drenching the great leathern boots of the men who guided the raft. And what a calling of cheery voices there was!—what a brushing past of overhanging trees and shrubs!—what a clever management of the long, rude helm!

A fresh raft was now seen to shoot forth from behind a bend in the river's bank; and there was more shouting and more clever steering; and then, gliding beneath the bridge upon which I stood, the two rafts danced merrily along towards a second and still more picturesque rustic bridge farther down the stream, above which soared a whirling crowd of my favourite gulls. Again came a third raft—and another—and another!

Doubtless these huge pine-trees, felled among the Alpine solitudes, were now departing, after their winter's sojourn in the Royal Munich Wood-Yard, on their long voyage to Vienna, or it might be even farther; perhaps they would float onward and onward, the rafts joining together as the stream ever widened, till they approached Turkey.

Baron H——, I recollect, once described to me an excursion which some student he knew had made to Vienna on a raft. In description, at all events, it sounded very delightful. The floating so dreamily along the solemn Danube—the peculiar life among the raftsmen—the pausing for the night with the raft at old-world villages upon the banks—villages far away from the beaten path of ordinary travellers—the glimpses of a quaint, fresh peasant life opening out before you in the talk of the raftsmen and of the villagers—all this, I well remember, most pleasantly affected my imagination. I remember also that a sort of little sigh for a moment heaved itself up in my heart as he described

it: "Oh, if I were but a man, then would I voyage with a raft!"

But, thank God! such silly sighs as this do not often heave themselves up in my heart; for the longer I live, the less grows my sympathy with women who are always wishing themselves men. I cannot but believe that all in life that is truly noble, truly good, truly desirable, God bestows upon us women in as unsparing measure as upon men. He only desires us, in His great benevolence, to stretch forth our hands and to gather for ourselves the rich joys of intellect, of nature, of study, of action, of love, and of usefulness, which He has poured forth around us. Let us only cast aside the false, silly veils of prejudice and fashion, which ignorance has bound about our eyes; let us lay bare our souls to God's sunshine of truth and love; let us exercise the intelligence which He has bestowed on us upon worthy and noble objects, and this intelligence may become keen as that of men; and the paltry high heels and whalebone supports of mere drawing-room conventionality and young ladyhood withering up, we shall stand in humility before God, but proudly and rejoicingly at the side of man—different always, but not less noble, less richly endowed!

All this we may do, without losing one jot or one tittle of our womanly spirit, but rather attain solely to these good, these blessed gifts, through a prayerful and earnest development of those germs of peculiar purity, of tenderest delicacy and refinement, with which our Heavenly Father has so especially endowed the woman.

Let beauty and grace, spiritual and external, be the garments of our souls. Let love be the very essence of our being —love of God, of man, and of the meanest created thing; love that is strong to endure, strong to renounce, strong to achieve! Alone through the strength of love, the noblest, the most refined of all strength—our blessed Lord Himself

having lived and died teaching it to us—have great and good women hitherto wrought their noble deeds in the world; and alone through the strength of an all-embracing love will the noble women who have yet to arise, work noble works or enact noble deeds.

Let us emulate, if you will, the strength of determination which we admire in men, their earnestness and fixedness of purpose, their unwearying energy, their largeness of vision; but let us never sigh after their lower so-called *privileges*, which when they are sifted with a thoughtful mind, are found to be the mere husks and chaff of the rich grain belonging to *humanity*, and not alone to men.

The assumption of masculine airs or of masculine attire, or of the absence of tenderness and womanhood in a mistaken struggle after strength, can never sit more gracefully upon us than do the men's old hats, and great-coats, and boots, upon the poor old gardeneresses of the English Garden. Let such of us who have devoted ourselves to the study of an art—the interpreter to mankind at large of God's beauty—especially remember this, that the highest ideal in life as well as in art has ever been the blending of the beautiful and the tender with the strong and the intellectual.

But I have wandered away in thought from the Royal Wood-Yard, which I was just about to enter after leaving the English Garden and rustic bridge, and where, this pleasant Spring-tide, I am constantly observing things striking and peculiar to my English eyes.

I confess to an unaccountable affection for this wood-yard. It is not beautiful, nor particularly quaint, but someway it has seized hold of my fancy, and it is just one of those spots which, in after years, when my head reposes on its English pillow, will often rise up dreamily before me, and in fancy I shall again and again be walking along the raised pathway beside the rushing green mill-stream, with

softly turfed banks sloping down, and then the acres of wood-yard stretching away on one hand, whilst the water rushes on the other. I shall see the heaps and heaps of carefully-stacked wood piled up for royal consumption; I shall hear the distant sawing and chopping of workmen; I shall see their little grey huts and houses sprinkled here and there.

Perhaps it is mid-winter, frost and snow lying on the ground. In through the huge grey gates rattles and jolts a long grey wagon, drawn by four beautiful horses, upon one of which is mounted a man in the royal livery. It is a royal wagon come to fetch the royal wood for burning in the royal stoves; and another long wagon, drawn by equally handsome horses soon follows it. Men begin instantly piling the wagons with wood, and a wagon already laden making its appearance from the more distant part of the enclosure, rattles with its four mettlesome horses and blue-liveried postillion bravely away through the great gates. A splendid piece of timber tumbles off from the royal load as the wagon sways through them, but the royal servant and royal horses never deign to stop for a piece of lost wood, and rattle still bravely up the road.

A poor shrivelled little old woman, with a kerchief of orange and blue tied over her shaking head, and shading the grotesque features of a thorough "Märchenfrau," comes tottering along over the frosty ground, and perceives the mighty prize. She darts upon it with sudden agility, she casts furtive glances around, she wraps it up in her crimson stuff apron, and quietly pursues her way. Poor old Märchenfrau! I will not tell of your little theft to the watchers in the wood-yard; I know as well as you do, although your blear eyes can no longer read the words, that nailed up upon these very gates are official denunciations against all thieves, purloiners, and smokers of pipes or cigars within the precincts of the Royal Enclosure; nevertheless, pursue fearlessly

your way home to your wretched dwelling, miserable little old woman, for you are no great sinner after all. Muttering confused words about "cold" and "the dearness of wood," you had come tottering across the rich wood-yard, and never had reached your hands towards the tempting stacks of the King's wood; when at the very threshold, out in the road, lay a fine piece of timber, surely it must have been flung down for you by the loving hands of the Angel of Mercy!

Now in fancy I see quite a different scene going on in the wood-yard. The snow and ice have vanished from the earth, there is a vernal freshness in the air, a softness, an awakening life. Water is pouring in from all the sluices of the mill-stream, the green mill-stream itself is dashing and tumbling about like a mad thing. All the wood-yard is transformed into a small lake, intersected by the raised pathways which cross it here and there; and tumbling over each other, and hurrying, and pushing and scrambling, and pitching, come hosts and thousands of small pieces of timber, carried along by the rushing waters. The little lake is covered with a navy of many thousand pieces of wood.

Men are running to and fro with poles, pushing along stranding pieces of timber, or inspecting the flow of water, the dykes, and dams, and locks. It is a very animated scene, and the children of the St. Anna suburb know this, and all the day groups of children may be seen watching and shouting with merriment as the waters continue to flow along, bearing upon their small green waves these miniature navies.

But gradually the waters fall and fall, dry land appears, and the thousands of stranded pieces of wood are carefully piled up into the innumerable large stacks which adorn for the greater portion of the year this Royal Wood-Yard.

Or again, I see a singular operation going on. The waters have vanished from the mill-stream; its course over moss-grown piles is laid bare. Instead of clear rushing waters, through which, looking down in autumn, you had watched with delight the brilliant leaves fallen from the overhanging trees, lying there like gorgeous gems of scarlet, and gold, and amethyst, imbedded in richest green velvet, you only now see slimy, ugly brown tresses of water-moss and weeds. Men are busily at work in the water-course; the old moss-grown piles gradually disappear, and fresh ones are being driven in. And what an extraordinary process this is of driving in the piles! In early morning, late in the afternoon, and all day long you hear the monotonous and peculiar cry of the workmen, as they, standing together in a ring, each holding a cord in his hand attached to a rough machine within the circle, tall poles acting as a fulcrum, they raise by their united power a tremendous weight, letting it fall again upon the head of the pile; then by repeated blows driving it in. There is the short monotonous cry of the men, then the dull heavy fall of the huge weight upon the pile, then again a pause, once more the monotonous cry, the dull blow, and the pause—and this with a strange uniformity all the long day through, continuing even often for weeks at a time.

It is as monotonous to watch the driving in of these piles as it is to listen to it. The men move as if portions of some marvellously-quaint machine, not as if they were men; their pink and chocolate and dark-blue cotton jackets and blouses, with here and there a scarlet cap or green Tyrolese hat, in the distance forming a motley mosaic.

The pleasantest scene of all in the wood-yard is when the bell for noontide prayer sounds from the near Franciscan chapel. The tolling of the bell comes fitfully across the trees upon the balmy April breeze, the turf is studded with golden

ficaries, and dandelions and trefoil, and silver daisies ; round-faced children from the neighbouring suburb have strayed into the wood-yard,—they are making little nosegays and garlands with the flowers ; they are a group to delight the heart of Ludwig Richter, the Dresden artist. Away above the stretch of the grey acres of stacked wood rises a line of noble trees, the frontier trees of the English Garden, and above them sweep the azure spring heavens, with streaks of cirrus-cloud enhancing their loveliness. In the foreground, before a carpenter's shed built of grey weather-beaten planks, and its open doors revealing heaps of shavings and a carpenter's bench, stands a group of workmen, youths and old men, and men of middle age ; their dress is quaint, and with dashes of rich colour about it ; here a scarlet cap, there a deep maroon or indigo jacket. They are standing close together.

As the first toll of the monastery bell swells on the breeze, each head bows itself upon the breast : the silver locks of the old artisan, the crisp dark curls of the youth, the scanty grizzled hair of the man in middle life—are uncovered to the sun. A dull murmur of prayer breaks from their lips, and they cross themselves devoutly upon brow and breast.

The children have flung their flowers upon the grass, and pray also.

Easter Sunday.—This afternoon the Werffs apparently have been rendered somewhat choleric by eating meat after their long fast. Although it was meat blessed by the priest, and, therefore, holy meat, they have had a grand quarrel!

Poor old souls ! I cannot avoid smiling when I recall the scene,—or rather the sounds. For two whole hours we had heard talk ! talk ! talk ! and that too in the loudest of voices. I supposed at first that this was merely some Easter visit they were receiving, and thereby explained why Fräulein

Sänchen had never made her appearance for the removal of our table-cloth after our dinner.

I opened the door,—so very extraordinary waxed the sounds; and I then heard the voice of Madame Thekla at its highest pitch proceeding from her little sitting-room, interspersed every now and then with a short scornful laugh. At the same time, out of the kitchen, Fräulein Sänchen poured forth another torrent of words with ditto laugh,—scouring away meanwhile vehemently; yes, scouring away although it was Easter Sunday afternoon. Scouring is her joy and consolation, I verily believe.

Perceiving how matters stood, I broke in with a loud ringing of our hand-bell.

Having arranged her features into becoming calmness, the poor old Fräulein made her appearance.

"Have you had company, Fräulein Sänchen?" I asked: "what a tremendous talking there has been in your kitchen!"

"No! no! SHE'S angry!" replied the old creature, removing the table-cloth, and uttering the words with such a comically black thunder-cloud look—with such an irresistible nod and then a wink—that had she only been a comic actress she would have made her fortune.

"*Ja! Ja!* SIE *ist böse!*" And this was all she would vouchsafe about the grand quarrel. When she comes in she nods, and when she goes out she winks, and between the two wears the thunder-cloud upon her brow. To-day she had put on, for the first time since Lent, her favourite string of blue glass beads round the thinnest and most yellow of poor old necks. Pity is it that Dickens never saw her, for then, of a truth, she would have been immortalised, with her oddity, her faithfulness, her good-nature, and her crossness.

This winter the exclamations each evening of "*Immer*

so fleissig! Immer so fleissig!" have by no means lessened: and my nervous dread of them has only increased in a tenfold degree. Our rule has become to put aside any occupation we may be engaged upon just before the expected advent of the good Fräulein, which is always about nine o'clock; after which she and her sister lock themselves into their rooms for the night, good early souls! The best plan to escape the nerve-torturing "*Immer so fleissig! Immer so fleissig!*" is to lie upon the sofa with your head buried in the pillow, as if asleep. Alas, dear old Fräulein, how often have we been forced to practise this innocent deceit! and as thy dear old feet have trod with hushed and stealthy steps across and across our room, arranging any thing that might be out of its place, and with anxious silence thou hast set down upon a distant table our wondrous "tea-machine,"—our portable *kitchen*, in fact—by means of which we often prepare a cup of chocolate or boil an egg for our suppers; yes, as we have listened, smiling with shaded faces, to thy stealthy footsteps, how have our hearts smote us for even so small a piece of hypocrisy towards one whose heart was full of such sterling goodness as is thine!

If, however, beguiled by interest in our occupation, we have forgotten the flight of time and the arrival of the "tea-machine," then woe betide us! I have heard Isabel stop short in some sweet *Volks-Lied*, which she was singing for my especial delectation, and rush into some ear-piercing exercise, or rattle over the keys of the piano, in order to render it impossible for our innocent tormentor to gain a word from her. Still would she remain conscious of eyes fixed upon her with a gaze of admiring astonishment,—of a face held most pertinaciously upon one side,—of a pair of poor old bony hands crossed patiently over the pit of the Fräulein's stomach; and

the words "*Immer so fleissig! Immer so fleissig!*" would pierce to Isabel's nerves, spite of shriekings or thunder of piano-keys.

As for Anna! her resource in such extremities is intense abstraction: if she is writing lettters how intolerably fast does her pen scratch over the paper—often words of utter nonsense! Her head is never raised, yet her eyes see, as if by *clairvoyance*, that droll old visage ogling her across the room, and she hears, above the scratch of the pen, the "*Immer so fleissig! Immer so fleissig!* dropping from her lips. Thus will the two continue,—the one to scribble in frantic haste with unraised head, the other gazing at her from a distance with eyes of humble wonder mingled with rising ill-humour—until the old Fräulein flounces off in a huff, remaining black as a thunder-cloud for the next four-and-twenty hours; or Anna is fairly vanquished, and raising her face smiles! and is repaid by a ten-minutes' martyrdom of exclamations over her "*Fleiss*," and over her extraordinary correspondence, and of enquiries after every "*Herr*," "*Frau*," and "*Fräulein*" member of her "much-respected and highly well-born family"—unlucky Anna! Or if Anna is drawing, then is the martyrdom somewhat varied.

"Ah, when," says the loquacious soul, "will people learn in their youth to spare their precious, dear little eyes? Ah!" she knew well—that she did—what it was to overwork the eyes!—yes, yes! she knew well enough the temptation of the *Fine Arts!* Had she not worked bell-ropes, and smoking-caps, and pocket-books, on the finest, finest canvas? Did not she know what it was to do fine work? Had not she embroidered flowers, and scrolls, and landscapes, in silk, wool, and cotton? That she had! Had she not when in the convent embroidered and fine-sewn, together with the other young ladies, a whole set of baby-clothes for the daughter of the Electress! That she had,

indeed! And had she not got up by peep of day to embroider! And had she not sat up late at night and embroidered! That she had! And had not she knitted two dozen pair of finest-patterned stockings for her lady sister! That she had, and she would show us them, too!—(this for about the twelfth time) and the bell-rope, also, in the next room, was her work. There was no bell, certainly; but the bell-rope of such fine work was hers! That it was. Yes, yes, we might think that our eyes would not fail—but she knew better, that she did—and she knew what the Fine Arts were! And her hands, too! we might think *they* never could have held a delicate needle; but, yes, indeed, they had: but old age—old age, and scouring, and washing, and cooking, they spoilt any hands! Ah, if the dear Fräulein would but take warning, and not ruin their dear little eyes over the Fine Arts!"

Alas! dear old Fräulein, after many such a gossip as this, repeated for the twentieth time, often have I thought how that neither thou nor Anna had yet attained to the practice of the truest and most difficult of all the Fine Arts ever taught or studied,—the *Art of Living with Others:* and often have I wondered, as I have felt a struggle between compassion, love, and irritation contend within my spirit, whether this Art ever *is* attained in this world to perfection. Truly alone in the New Testament do we find the teachings of this Fine Art; as, I believe, also may be found teachings for all other Fine Arts. Yes, even for the Fine Arts, so called, *par excellence.* But I cannot now branch out into this theory of mine, which at times has risen up before me with an especial loveliness.

CHAPTER XXI.

CARTOONS.

April. — In Kaulbach's studio, this week, there is a drawing which has especially struck me by its beauty. It is a design in charcoal, finished with exquisite care, —one only of the vast number of designs which this great man is ever creating, with inexhaustible fancy and imagination.

It represents Mercury announcing to Calypso the command of Jove that Ulysses shall depart. Calypso is seated beneath a rural alcove, in a languid dream. The luxuriant foliage of a southern clime clambers up the stem of a palm tree growing beside the alcove, and wreathing all with beauty. The hot noontide sun flings clear broad shadows from the tangle of leaves and blossoms across the front of the bower, where sits the lovely enchantress. The upper portion of her figure is thrown into shadow by the luxuriant foliage, her beautifully rounded figure revealing itself through her softly clinging drapery; her hand is listlessly resting on her lap, and holds the shuttle of the loom which stands beside her. Her beautiful face is raised with dreamy listlessness towards young Mercury, who, standing out in the broad sunlight, his winged feet just alighted upon earth, points with extended arm and caduceus towards the mournful Ulysses, who, with bowed head, is seated far out in the glare of sunlight, beyond the rustic alcove, upon the margin of the sea.

Gentle little waves roll in towards the mournful Ulysses;

but he heeds them not. An extended flight of migratory birds—the key-note of his thoughts—stretches itself across the sky, winging its way over the ocean, as he sits mournfully, with bowed head, in the sunshine.

At the feet of Calypso, in a chafing-dish, burn fragrant woods and gums, the soft smoke curling up among the rich foliage of the bowery alcove, and across the goddess's antique lyre, which leans against the palm-tree stem. Doves flutter and coo among the palm branches. All is as soft, tender, and full of an enchanted languor, as the poetry of Keats, yet strong withal as old Chapman's Homer.

The small cartoons and studies for colour for the completion of the New-Pinakothek frescos have been made this early spring by Kaulbach.

The principal one of these designs represents the Artists' Festival in Munich in 1845; the other designs are simply single whole-length portraits of the great German painters whose works will be contained within the New-Pinakothek —Cornelius, Schnorr, etc.—with decoration of garlands upborne by lovely children,—graceful, of course, but in no way especially remarkable.

The Artists' Festival of 1845 is a link in the series of frescos illustrative of the history of modern German Art to which I have already referred.

It introduces us into the very heart of the whimsical and picturesque jollity of German artist-life. The groups are as if suddenly transferred from the Artists' Masquerade to the canvas. In the centre of the composition rises Schwanthaler's statue of King Ludwig arrayed in his royal robes. A bevy of fair maidens crowned with flowers surrounds the statue, binding garlands with which to adorn it: one, seated upon an upturned rustic basket, leaning slightly back from the group, hangs a wreath

of roses upon an emblazoned shield presented to her by a page.

Upon a slightly raised platform beyond this group stands, in semi-circle, a marvellously comic array of singers,—a dash of Kaulbach's Hogarthian satire. The gravity and quaint distortion of the countenances and attitudes are irresistibly droll. That huge stout man with the ear-rings, and with the bearing and countenance of a Friar Tuck, sending forth with deep complacency the most sonorous of bass notes from his broad ponderous chest, and whose tidily smoothed hair is adorned with a garland of vine-leaves, is a wondrous contrast to the meagre, excited, yet withal most earnest countenances of several of the other singers, and to the calm dignity of the musical director.

Above the singers hang festooned insignia of the festival, bound together with gay streamers and garlands, and slung from golden and richly-wrought columns; and on either hand of them presses on a group of Munich painters, wearing their gorgeous and whimsical array. Here is a gathering of slashed sleeves, glittering chivalrous armour, ermine-lined mantles, and embroidered doublets. There behold the grave and noble costume of Albert Dürer; a workman from the Bronze Foundry in his leathern apron; and again slashed sleeves, garlanded brows, and caps of mediæval cut.

Meanwhile, to the right of the bevy of fair damsels who are calmly binding their fresh garlands, and below the platform, an extraordinary war is being waged. Sir Fresco and Sir Oil—mad urchins upon hobby-horses—are tilting at each other; their lances are mahl-sticks, their shields are palettes. Sir Fresco is unhorsing unlucky Sir Oil, whose mahl-stick is broken, and whose visor is being pierced by his antagonist's lance. The little Monk

of Munich (*München*, the crest of the city taken from its name) is laughingly bending forward, about to crown the victor.

The counterpart to this merry episode is a group of mad fools.

When the delicious May had returned, and the whole land was once more redolent of spring,—when in early mornings the English Garden was filled with a very concert of eloquent blackbirds and thrushes, and in the balmy evenings with soft strains of wind instruments floating through the freshly opened leaves and blossoms, Isabel and Anna said to each other, Now we will take a delicious holiday after the long days of winter industry; now we will set forth for a whole week of happiness to the neighbourhood of Starnberg. Anna all day shall sketch quaint and lovely bits of nature, and architecture, and weeds, and picturesque peasants, to her heart's content. Isabel shall study her German among fresh leaves and flowers and beneath a cloudless azure sky, and gather up old melodies and songs to sing in her English home, with her sweet clear voice. Yes! such a holiday shall be enjoyed by them as never before has been enjoyed by any two female students!

Later on, too, in the warm summer, they will pay that long talked-of, long dreamed-of, visit to the kind Von ——s, in their beautiful, poetical home among the mountains; and there Isabel, beside lore of German and mountain melodies, shall gather up much knowledge in the stately kitchen from the sweet artist-sister,—the "Blush Rose,"—as celebrated in the family circle for the mystic preparation of certain celestial viands as for her Art, —viands so lovely to the eye that all artist-souls mourn over their demolition.

Anna said, "Thank God, at last my soul will steep itself in the deep joy of those Alpine peaks,—of those clear, deep, green Alpine waters, of those rare and gorgeous Alpine flowers!" Anna already felt her spirit "seated upon an Alp as on a throne."

But, although May was come, the Great Painter was still in Munich, and at his studio, and would not yet, for several weeks, depart on his usual summer journey! and so long as he, the Priest of the Art-Temple, remained, the "Art-Student" would remain also, a faithful recipient of the food of knowledge which his gracious words scattered around him. Thus Anna always said; "When the Great Painter is gone,—then will we take our holiday, then will we go and see —— and —— and ——'s studios; then will we go *really* to Nymphenburg, walk in the stately gardens, and see the far-famed fountains play; then will we visit the decaying palace of Schleissheim, and discover in its gallery Wilkie's "Opening of the Will;" then of a truth will we have a long day's enjoyment at the much-vaunted Menterschwaig; then will we witness the arrival of a pilgrimage up among the woods at the chapel of Maria-Eich; then will we inspect a great Brewery; then will we fairly exhaust the "lions" of Munich.

But all must remain unseen, unenjoyed, till after the departure of the Great Painter; to desert the studio until then could not be thought of.

But letters arrived for Anna, which suddenly put to flight all these day-dreams.

Various of her beloved ones from the dear old home in England were setting forth upon a long voyage—they were setting forth to Australia for a season. When Anna read these letters the words swam before her eyes; she was like one in an astounding dream. She rejoiced that her beloved ones should visit this marvellous Australia, should ex-

perience the poetry of a great voyage and of a new land; but the Alps, the glories of German art, the beauty of her own and of Isabel's calm life, seemed to fade before her. An immense yearning after the beloved departing ones filled her soul, and nothing but setting forth immediately for England could calm her.

Then came a strange time of adieus, and of packing-up clothes, books, and drawings in all haste. Then came the last hour in the beloved old studio.—the last hour in the dismantled sitting-room of the dear Munich home, with Isabel declaring that when Anna was gone, and had carried off her drawings and prints from the walls, all would look so changed that she could not endure to remain in the same house, although it was with the good old Werffs. At last came the final moment at the railway, when Anna, seated in the corner of a carriage, waved her hand to dear Isabel, as she stood beside Fräulein Sänchen, who was crying into her big white pocket-handkerchief, and to various friends come to bid a last adieu.

Then the steam-whistle shrieked through the air, and away dashed the train. Yet, as hour after hour removed the Art-Student from the beautiful Art-city of Munich, only the more noble did the Art there and the artist-life rise up before her, as if transfigured in her soul.

CHAPTER XXII.

TWENTY YEARS LATER.

1872.—Twenty years have vanished like a dream since the steam-whistle shrieking through the air, the train bore Anna—the Art-Student—away from her beloved Munich.

Many and varied the pictures, the combinations of people, things and places which have been presented to her since then, as the mysterious Kaleidoscope of Life has moved before her vision. Still the scenes of Munich have ever retained for her a freshness, a magical charm, surrounded as they were by the bright halo of youth. Twenty years have rolled away, and again comes a glimpse of the dear Art-city—though it be but a passing glimpse!

Those beloved ones to whom Anna's letters were addressed from Munich, and out of which these volumes grew, spend now their summers in "the land Tyrol." Their summer home is within a certain ancient baronial manor-house amongst its green hills.

Anna's own home is in London. For years her husband and she have planned together to visit Munich. Alfred and Anna would visit all the familiar, beloved places—familiar to the one alone through his sympathy and imagination; to the other, through memory. They speculated as to whether they should make a pilgrimage to Ammergau to witness together the "Passion-Play," in 1871—since Anna's visit in the simple, old days become so world-famous. But, no! *that* they will not do, lest the recollec-

tion of the primitive Miracle-Play should become blurred. To Ammergau they will not repair; but assuredly some happy summer's day they will visit Munich! Walk together through the familiar streets—sit in the churches—visit the studio of the "Master"—once more, perhaps, converse with him—study his works and the works of other painters new and old, completed within the last twenty years—familiarise themselves with all the new features of the old places!—"Yarrow" must be "re-visited."

The Kaleidoscope of Life, turning ever in the hand of Fate, brings once more its Munich combinations; but its revolution has not yet brought the images to the eyes of the two. It is in a letter to her husband that Anna writes of Munich re-visited.

After all these years I was again approaching the Art-city! At early dawn, suddenly waking up in the train, I found that we were whisking across a dense forest of silver fir-trees. Their white stems gleamed, amidst clouds of white fleecy mist, like columns of silver. What a land of solitude we were speeding through! I greeted with "effusion" the well-remembered features of the "Hochebene"—the high, desolate plateau upon which Munich stands. As the fog gradually cleared, we found ourselves still for hours passing through forests of fir, alternating with moorland or sparsely-cultivated land. Few were the villages, hamlets, and farms. The wayside crosses rising gauntly against a wide expanse of sky, the churches with their slender spires, the naked-looking, wooden houses—all were familiar objects, rising from the desolation of the vast moorland, interspersed here and there with patches of forest, or clumps of trees—all fir-trees. Years and years ago Munich artists, in their illustrations for the *People's Almanacks* and other popular publications, through a few clever rough-lines had "interpreted" for us the gaunt originality of form in all these

objects. I had forgotten how very grim was the character of the landscape. Yet, as seen at early dawn, with the black forests, the dun-coloured moorlands, and the amber-saffron of the morning heavens, not without a pathetic sentiment peculiarly its own that smote one's heart; the slender black line of a naked cross or spire rising into the clear sky, or the gable-end of a little shrine telling black against the sunrise, were the key-note to the plaintive melody. My Munich "art-spectacles," so to speak, fitted themselves again to my eyes as I looked forth from the window of the rushing train. This desolation, this gauntness, unfolded its inner life and mystery.

It was four o'clock of a bright summer morning when my dear father and I drank our matutinal cups of coffee beneath a wooden "shanty" in the midst of a fir-wood. Then on again we sped for hours across bog-land and forest. Ever again the same plaintive monotony of villages, hamlets, shrines, crosses, desolate plain, fir-wood.

At length we reach well-defined landmarks. Here assuredly are the woods of the Park of Nymphenburg! Here the highway, lined by its rows of fruit-trees, leading like a huge artery of life to the city! Along its well-remembered dust and its well-remembered snow, how often had my happy, weary feet tramped in olden days! There is truly Munich herself rising up from the vast plain in the shape of the twin, round-capped red towers of the Frauenkirche! We have reached the terminus! But how much larger has grown the station! I am in a new world! I feel lost—bewildered! *My* Munich has passed through a strange transformation! It is a town in itself, this Munich terminus. I have to call to remembrance that during these years Munich, like all the rest of the world, has been "suffering a sad sea (or land) change." King Ludwig himself, since last I stood here, has passed from

the scene—he who seemed as much a part and portion of the city as the old twin towers of the cathedral! King Max, too, whom we used to call "the *young* King," is gone also; and his son, "the young King," "reigneth in his stead."

We would so willingly have stayed a day at least in Munich—the dear Father and I—and looked about us; but, alas! our delay in Cologne through the loss of our luggage rendered that impossible. We were bound that very day —nay, within the next few hours—to enter the gate of Paradise beyond the Art-city—to pass through that gorge in the Alpine chain towards which, during my sojourn in Munich, I had looked so longingly. Yes, at last, I was to enter that lovely Tyrolese world, with its legend and history of saint and warrior, of minnesänger and hero—that land of a primitive, high-souled, warm-hearted peasant people, living amidst their wonders of valley, crag, and gleaming glacier; of forest and water-fall; of glowing skies and tender, yet richly-tinted, flowers—that world of poetry of which again and again the great painter in the bygone days had spoken with a flashing eye and kindling enthusiasm. In the old manor-house amidst the mountains, within its yellow and pink fresco-covered walls, were not the dear mother and sister already anxiously awaiting us? No; we must not pause in the Art-city, with all its attractions, longer than to change our train and prepare ourselves for our further journey.

You may believe, however, that amid this changing of trains, this hunting after luggage—this hunting, too, after food—that my eyes were ever searching for old memories and new surprises!

Glimpses we caught of seemingly-endless series of new decorations in the old portions of the Munich Railway Terminus, now grown, as we experienced, considerably too small for the accommodation of the host of travellers

cooped up—like so many famished and over-heated wild beasts—in its waiting-rooms. Glimpses we caught above our heads of beautiful faces of gods, and demi-gods, and heroes; of winged symbolic creatures and grotesque monsters; of beautiful, shining inlaid pavements beneath our feet; a glimpse, too, of cruel satire upon our condition of famished travellers, in a semi-grotesque and entirely-modern interpretation of Eve's presentation of the apple to Adam! None but the hand and brain of a Kaulbach could have created this mythic rendering of a very real fact!

The train whirled us away in an utterly-bewildered and semi-famished condition—away in the bright morning's sunshine through the air, which already seemed to us to have a mountain fragrance and *crispness* in it—away, by the most circuitous of curving lines, all along the outskirts of the Art-city, towards the dreamlike mountains which we saw lying along the horizon in the cloudless sky, heaped-up like purple clouds.

Munich was—and was *not*—Munich to me! I felt like one in a trance. Surely I was not awake, and in the waking world! Close to the line I behold a thick, green grove! No such grove was there in *my* Munich! Above it rose, and was seen distinctly against the clear pale-blue morning sky, a mighty bronze hand, which grasped a bronze wreath of oak-leaves! It was assuredly the hand of the Bavaria! Another moment, and we beheld the two white wings of the Temple of Fame gleaming out against the dark background of trees—the trees which had arisen within the twenty years—trees which I wot not of. In front stood, as of old, the colossal Bavaria. From the train, however, she appeared no longer of colossal proportions. Yet there before her stretched the Theresienwiese, where were held the people's festivals. Beyond lay Munich out in the sunny plain beneath the cloudless blue expanse of heaven, bathed

in sunshine. Munich looked a fairy-land city—so bright, with its pink and pale green and white houses; the houses seemed little more than toy-houses, so small and stainless. Towers, and domes, and steeples, and pinnacles there rose into the sunny air. The Palace I recognised—the dome of the Church of the Theatines—the red twin towers of the Frauenkirche—the white twin steeples of the Ludwigskirche—the green-and-gold-tiled roof of the Aukirche, glittering in the sunshine like the scaly back of a mythic dragon; but there was a church with three spires which I did *not* know, and a commanding building, like a palace, of pale pink, which I also did not know! The rose-coloured palace, someone observed in the train, "is the college for the education of youths preparing for the Civil Service! It is at the end of the Maximilianstrasse."—It was—and it was NOT—Munich. "Am I dreaming?" I asked myself, "or is it *really* that I am awake!" All became more and more unreal—all as "a vision of the morning, which passeth away, and is as it were not." Each moment the purple mountain barrier seemed to approach us; the plain became ever wilder with forest, moorland, and sedgy water; the mountains, more stern, more jagged; the cottages budded forth by degrees into full Tyrolese richness of shingled roof, balcony, and staircase; vines flung their graceful festoons over balcony and roof; nearer and nearer we approached this portal of the land of romance!—*this* blessed time, to enter and pass onward!

CHAPTER XXIII.

MUNICH AGAIN.—THE MASTER.

1873.—The turning of Life's Kaleidoscope brings, however, at last the reality of Munich to the eyes of both Anna and her husband. One moonlight night they find themselves leaning in the windows of the Hotel de Bavière, in the Promendeplatz, gazing out into the public garden. "Is it really Munich?" they exclaim. "Is this garden, with its statues showing darkly here and there against the moonlit sky, something more than a dream-garden? How pleasant is the sound of the plashing waters of the fountain amidst the trees! How pleasant the scent of leaves and flowers in the night air! Is that the arm of the hero of Belgrade, the Elector Max-Emanuel, brandishing his sword in the moonlight? Is it possible that we two are actually at last together in Munich?"

The bright sunshine next morning, however, still showed us actualities of the Art-City. The old spots were visited first by us,—then the new. Nothing surprised Anna more than to observe everywhere in the city the foliage of trees, the beauty of turf, the loveliness of brilliant flowers and foliage plants. All public squares in the old days had, with the exception, of course, of the *Hofgarten* and English Garden,—which were gardens proper,—been dry and barren. Now, however, "the wilderness had blossomed like the rose." Remarking upon this change, we learnt that

King Ludwig I., the artist-king, with his passionate admiration of Athens and *das liebe Griechenland*, caused the open spaces surrounding the public buildings which he erected to remain dry and bare. This was in order that his creations might the more thoroughly remind him of Athens and her beautiful ruins, standing in their desolate barrenness. A spray of foliage, a patch of grass—these would destroy the Greek illusion. King Ludwig dead, flowery gardens, blossoming trees, festooning creepers, came to life speedily. They may not be *Greek* in character, but they are refreshing and lovely.

The Propylæum, a Greek triumphal arch, erected in the Briennerstrasse, was to Anna a quite new feature of Munich, and rose in the centre of this un-Athenian luxuriance of vegetation. This arch was erected to signalize the struggles of the modern Greeks for freedom, and the events of King Otho's reign over them. By a curious coincidence, it was uncovered at the very epoch of the King's return to his home after his unsuccessful Greek experiment.

The Bavarian National Museum, in the now beautiful Maximiliansstrasse, had many attractions for Alfred and Anna. Many hours would they willingly have devoted to minute study of its invaluable treasure; but there yet remained for the travellers a combined pleasure and duty. They had not yet sought out the studio of "the Master."

We ascertained that the Master was in Munich. The porter at our hotel had once been in his service. From him Alfred ascertained that now, as formerly, the Master might on Sunday mornings by his friends be found at his studio. Long, long ago, had vanished the studio of the St. Anna suburb, with its vine-festooned doorways, and the encircling wilderness-field, gay with its thousand flowers. The present

one was within the building of the Academy of Fine Arts, of which Kaulbach is the Director, in the very middle of the old portion of the city.

Our way to the Academy led us through the ancient market-place, the *Schrannen* or *Marienplatz*, in the centre of which rises the column called the *Mariensaüle*, erected in memory of a victory gained by one of the Electors of Bavaria, in conjunction with the Imperial forces, over the luckless son-in-law of our James I.,—the Elector Palatine.

The market-square, always a favourite haunt of Anna—had of late years taken upon itself honours and decorations quite new to her eyes. The most strikingly-new feature was the *Rathshaus*, or Town Hall, erected in a Gothic style. In its front rose a new bronze fountain, designed and modelled, as the guide-book told us, by C. Kroll, and cast by Ferdinand Miller. It is called the *Fischbrunnen*, and commemorates by numerous figures, symbolic and otherwise, the far-famed *Metzgersprung*, or butchers' leap,—that bathing of the stalwart butcher-lads in the ice-cold waters during a visitation of the plague. Was it, perchance, a mediæval hydropathic cure, which acted as a baptism of the whole city into new hope and life? Glancing at the rich decorations of the *Fischbrunnen*, at its statues of the fantastically-attired butcher-apprentices—of the musicians, dumbly playing upon their old-world musical instruments—and at the crouching figures below, representative of Plague and Cholera—we passed on towards the Academy.

Might not a whisper have come to us that that crouching Cholera was a prophecy in stone, as well as a memorial? Already was the rumour abroad that cholera—the hateful, active reality, not a stone effigy—was even now lying in wait stealthily in the bye-ways of Munich, ready to pounce unawares upon her inhabitants!

Anna, that morning, as she looked towards the twin-towers of the Cathedral—reddened by sunrise to the ruddiest hue—had failed to see, circling round them in the clear air, her old friends the jackdaws, those ancient denizens of the *Frauenkirche.* The jackdaws, she ascertained, had, months previously, quitted Munich. Their keen bird-instinct had early scented the miasma. As usually happened before the breaking out in the Art-City of any deadly epidemic, all the birds had taken a sudden departure.

Statue and birds had uttered their warning, both for the city and for us. Our dull eyes, however, failed to read auguries of coming woe. Well is it, indeed, for poor human hearts, that eye and ear are dulled, and fail to catch the prophetic messages that art and nature proffer.

Shall I confess, that as we walked along the old market-place, and along the other well-remembered ways—passing through them all as in a strange half-dream—Anna grew nervous. She even proposed that they should not go to the Academy. Only that Alfred laughed at her outright, and, like the Ancient Mariner, "held her by his glittering eye," she would have escaped down some side street. She was shy. No recollection came to her—as might have done—of the kind message from the Master, which had, ever and anon, reached her at intervals through the past twenty years. She declared that he would have clean forgotten all about her—and why should they by their visit worry the great man? They were already close to the Academy this time; the *Hausmeister* had seen them; they were told, "You must knock at the second door, it will be locked; the *Herr Professor* is within; he has a model with him; but you must knock."

"He has a model with him!" cries Anna. "You see we cannot, therefore, possibly disturb him!"

"The glittering eye" held her. They are before the

second door. Anna knocks with a very gentle hand. I confess that Anna's heart might at that moment have been heard knocking louder than her knuckles. No reply: all silent. "Oh, do let us beat a retreat!" pleads Anna. Alfred only beats irreverently with his umbrella-knob upon the door. Men have no veneration. Now inside is heard a bustle—a movement—a tread of feet approaching the door. The door opens. Framed in the open doorway, stands the Master revealed. A black silk cap on his head—a port-crayon held in his right hand. There is the well-remembered countenance — the well-remembered figure. Not so thin as of old is he, but much greyer. His keen, bright artist-eyes—the clear seeing of which no weight of years can dim—look forth enquiringly.

Suddenly there is a flash of remembrance, a pleasurable recognition, in the Master's face; there is a hand-shaking—sudden exclamations on both sides. Alfred and Anna are both of them drawn into the studio by outstretched friendly hands. Anna's nervousness has vanished like a cloud of the night-season. The old days and the new day have merged into a delightful continuity.

The mutual exclamations of surprise at this sudden meeting, the hand-shakings, and the many enquiries, having at last somewhat subsided, only to be renewed at intervals in lesser degree every now and again during the visit—the model is for the time, spite of all remonstrance on our part, dismissed. We look around us in the studio. Here, as elsewhere, for Anna the new is inextricably blended with the old. In the centre of the room, amidst various other easels on which stood pictures, was a cartoon in progress, before which the Master had been evidently at work when disturbed by his visitors. As yet, in the upper portion, only one figure was completed. It was the figure of St. Michael descending from heaven, his hands grasping his terrible avenging sword. With extreme

enjoyment of his satire, this, the Master told us, represented the German St. Michael descending to destroy his enemies—Imperialism, Jesuitism, Infidelity, and the Papacy. "German Michael (*der deutsche Michael*), the 'Jacques bon homme' of France, the 'John Bull' of England—used to be regarded in past days," he observed, "as a quite stupid fellow, but we now could behold his transfiguration into the Archangel." Into this work Kaulbach was pouring the spirit of fervent patriotism, now at fever-heat, through his deep sympathies called forth by the recent great German war and victory, wherein Bavaria had taken so distinguished a part. His spirit of satire was finding free scope in the lower portion of the composition, the figures of which were, however, scarcely as yet more than indicated.

Other works, more fully completed, engaged next our attention. Of these the most remarkable—or, at all events, those which appealed the most strongly to our imagination—were small cartoons, the subjects taken from the Book of Genesis. In these he has sought to depict episodes from the Deluge.

The treatment of this familiar but difficult theme greatly struck us. Several of these compositions were full of the fire, vigour, and archaic type of character most purely Kaulbachian, especially the combats between the wild antediluvian men with the antediluvian monsters—beasts, reptiles, and man flung into furious antagonism by the ever-rising and lashing waves of the overwhelming flood.

In perhaps the most striking of these compositions, we behold the waters risen to the topmost peaks of the mountains, which stand forth now only as rugged and half-submerged islands. They are crowded with masses of distracted men and women, mingled with wildly-writhing animal and reptile life, in their convulsive death-throes. The living and the dead are hurled together by the tossing waves of the mighty

waters. Amidst the seething waves of the rapidly-increasing flood, a lion roars in his last agony, direfully clutching, with claws dug deep into hard rock, or into soft, yielding human flesh,—he heeds not which. An ox, mad with terror, struggles fiercely, with up-raised head, against the blinding waters, entangled amidst the fern-like branches of a submerged palm-tree. Men catch blindly in the waters at his sides, and, clinging to him, seek to save themselves. Serpents twist and twine around the bodies of men alive and dead. Women cry for pity in vain to the avenging God, holding aloft, with outstretched weary arms, their infant children, or wave their beseeching hands towards the departing ark of salvation. Whirling flights of baffled birds battle with the descending clouds, and torrents of rain and wild gusts of wind, which tear their wings and plumage. Shadowy and dark against the stormy horizon, sails ever onwards across the face of the angry deep, the huge and roughly-builded ark, unheeding the clamour of man, beast, and reptile, which ascends from the peaks of the perishing world.

Upon one huge rock, mid-way in the picture, has sought to save itself, a crowd of the mammoth, the mastodons, and the saureans of the antediluvian world—serpent-necked, be-scaled, and be-winged creatures, of uncouth and ponderous forms. They struggle, in mad rage, against each others' intertwined trunks and serpentine necks.

Amidst all these islands of human and brute despair, passes onward the solemn, mystical ark of Noah, ensphered by the protection of the Almighty, piloted by the mighty Angel of the Lord, with wildly-outspread sail-like pinions, in floating white robes, and in his strong right hand a wand-like oar, with which he guides the mystic ship of the chosen of God. His back is turned upon the perishing world of sin. His eyes are set steadfastly upon the light of the New Dispensation.

Remembering that whilst we had been thus enjoying and studying the master's works, his model had been waiting in retirement, we hastened to make our adieux, not without apology for the interruption we had thus occasioned. But we were most kindly assured that our unexpected advent had been "like a beam of sunshine!"—and we must promise to drink coffee that afternoon with his wife at three o'clock, when we should see his children and grandchildren. "My children you remember—as children," said he, smiling, "my grandchildren will be new to you!"

To occupy the remainder of our morning till three, we betook ourselves to the Pinakothek.

That "son of Anak," the porter who used to open the lofty door of the Pinakothek for you, no longer was there. Alfred, in the secret of his heart, I have a fancy, treated Anna's references to the giant porter of the Pinakothek as something apocryphal. Her description of the huge placid countenance of the mildest of mild giants; of his fist, big as the head of an ordinary man, dotted over with large freckles, like tawny moons; of his broad crimson-and-white band crossed over his monstrous chest, four times broader than the bands of the other porters in the "King's houses;" of his knees, like the knees of elephants, cased in their white chamois leather; of his Brobdignagian top-boots: all these memories dating from Anna's *pre-historic* memoirs of Munich, Alfred inclined to regard possibly as *Märchen* of Anna's childhood.

But "Wisdom justifieth her children," the least even of them, and so does Truth.

The modern porter of the Pinakothek, though in size a manikin compared with him of old renown, grew radiant when he caught dropped from Anna's lips the words "giant porter." The porter's smart wife, standing near, drew

nearer at the words which called up so extraordinary an image of the past. The porter, porter's wife, and Anna, so to speak, hymned in chorus the glories and high renown of the never-to-be-equalled and the never-to-be-forgotten mild Munich Goliath.

Three o'clock found us punctually at the gates of the well-remembered house of the great painter, near to the English Garden. Within the last twenty years how embowered has the house become amidst its trees and creepers! Nevertheless, you still beheld the medallions of the mortal and immortal brothers, upon their blue backgrounds, shining out amidst the festoons of Virginia creeper upon the walls.

An elderly, staid servant was on the look-out for the strangers, and with smiles of welcome in her eyes, led them through the hall—grove-like, with its palm-trees and ivy—to a kind of *loggia* at the back of the house, looking into the bowery garden.

Not unlike a patriarch in one of his own compositions, here sat the painter, surrounded by his family—children and grandchildren. The mother, a foremost figure in the bright, happy group,—she as dignified in her advancing life as beautiful in her youth,—her crown of white hair speaking of the flight of years, which her clear, kindly, youthful eyes seemed, however, to deny—eyes out of which flashed both the energy, and even at times the enthusiasm, of youth. As this amiable family rose, as with one accord, to welcome us, sunshine seemed to stream into my heart of hearts. Hermann, the son, who had remained in my recollection as the handsome boy, with the proud, shy manner to strangers, and with his mother's large brown eyes, I now renewed acquaintance with, not only as one of the most distinguished painters of the modern school at Munich—as the painter of

that remarkably touching picture, now known everywhere by photographs, "The Death of Mozart," and of that exquisite picture of painter-life in a monastery, called "*Stille Andacht*," but also as a husband and a father. Pleasant, indeed, was it to make the acquaintance of his young wife, and to revive my recollection of such of the sisters as were present at that happy family party. It may be imagined how our conversation turned upon old times, old friends, old things, old ideas, as we sat in the pleasant *loggia*. Smoking, of course, went on meanwhile amongst the *man*kind. New things, times, and new ideas were also touched upon. We found that enthusiasm waxed high and ever higher for the new *régime*. Frau von Kaulbach's beautiful eyes flashed fire, as she exclaimed, speaking of the war, of the great political changes which had taken place in Germany, "All these things have made my husband and myself young again. All old things must give way to the new. Let all old things go!"—a sentiment to which, however *passionné* one may be for progress and the future, I myself, the older I grow, can give but a very qualified assent. In this "House-beautiful," it was lovely to observe how strong and full of hope were the shoots put forth from the tree of life: the tree had seen good days, and hoped to enjoy the yet even better days in store.

It was arranged by our kind friends, that on the morrow we must come and dine with them—we must assuredly defer for one day at least our departure from Munich—we must return and complete our talk.

As we rose to take our leave, the painters, father and sons, accompanied us into their garden. They would let us out through their garden-door into the English Garden, where Alfred and I proposed ending our happy day by a twilight stroll.

"You must," said the Master, "carry away some flowers

from our garden. There—see!" said he, stopping and gathering a handful of beautiful pale yellow and deep crimson roses, "I will gather for you my last roses!"

Thus, standing amongst the rose-bushes, we again spoke of the old days. My husband, much touched, thanked him for all his goodness to the little foreign pupil in the long passed away time. We had often said to each other how sweet such a moment, if it ever came, would be.

"Ah! those were good days!" said the Master. "But—but—in those days I was ambitious. I was sick with ambition. *I have now gained all that I strove after, and I have found it—nothing!*"

There, standing in the autumnal garden, amidst the last flowers of the year, amidst the fading leaves, in the last rays of the setting sun, such a pensive soliloquy was indeed deeply symbolic and impressive. Truly the Master had given his pupil his "last roses"—words of a sweet wisdom—the last gathered in the garden of his life.

That was a beautiful and graceful festival which the amiable, hospitable family had prepared in the "House-beautiful" for their English visitors. Anna felt prouder to be taken in to dinner by the world-famous Painter than if he had been a crowned head. His *was* a crowned head wearing unconsciously the immaterial crown of completion. The family party of the previous day was assembled—with the addition of one or two congenial intimate friends. We dined in a charming *saal* of the *Alt-Deutsch* character, which I cannot more accurately describe than by saying that it was a *Van-Eyck* room. You descended into it by two steps. It was withal so lofty that the room impressed you with the idea of being higher than it was long—proportions in a room which ever give a peculiar sensation.

The floor was of dark, polished wood. A high dado also of dark polished wainscot ran round the walls. Above this dado hung portraits of the family, painted at various times by the hand of the father. Opposite to the place where I sat at table, was the portrait of the father, executed in oil by himself in early manhood. A broad-brimmed hat in Rembrandt fashion shading the grave, clear blue eyes, and the sharply-cut handsome features of the singularly-earnest countenance. To the right was a portrait of his wife, also in her first youthful beauty. You would have supposed her to be a young Roman lady, so dark her hair and eyes, the whole character of the head being rather Italian than German, with that mingled air of dignity and melancholy which you regard as peculiarly southern. These portraits of the parents probably were executed not long after their marriage, at a time, when, as I have heard it averred by an old inhabitant of Munich, the young Painter and his wife were so remarkably handsome a pair that, when seen together in the streets, strangers, struck by their appearance, have paused in surprise to gaze after them, and to enquire who they were. Similar portraits, all interesting, filled up the remaining spaces above the dado.

All imaginable kinds of cups, tazzas, mugs with and without lids—goblets, beakers, jugs, flagons, of metal, of earthenware, delf, glass, ivory, and crystal, together with dishes, platters, and salvers of gold, silver, and baser metals—things ancient and modern—all curious and beautiful—things to delight the eye and to tempt the artistic-heart—some of them, we understood, valued gifts to the Master from his painter son-in-law, the Director of the Academy of Arts at Nuremberg—were arranged either upon or before the wainscoted dado—and gave an Hôtel-Cluny character to the whole.

Although still daylight—four o'clock—a pair of gold candlesticks with four or five branches each, standing with lighted candles in them, diffused a golden shimmer and festal glow over the fruit and flowers tastefully arranged upon the snowy table-cloth,—a glow and glimmer which became ever more bright as the daylight—somewhat obscured by the emblazonments in the window—gradually paled and faded into twilight.

It was a veritable "convito"—a banquet of delicate food for the body—with ideal food for the intellect and heart—a repast suitable and in accord with a "House-beautiful." Alas! that not infrequently such a "convito" becomes a "Last Supper"—that the "communion" taking place there amidst friends, have by some of them to be remembered for the rest of life, simply as a sign and symbol of the better banquets to be partaken of together by-and-bye, under higher conditions and in loftier places, where the Greatest of all Great Masters shall be the Master of the Feast, and the Uniter of all parted friends.

A little music and more conversation in the drawing-room—then came the adieux—the travellers must start that evening for Paris.

The Master conducted Anna to the carriage awaiting them at the gate. There Anna and her husband took leave of him.

"You will come again and draw in the Studio!" he cried, waving his hand to Anna, as she seated herself. She in return cried "Yes! yes!—who knows! and live over again all the pleasant old days!"

As Anna looked towards the grand old Painter standing there so cheery and strong—with the night sky over his head, with the bright, white melancholy light of the full moon falling upon his countenance, bringing out into clearness its well-remembered features; so like, and yet so

unlike, the face she had known in the old days—a something in the depths of her being seemed as if it uttered the words—"For the last time!" The mist of tears started to her eyes, and veiled the face from her sight.

Under the date of *April 8th, 1874*, Anna, in London, thus wrote in her diary:—

"Waking at dawn this morning, in the transition between sleeping and waking, I felt myself standing within an intensely brilliant sunlight. Through this brightness was cast upon the earth where I stood a mighty shadow. In blackness it was as deep as the sunshine itself was bright. It was a shadow thrown by some object moving between the sun and myself. The shadow assumed a definite shape—that of a vast scythe which a colossal shadow-arm moved hither and thither as in the act of mowing. This shadow, passing across the earth, fell over me; and, as it fell, cut me to the heart—nay to the very heart's core. Shuddering, I recognised that this was the scythe of the mighty mower—TIME AND DEATH, combined. A profound sadness—a very night of the spirit descended upon me."

That morning, as usual, the newspaper lay upon the breakfast-table, and, as usual, my husband took up the paper, running his eye down the columns of telegraphic news. He startled me by a sudden exclamation. "A telegram from Munich! Kaulbach has been seized with cholera!"

The scythe of the great Mower had approached us in reality, then! Oh, what grief—what sudden anguish of heart must there be in the "House-beautiful!"—what a tearing asunder of that tenderly-loving family! That afternoon, walking in the streets, everywhere did my eye with

dread rest upon the announcement, in large letters, of the contents of the newspapers. At corners of streets, at shop-doors again and again did I read mechanically the words, "Death from cholera of the painter, William Kaulbach, of Munich!" My sad thoughts, on the wings of sympathy, fled to the Art-city—to the mourning group of loving hearts in the "House-beautiful!"

He, the last victim of the cholera, had been its greatest. The epidemic had appeared to be extinct—it had revived to snatch its last, great prize!

Of the circumstances connected with the death of Kaulbach, his son thus beautifully wrote:—

"A week before the dissolution of my father, we, at his express desire—but much against our own will—started for Bozen, in Tyrol. A few days later my sisters followed, with a promise from my father, that he should join us in a few days. Unfortunately he was deterred from accompanying us by a slight pain from which he was suffering in one foot. You may imagine our distress of mind when, instead of welcoming him we received a telegram from my mother bidding us at once to return to Munich. The contrast between the gloriously-blossoming landscape around us and our own anguish of mind was terrible. At once we started. But arrived in Innsbruck, already the dreadful news reached us of his sudden death. Thus, we never again beheld in life, him whom we so unspeakably loved and revered!

"It is an immense blessing that he had no foreknowledge of his approaching end. Nay, he had even laughed at the idea, that he who had no fear at all of the cholera, should have been seized by it. God be praised! he was also spared any painful expectation of our return! He fell asleep without pain, with a smile upon his lips, at eight o'clock in the evening. On the following morning at five o'clock, we all

arrived at home, and found our excellent mother—spite of the terrible end—calm as alone could have been expected from a nature strong and remarkable as her own.

"From far and near came letters, laurel-wreaths—expressions of sympathy—in such quantities and so deep, as only so great a loss could call forth. You are right, *Gnädige Frau*, in saying that when such spirits take their departure, heaven becomes ever more beautiful. But for us, who not alone loved and revered the *artist*, but the *man*, the world will long remain desolate and sad. The garden at home now is full of fragrance and blossoms—at least people say so—we notice little of it, and the most delightful song of the blackbird only sounds to us like a dirge."

1875.—I have seen Frau v. Kaulbach, wrote Anna, a year later. She was from home when I called. I awaited her return in the winter sitting-room of the "House-beautiful!" The room you may remember as the background to one of those charming sketches made by Hermann von Kaulbach of his father in the retirement of his home—of the one where the Master sits reading Shakespeare or Homer by lamplight near the stove, reclining in his easy chair, his cap on his head, a cigar between his lips. There was the lighted lamp as in the sketch—there upon the little table lay the folded-together knitting of the mother, and the tall glass filled with her favourite *eau-sucrée*. But where was the father? All looked as of old—failing the central figure.

Many thoughts peopled the silent room. The faithful servant anxious for the return of her mistress and for the comfort of the guest, looked in every now and then, with assurances that "*die Gnädige*" could not possibly be long. At length "*die Gnädige*" and I met. Almost her first

words were to say, how devoted, how loving a sustainment her children one and all were to her. She said that the remainder of her life was devoted to the memory of him who was gone—"dead, I ought scarcely to say," she added with a proud smile, "for now that he is dead he seems to me first truly to live!" She was going to build a Kaulbach Museum in the garden, wherein to preserve his almost countless designs, drawings, and sketches, together with such cartoons as had not been purchased for public galleries. She should build in connexion with this a studio for her son. She was collecting material to write the life of her husband. This was a great delight to her, she said. Thus she should live over again the long years of their wonderfully happy, wonderfully united lives. She showed me a series of photographs being published, containing specimens of his works, early and of later date. It was called the "*Nachlass von Wilhelm v. Kaulbach.*" The most characteristic and curious of the photographs in this first number was a portrait of the painter at the age of one-and-twenty. Combined in this likeness was the youthful countenance of Raphael in the *berretta* with the *Alt-Deutsch* mediævalism and flowing woman-like long hair of Albrecht Dürer's portrait. The most marked characteristic of this likeness, however, was the keen earnestness—even to sternness—of those piercing, clear young eyes, and of the curved closely-compressed beautiful lips, dreadful in their gravity. I remarked upon this extraordinary gravity. "Yes," was the reply, "Yet he looked so in his youth. It is impossible," added she, "to convey an adequate idea of the '*Ernst*' which existed in his character. Gravity was the characteristic of all the youthful German painters of that day."

A young knight-errant, about to set forth into an enchanted land, there, for the salvation of his soul, to do battle unto death against giant-monsters of evil, man, beast,

and demon, would have looked forth with such eyes of terrible gravity. Kaulbach's countenance was that of a knight, whilst the countenances of other of his contemporaries were those of young saints or monks. Another photograph, from a pencil-drawing, of the painter's father and mother, seated in a family group with their two young daughters, was full of character, and of special interest to all who were acquainted with the early life of the Master,—with its romantic and tragic episodes.

Amongst other photographs which I saw was one taken from the cartoon of the St. Michael, which we had found the Master last year at work upon. This cartoon he had given to his wife, because of her entire sympathy with him in the struggle of Germany against France, and in the great victories; and because she had read aloud in the evenings to him the newspapers and war-literature. Kaulbach had taken special delight in this St. Michael.

It proved to be his last work. It was completed about Christmas. Afterwards he commenced nothing fresh. "I have begun nothing new as yet," he would to say his wife, day after day on his return from the studio. "I have only been looking at St. Michael. I am not ready for fresh work." He would sit for hours silent before this completed cartoon sunk in contemplation.

Our conversation ended, the Master's widow took forth a key from a richly-carved cabinet, opened with it a door in a corner of the room; took the lamp from the table, and bade me follow her. We entered a small chamber.

From ceiling to floor the walls were hung with garlands of bay. Long streamers of white satin ribbon depended from some of these wreaths, with golden words written upon them. Other objects hung upon the walls. The Master's palettes, his cap, his warm fur-lined painting-gown. Here lay a beautiful cast from the antique, which he had greatly

admired, and which was ever to be seen near him in the studio.

The garlands had been presented to the Master exactly one month previous to his decease. Then with great honour was celebrated the completion of the five-and-twentieth year of his Directorship of the Munich Academy of Fine Arts. Such a day of honour falls not to the lot of many painters. From all parts of Germany had arrived congratulations and wreaths. A torch-procession, and the various musical societies of Munich had in the evening brought him congratulations in the most festal manner. The city of his home had done her best to honour the Master, and he was deeply moved.

We stood beside the bed upon which he had drawn his last breath. It was covered with a silken quilt. It was strewn thickly over with dried rose-leaves. A wreath of bay lay upon the pillow.

Who could look around on these relics of the departed Master, collected in the treasure-house of her rich widowhood by the warm heart which so deeply-loved and revered him—and remain unmoved!

"He passed away," she said, "without pain. His heart simply ceased to beat, and he slept. It was so rapid, so gentle, so beneficent. His clothes were packed ready for the journey. His sickness came. Let me telegraph for the children? I said. 'No,' he replied, and laughed. 'Wait—it will be something worth the telling, to say that I have fought with the giant Cholera—and won!' Those were his last words. He fell asleep with a smile on his lips."

The spirit of the Knight of the keen, terribly-earnest eyes, had fought with the twin-giants-Human—Life and Death—and had "won"—Immortality!

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SUPPER WITH THE ACTORS IN THE AMMERGAU PASSION-PLAY OF 1871.

Extract from a letter from MARGARET HOWITT *to her* BROTHER-IN-LAW.

"ANNA will be interested in hearing our tidings of her old friends of the Ammergau Miracle-Play. On our recent visit to Munich, P—— and I met our acquaintance Mrs. G——, who has been spending the summer at Ober-Ammergau. This lady could with difficulty suppress her emotion when speaking about the actors of the Passion-Play, this peculiar people set apart for what they regard as a great and holy work.

"She went alone to Ammergau, weak in health, and depressed in mind, shrinking from witnessing the performance of the play. She determined, however, to live through the painful experience, before her two daughters and their cousin Walter joined her. The people of Ammergau received Mrs. G—— as angels might receive a soul into the Spiritland. Tobias Flunger (Anna's friend, the Christus of 1850) received Mrs. G—— into his house. The earnestness and unaffected simplicity of the people, the deep religious sentiment of the representation, came as balm to her soul. She no longer felt any scruple regarding the advisability of her young daughters and nephew joining her. They, therefore, came; and soon tidings arrived that her sister, and brother-in-law, and little niece from America, would arrive also. For this large party there was no longer accommo-

dation in the house of Tobias Flunger (Pontius Pilate): they therefore removed into the house of the Christus. His name is Joseph Mayer. He is poor, but a very handsome young man.

"Throughout the summer the G——'s dwelt amongst the 'Apostles,' and their wives and children. It almost appeared to Mrs. G—— as though she had been living amongst the Early Christians. Mrs. G—— was an artist—she and her daughters made sketches of the homes of the 'Apostles,' and their interiors. She drew the favourite spots of the villagers, and willingly received their humble criticism. The tall American lady in black, with her clear complexion, bright eyes, and silver hair, who sat drawing, in pen-and-ink, day-by-day, became one of the sights of Ammergau, and was pointed out regularly by the driver of the *Stellwagen*. Thus day by day they grew better acquainted with these people, who, in enacting this Passion-Play, believe that they are doing God service. These performances are portions of their lives, into which they are gradually educated. The children act parts amongst themselves, and sing their hymns during the intermediate years, and thus are trained in due course for the grand performances. Probably the priest learns through the confessional the peculiar characteristics of each parishioner, and lends a guiding hand in the selection of the parts; and thus, to their minds, each being chosen as from Heaven, man, woman, and child accept the character assigned, not for vainglory, but in order to enter into it, and to reproduce together one great and sacred spectacle.

"It was very affecting, when one old man, knowing that, from his advanced age, he never again could hope to take part in another play, requested to be allowed to perform the character of Barabbas. This was permitted, and the old fellow became supremely happy. Fortunately, amongst

these simple people no stigma attaches to the actors of the deeds of darkness. You may picture to yourself poor old "Barabbas" entering the G——s' sitting-room, carrying with him a mass of bright, fresh, blooming, Alpine roses, which he had brought with him from the mountains. 'Judas,' in his private character, was also a man of a beautiful nature, although an American gentleman refused to take his likeness amongst a selection of portraits made for him of the actors, observing that no man could perform the part so well who did not in himself understand the sin of greed! Poor Judas, hearing this judgment passed upon him, was deeply grieved, and shed tears even. An English clergyman, however, chose the picture of Judas, saying that he never had seen so consummate an actor. In truth, he was anything but a man of an avaricious nature, seeing that, Mrs. G—— having engaged in his house a room for one night, which was, however, not used, he was wounded by the money being paid by Mrs. G—— for the hire of it, and immediately returned it to her, expressing himself grieved by her even having thought of paying for that which she had never required.

"'St. John' was Walter's great friend. He is a youth of nineteen, and is the 'Christus' expectant of 1880—if Passion-Plays should exist nine years hence.

"When the Prince and Princess of Wales attended one of the representations, on leaving Ammergau the Prince spoke in German to the Christus, expressing the great interest which they had taken in the representation, and presented him with a very valuable ring.

"The young King of Bavaria, who does not like public ceremonials, sent the people word at the end of the season that if they were going to have one more representation, he should like to be present. Of course, to do him honour, one more was given. This would be upon the Monday following

the last of the representations, which always took place on Sundays, the Passion-Play being regarded by the actors as a religious performance—something in itself sacred. As usual, a number of visitors had been unable on the Sunday performance to obtain seats. These were admitted on this extraordinary occasion; also the villagers, and anyone besides who chose to be present. The old men in Ammergau, too old to take a part in the performance, but who, like all their fellow-villagers, felt zealous to participate in some manner—it mattered not how humble—in the great drama, wore a blue-and-white band, as a sign of their official function of preservers of peace and order—a function, however, merely nominal, as order was always kept by the spectators themselves.

"Upon this occasion Mrs. G—— was present for the second time, having shrunk from a repetition of her visit until then, fearing to destroy the first profound impression made upon her mind. The second time only, however, deepened the impression made by the first. It appeared to her that her humble, every-day friends diffused around them rays of religion. The 'Christus' on the Sundays of the performance took nothing to eat except a basin of soup early in the morning before the performance, and a cup of coffee between the acts.

"The young King, deeply moved, sent for all the actors to his castle in the neighbourhood—the women as well as the men were sent for. This was regarded as a high mark of honour. The King, before they left, presented them with flowers and sweetmeats from the repast with which he had regaled them, begging them to take these home. He inquired from them particulars regarding their visitors and their mode of conducting themselves. He expressed an earnest desire that nothing should entice them away from their village and their simple habits.

"In the parish distribution of the money made by the performance the 'Christus' has received as his share—and with it he is quite content—150 florins [11 florins to £1]. The 'Christus' of 1820 received only 4 florins. An Englishman has offered him 10,000 florins to go to England to repeat the same character, but he refused the offer with indignation.

"A few days subsequent to the visit of the King to Ammergau, the infant child of Joseph Mayer (the 'Christus') died. He felt the affliction deeply, especially as he was unstrung by the long season of intense mental excitement.

"Now for our own experiences. We were invited to a 'repast of sausages and beer with friends from Ammergau' in the apartment of Mrs. G——. It was the birthday of her little niece, Alice. We (P—— and myself) found ourselves, about five o'clock in the afternoon, in the society of a set of serious-looking men and women. The men were attired in grey and brown semi-Tyrolese coats. The tall, handsome, melancholy-looking young man was of course the 'Christus.' That old, grey-headed man might have been the veritable 'Peter' from Galilee; but who were the others? One was 'Joseph of Arimathea.' They seemed so entirely to have identified themselves with the characters, that I found myself instinctively wondering, as it were, that he had not a better coat on his back. They were, however, be it understood, all well dressed for peasants. But it seemed to me, some way, that he must be the real rich man out of Judæa.

"'St. John' did not appear. His father could not allow him to come to the city. He had, consequently, wept. Especially was he grieved not to see his friend Walter.

"The little old man with a face like a pumpkin and a short space between nose and upper lip, into which he had squeezed a bushy little grey moustache, was *musikus* (musician)—

second bass on the violin, and one of the early composers of the music of the Passion-Play. The young student in snuff-coloured coat was the brother of 'Mary Magdalene,' who was sitting on the sofa between two of the female singers. The brother was a sculptor, a native of Ammergau, now under Professor Knabel, of the *Mayerische Anstalt*, the great manufactory of figures of the Virgin and of church-furniture here in Munich.

"Mrs. G—— was charmed to see these villagers. All was delightfully harmonious. They (the actors) were much interested in hearing Anna's account in 'The Art-Student' of the Passion-Play of 1850, the greater portion of which I did my best to translate to them, as we had the volumes with us. The remarks, as I went along, amused and interested me much. They volunteered that they were much obliged to my sister for writing the account; 'For,' said they, 'it must have helped to send the crowds there this summer.' And from them I send to Anna a '*Grüss euch Gott!*' ('*God greet you!*')

"We then asked them for their autographs. Whilst they were writing them supper was announced. And now, before entering the supper-room, I must tell you that P—— and I, without comparing notes together, had felt ourselves greatly moved. The earnest, self-possessed poor people, who seemed so willing to talk on any subject which we chose, had each an atmosphere around him or her of underlying devotion. They were like those who had undergone great experiences. The 'Christus' was amongst us—but *not of us*. His profile becomes at times like an animated head from the pencil of Leonardo da Vinci. The photograph of him fails to do him justice. Little Alice flitted like a sunbeam about the room, from guest to guest, in her white muslin. Once she dropped her doll. I saw the 'Christus' stoop and pick it up and give it to the child, with such an

air of gentleness, such a desire to please the innocent little creature, that I pictured to myself how the veritable Christ might, perchance, have stooped to pick up a toy in some home in Capernaum, with a tenderness and grace ineffable, to give pleasure to some little one.

"When we took our seats at the table we involuntarily recalled the Lord's Supper. I was glad when the 'Christus' was moved from the centre seat to the right-hand place at the head of the table. The resemblance to the pictures of that holy subject had been too striking. The other Ammergau people made way for 'the Christus,' and at all times treated him with the greatest respect.

"I sat beside old *Musikus*, *taking* him in, rather than being taken in by him. Walter would have been in the seventh heaven had only his beloved friend 'St. John' been present. Walter acted as waiter upon the company. Mrs. G—— and her daughters also served their guests. Little Alice sat at table beside 'Joseph of Arimathea,' and with the 'Christus' perpetually watching her. He must have been thinking of his own little one, gone lately to heaven. Mrs. D——, Mrs. G——'s sister, played on the piano.

"I begged my old friend *Musikus* to eat. He pointed, however, to the great round sausage slices and boiled rice on his plate, then towards the music, then laid his hand on his heart, shook his head, and, with emphasis, exclaimed, '*Kein appetit!*' ('No appetite!') Sometimes, indeed, the music was altogether too much for him. He would rise and trot off to the piano. I bore him no grudge for thus leaving me. I imitated him. My arm being too short to *clink* my glass with that of the good young Joseph Mayer, I rose to do so. One could not but recognise that he had sought earnestly to live up towards his ideal of the lofty character he personated.

"My old musical friend confided to me that he had never supped before at so noble a table. Indeed, they all expressed surprise at what we should regard as quite ordinary furniture and requirements. It was a princely life—they considered, evidently—that their friends were leading here in Munich.

"Mrs. G—— ceased her duties at table, and made a little speech to her guests—a beautiful little speech. The 'Christus' evidently was much moved by it. He rose and returned thanks, saying 'that she and her daughters and the good aunt would none of them be forgotten. God bless that good lady! And they all hoped that the same life together might be repeated in ten years time.'

"After supper the G——s and Mrs. D—— sang American national songs, and the Ober-Ammergau guests sang the '*Edelweiss*,' after which all took their leave.

"'Christus' feels that he has gone through too much this year. He says that now he shall return to Ammergau, and to his wood-carving, which is the best thing after all."

APPENDIX.

A GERMAN ESTIMATE OF THE MASTER.

The following critical and biographical analysis of the Works and Life of Kaulbach, by a distinguished critic, appears to me to present so fair an example of the estimation in which Kaulbach is held by his countrymen —and in my opinion is so valuable—that with it I venture to conclude this little book.

A. M. H. W.

"IT will assuredly not be saying too much if we regard Kaulbach amongst the greatest artists of modern times—nay, indeed, of all times. Not every century brings forth men great as he. Since the golden days of Michael Angelo and of Raphael, the history of Art tells us of many remarkable men of great talent, but of few who unite in themselves the varied qualities of the great masters. In connection with Cornelius, and beside him, Kaulbach makes an epoch in German art which is quite peculiar, which bears an unquestioned German national character, and is distinguished entirely from all of the same description which has been or is being produced by other nationalities. And as Germany during more than two centuries has adorned herself with the fame of Dürer and Holbein, so probably again many years may pass over before other names can be ranked side by side with these two great masters of the nineteenth century. This period to which Cornelius and Kaulbach have given their character, and will have for all time given their name, had completely developed itself, and, indeed, had come to its termination; and thus it may be said, perhaps, that

Kaulbach, as regards his own fame and the fame of his works, has not died too soon, although we lament the loss of him as a man, by a fearful death, whilst still vigorous and full of the fire of creation.

Kaulbach was a genius, and, in every sense of the word, an intellectual artist. The latter reason sufficiently explains why, together with the most overwhelming admiration, he has received tolerably severe criticism, especially in these later times, when art-criticism has become even more realistic, and somewhat *cliquish*. Kaulbach was an idealist in art, and, together with the excellences of the idealistic quality, possessed also its imperfections. For realists, the greater portion of his works are not enjoyable—for observers without imagination and knowledge, many of them are incomprehensible. But for those who delight in intellectual thought, in wit, and beautiful forms, the greater portion of Kaulbach's pictures will remain full of delight.

"*Alone with himself can the Master be compared.* When not entirely favourable judgment has been passed upon his great historic pictures—as, for instance, upon his 'Age of Grecian Culture,' 'The Age of the Crusades,' or his latest great historic work, 'Nero,'—involuntarily and almost unwittingly, comparison is drawn between them and his 'Battle of the Huns,'—with his 'Tower of Babel,'—which it is true exhibit higher flight of the imagination, and greater perfection of form.

"If fault be found with some of his female delineations after Goethe, they are again, as it were, compared with his 'Lotte' or 'Frederike,' from the same cycle. If we have not been entirely in sympathy with his works of a caricature nature—of which class especially many proceeded from his hand in the later years of his life — one recalls the never-equalled nor ever-to-be-excelled 'Reinecke Fuchs!'

"What painter but Kaulbach could have filled with so much meaning a subject such as the 'Age of the Reformation,' the sole fault of the 'Age of the Reformation' being, as its critics affirm, its too-intellectual rendering?

"What modern painter has created a picture of purer and more perfect form than his 'Battle of Salamis?' How much wit and humour in his Frieze of Children in the *Treppenhaus* of the Berlin Museum, which parodies in a gay spirit the whole of the World's History. What terrible power of delineating human character in his Mad-House! What merry sarcasm in his Reinecke! What a sweet sensuousness in some of his smaller compositions of the later

days!—as, for instance, those from the poem of Walter von der Vogelweide; what grace in his 'Lotte!'

"There is scarcely anything unimportant to be found among his larger works; and even if some of his later works, as, for instance, his 'Peter von Arbues,' delighted no one, and to many persons were even distasteful; nevertheless, the extraordinary indignation which they excited in the clerico-political party, proves that the Master had succeeded in the intention of his work.

"Kaulbach's intellect and talent were extraordinary and many-sided,—his power of production extremely great. He designed with great ease, and has created an immense number of works.

"To characterize the art of Cornelius and Kaulbach—for both these Masters will be mentioned in connection with each other—is to characterize the whole of German Art of the first half of this century.*

"Wilhelm Kaulbach was born in 1805, in Arolsen, which small place in Westphalia counts amongst its children, Christian Rauch, one of the greatest sculptors of modern times. Kaulbach's father was a watchmaker, goldsmith, and engraver, a sort of semi-artist with whom life was not specially prosperous, either there or in Iserlohn and Mühlheim on the Ruhr, where his family afterwards lived. The counsel and also the example of the splendid art-career of Rauch, are said to have decided the destiny of young Kaulbach, who at the age of seventeen went to Dusseldorf, and became a pupil at the Academy, which at that time was under the direction of Cornelius. The extraordinary talent of the young man soon made itself remarked, though his early works now strike us as being extremely dry and stiff. A first work of Kaulbach, 'The Gathering of Manna by the Children of Israel in the Desert,' is, or was very lately, still preserved in Dusseldorf. In 1826 he went with Cornelius to Munich, and was engaged in the first instance on fresco painting in the Arcades of the Hofgarten, where the four symbolic figures of the four Bavarian rivers are from his hand.

"After these followed a painted ceiling in the Odeon, 'Apollo among the Muses'; then wall-pictures in the palace of Prince Max, from the myth of Cupid and Psyche; and still later, the subjects in the *Königsban* (the new Palace), from the poems of

* Excepting, however, its religious side.—A. M. H. W

Wieland and Goethe. During this time—about 1830—he produced the strikingly-characteristic drawing of the '*Narrenhaus*' (Mad-House), which made a great sensation, and which was engraved. In the year 1837, he completed his 'Hunnenschlacht,' from a fantastic legend in one of the Mediæval Chronicles. This wonderful composition, carried out in *grisaille*, more as a cartoon than a painting, was the foundation of his fame.

"After a sojourn in Italy, professedly for the study of colour and the *technique* of painting, he completed his 'Destruction of Jerusalem,' which King Ludwig had commissioned for his new Pinakothek in Munich. It was the first large picture painted by Kaulbach in oil, and excited in the Art-world of Munich great interest; and naturally so, considering what was at that time the ordinary degree of technical skill attained to by the German School. It was also the first picture in which the Master's peculiar treatment, both as regards intellectual purpose and the formal arrangement of his composition, was fully developed—treatment to which he ever remained faithful in the composition of all his great historical works.

"About this same epoch Kaulbach drew the illustrations to 'Reinecke Fuchs,' which, engraved and published by Cotta, spread their author's fame far and wide. Somewhat later appeared the designs for the fresco-decoration on the exterior of the New Pinakothek: designs which called forth much adverse criticism.

"In fact it was no fortunate idea symbolically to represent King Ludwig's activity in the creations of Art, together with the latest development of the German School of Arts, at the same time introducing into the series of frescos touches of satire. These frescos, already faded and weather-beaten, have been regarded as amongst the weakest of the Master's works.

King Ludwig gradually ceasing to give commissions for works of Art—wearied probably by the immense number of them which he had called forth through his fostering genius—the King of Prussia, Frederick-William, appears in rivalry with the Bavarian King as a patron of artists; and summons Kaulbach to Berlin for the decoration of the '*Treppenhaus*,' in the New Museum. More fortunate than his master, Cornelius, who, at an earlier period, had been called to Berlin, Kaulbach has been enabled to complete there his mighty undertaking, one of the very greatest which has been completed by a painter of modern times.

"Six vast wall-pictures present before you in symbolic manner the greatest epochs of the history of the world. 'The Dispersion

of Races at the Fall of Babel,' 'Greece in her prime,'—that is the world of Homer, the gods and heroes united,—'The Destruction of Jerusalem,' 'The Battle of the Huns,'—the repetition of the cartoon already referred to—'The Crusades,' and last of all, after a long delay, 'The Age of the Reformation." Add to which, the introduction here and there of figures, and of a frieze running round above the whole circle of pictures, which refers in a humorous, symbolic manner to the great events of the history of the world.

"The great picture of the Reformation, that is to say of the history of that period wherein the Reformation came to its head, may be considered in Kaulbach's own peculiar direction, his most important work: as the friezes of the children may be regarded as one of his most genial works.

"In the painting of these compositions Kaulbach himself, only occasionally resident at Berlin, took no great part. The Master's scholars, Eicher and Muhr, were engaged upon the carrying out of the works, and they were executed in at that time an entirely new medium, the '*Wasserglas*,' or 'Stereochromie.'

"Become in the place of Cornelius, Director of the Munich Academy, Kaulbach produced, towards the close of the middle of the century, his great picture of the 'Battle of Salamis,' for the historical picture-gallery—'*Maximilianum*'—a composition which enchanted by its affluence of beauty all who beheld it. Then followed, amongst a number of smaller works, the cartoons of 'Cæsar's Death,' 'Peter von Arbues,'—which was called forth by the canonization of this destroyer of heretics—'Nero,' and the persecution of the Christians. Together with these works arose a vast number of quite small compositions, as, for instance, the circle of Goethe's heroines, many illustrations of the poets, portraits, both drawings and in oil, and endless sketches and designs. His last composition, in preparation for a great picture, was a small cartoon of the Deluge.

"For some years it had been an amusement to the Master to make small caricature sketches referring to the current events of the day, in which, especially, the Jesuit party was satirically touched upon, and these sketches were very widely spread abroad by the aid of photography. These did not add to his fame; they called forth against him a perfect howl of contending parties—the inventor of 'Reinecke Fuchs' having at least the laugh on his side.

"It could not fail that an artist who wielded so sharp a pencil, and who seldom checked an equally satirical tongue, had opponents and enemies, and that with all his great successes there existed as

many persons full of envy of him, as those who were full of admiration of him. Criticism, which in the earlier times praised him beyond all measure, in the later times found much to censure in his works. Some of the fault-finding was not altogether without reason, setting aside the stupid cry of the bigot-party—his opponents—in which, unhappily, some of his cleverest artist-brothers joined. He was blamed for a certain emptiness and generalization of individual form. This charge is justified by some of his later works; nevertheless, although the whole arrangement of the composition may appear to follow a certain arranged plan: they contain so many original ideas and beauties, that but few modern painters would be found able to introduce them into their pictures.

"Not all that Kaulbach has produced deserves to live for ever, nor will it do so; but his master-pieces will always remain a pride to German Art, and his name will always be accounted amongst the highest names of the land.

"HERMANN BECKER."

THE END.

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AN

ART STUDENT IN MUNICH.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Mary Howitt's daughter passed a twelvemonth in Munich as a student of painting; and these volumes give an account of her daily life and what she saw. Compiled, or more properly extracted, from family letters, the narrative has the freshness of conversation with some of its minuteness, and presents a very charming reflex of thought and feeling as well as a picture of Bavarian life, and of what is to be seen in the great Art-City of Germany, * * * The book is remarkable in itself, and full of promises for the future. So interesting and informing a work from such apparently slender materials is a *rara avis*. *An Art Student in Munich* reminds one of Washington Irving's descriptive narrative. The lady-painter is indeed less quaint and elaborate; she is also looser in the texture of her production; but she is more natural and real. * * * The letters run upon an infinite variety of topics. Bits of scenery in Munich and its vicinity, with figures and small adventures—national and art festivals—public dances, concerts, and other assemblies; the daily life of the people, and many singular characters such as might, generally speaking, be found in London or anywhere, but all thoroughly German, and consequently fresh. * * * * Then again there are peasant festivals—relics of the middle ages, public parties, as it were, at which royalty assisted, galleries of art and artists; and last, but by no means least in interest, either in reality or description, a regular Miracle-Play of the Middle Ages."—*Spectator.*

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force, full of profound thought, and instinct with the spirit of harmony. A more tender vein of thought is opened us in the 'Magic Glass,' a poem which, conceived in the spirit of the poetry of the seventeenth century, embodies much of its simplicity of style and fidelity to nature. A sense of the bounties and beauties of Nature is generally a distinguishing feature of the volume, as in the dulcet lines 'Psychometry.'

"We willingly accord to its authors a lofty purpose and intellectual attainments which have found profitable development in the culture of song."—*Morning Post.*

"The writers of this volume of verse have many strange and beautiful fancies touching the natural and supernatural, and many of them they embody in forms of idealized grace.

"We confess that in some of the cardinal doctrines of Christianity they see a meaning which was not seen, or if seen was not acknowledged, by the inspired writers."—*Standard.*

"We must honestly confess to having been puzzled by 'Aurora.' It is a very taking volume of verse, because it is so sweet and musical; but what does it mean? The difficulty is this: Is it a subtle exposition of Catholicism, or is it an equally subtle attempt to undermine that faith by a skilful use, in another sense, of the hope and the language which one associates with it? We rather incline to the latter hypothesis. In any case the verse is admirable; and one poem the 'Holy Heart' is almost beyond praise. As to 'Le Sang Real' we decline to speak; it is either beautiful exceedingly, or of no worth;—as it was meant."—*Graphic.*

"'Aurora: a Volume of Verse,' is the joint work of two authors, A. M. and A. A. A. A. has the more powerful mind undoubtedly, and yet he is the lesser poet. His choice of metres is bad, and his versification defective. The two writers dwell much on the spirit of good and evil, its union and perpetual struggle—on the material and spiritual—on life and death. These themes naturally lend themselves to a little mysticism, of which both authors have availed themselves largely. A. M. delights in allegories and dreams, through which often runs a vein worked out with skill and fancy. A. A. finds a more congenial form in conundrums. We use the word advisedly, and yet with some hesitation, for there is often real dignity in his conceptions and purpose, and we cannot help feeling a little irritated with ourselves for so constantly exclaiming involuntarily, 'we give it up!' 'Aurora' is not by any means a commonplace book; and its authors write with sufficient power to claim a respectful hearing."—*Examiner.*

"With this unpretending title we are introduced to one of the most remarkable volumes of poetry we have met with for some time. It is the work apparently of two authors, who sign their names respectively, 'A. A.' and 'A. M.' There is one spirit common to these two contributors. Both are fond of dwelling on the hidden meaning of things—the mystic influences and forces that underlie common-life—the strange fantastic visions of dream-land—the higher life that is dawning now, and is awaiting fuller development in the future. The opening and closing poems are both entitled 'Aurora,' and are both by 'A. A.'—and the bright prophetic spirit which finds glowing and rapturous expression in these two poems is to some extent the key-note of the volume.

"The poems by 'A. M.' are less philosophic, but more pictorial, and with richer warmth of feeling. The first of them 'The Repose of the Fair Maid Patience,' although it has evidently a symbolic meaning beneath the surface, is throughout full of the most lovely and rapturous word-painting of beautiful and familiar objects in nature, and the same absorption in nature is seen in other poems of this writer.

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"Our readers will rightly infer, from our descriptions of these poems, that most of them will not disclose their wealth of meaning, but they are poems which

one can linger over with a certain sense of exhilaration—as one sees definite ideal shapes slowly loom into distinctness as we patiently watch them."—*Nonconformist.*

"There is through the whole book a weighty style of evasiveness and latent meaning which distinguished some of the works of the Poet Laureate. It is well worth reading."—*City Observer.*

"This is a book that has a decided gusto of its own. One cannot read the poems without having the taste of them in the mouth for a little while after. They are unmistakably quaint with an admixture of the dreamy. The writer has borrowed from medieval art not a little of its quaint phantasy, and has interwoven this into the texture of a mind that has naturally a decided power in rendering whatever is intricate and evanescent in association. Many of the titles indicate this—'The Repose of the Fair Maid Patience,' 'Limbo,' 'The Generations of Death,' 'Eastward in Eden,' 'The Woman curious after Death,' 'The City of the Rose.' But we must free the author from any charge of affectation. A certain stupidity prevails nowadays in finding obscure what is not essentially so. Everything that is remote and complex in suggestion takes more or less effort to apprehend,

'An inner kernel of sweet joy, that needeth a husk's defence.'

"We should, however, have liked something more of a clue to several of the allegories, which are provoking because the characters are distinct, while we do not know what is symbolized under each. Some of the pieces are, however, quite explicit; and some, like the dainty one 'Moccolo,' give a sufficient hint of their meaning for the special effect to be produced. The poems generally show great powers of condensation. If they are by different authors,—a husband and wife, perhaps,—they exhibit wonderful unanimity of spirit and style."—*Scotsman.*

"The subjects of most of these pieces are characteristically young. They are without force, reality, or power of grasp. As to what they mean, not one in ten of them as far as we can discover has any meaning. The writer should not, we think, have printed his immature sketches."—*Literary Churchman.*

"There is a modesty in this volume of poems which attracts our attention. It has no notes, no preface, no dedication, and no name on the title page. Initials indeed there are attached to each poem, and a Greek motto from Clemens Romanus seems to point at a joint production by man and wife. A degree of reserve and mystery characterises the productions of both, and it is evident that they belong to a school,—if indeed they do not form one. They seem to be of one mind with Sir Thomas Browne, who says: 'The severe school shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is a picture of the invisible, wherein, as in a portrait, things are not truly, but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some real substances in that invisible fabric!' The volume is highly suggestive, and leaves conclusions to be drawn without overt and unseemly efforts to fasten them on the reader's mind. This partial reticence is very graceful, and perfectly accords with the subject;—not the Hellenic Goddess opening with her rosy fingers the gates of the East; but that better and brighter Dawn which the authors of these poems believe is even now ushering in an age more wonderful and excellent than any that have gone before.

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"We feel it impossible in a brief review to do justice to this pregnant volume. —*Westminster Gazette.*

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